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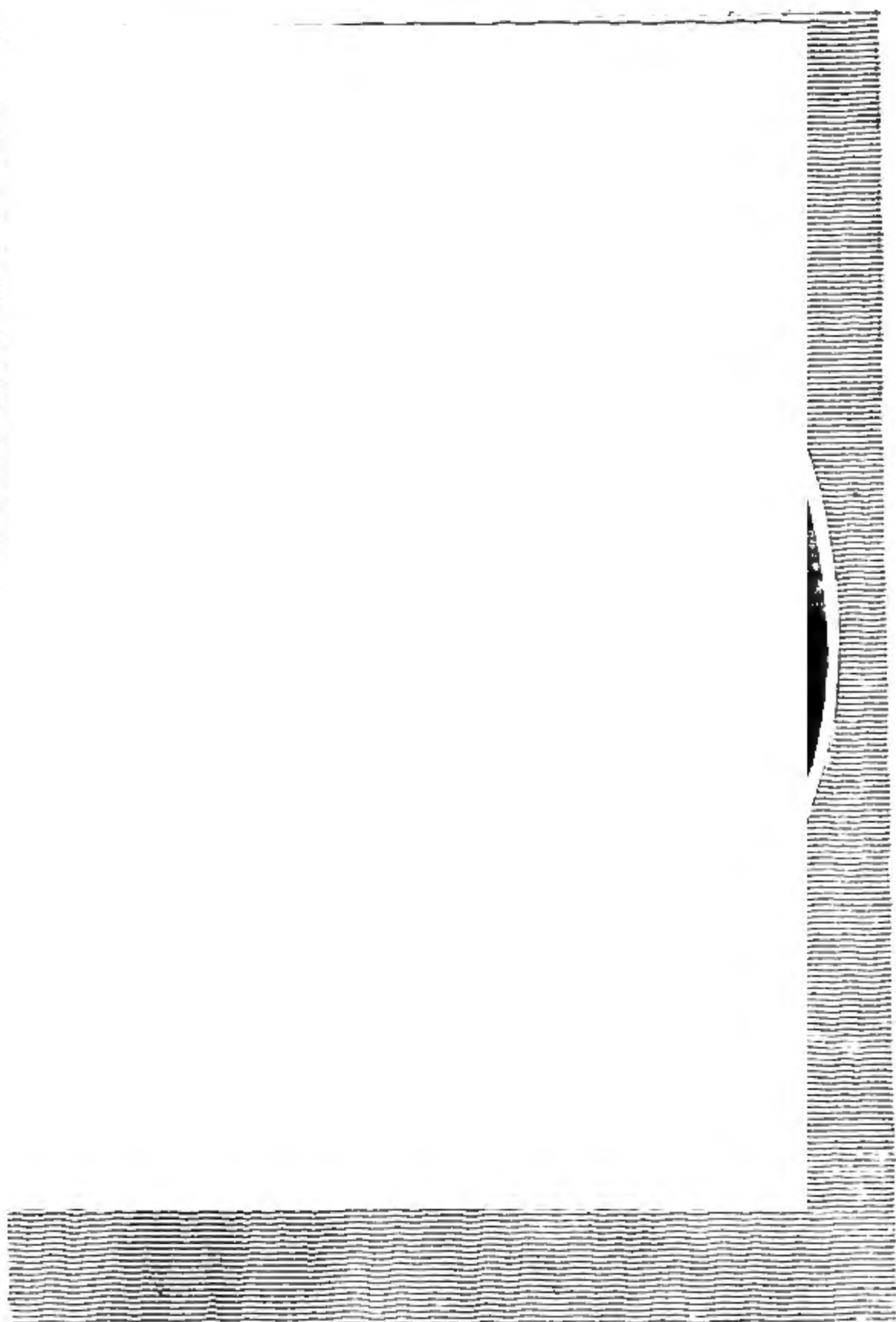


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AMERICAN AND MODERN.



America rescued by Homer from the Palace in the
Seraglio which had caught fire.

Illustration by J. M. W. Turner, 1840.

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SELECT NOVELS.

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CONTAINING

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CELOT GREAVES & THE TAP

LONDON.

Published by Thomas Kelly, Paternoster Row, Oct. 5 1816.

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A L M O R A N

AND

HAMET;

An Oriental Tale.



BY

DR. HAWKESWORTH.



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1816.

TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE,
IN COMMEMORATION OF HER
Nuptials
WITH HIS SERENE HIGHNESS
PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBURG,
THIS EDITION
OF
SELECT ENGLISH NOVELS,
IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED,
By Her Royal Highness's
Most devoted,
Most obedient, and very humble Servant,
THE PROPRIETOR.

London, May, 1816.

820.8

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Original Dedication

OF

ALMORAN AND HAMET.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

Amidst the congratulations and praises of a free, joyful, and now united people, who are ambitious to express their duty and their wishes in their various classes; I think myself happy to have your Majesty's most gracious permission to approach you, and, after the manner of the people whose character I have assumed, to bring an humble offering in my hand.

As some part of my subject led me to consider the advantages of our excellent constitution in comparison of others; my thoughts were naturally turned to your Majesty, as its warmest friend and most powerful protector; and as the whole is intended to recommend the practice of virtue, as the means of happiness; to whom could I address it with so much propriety, as to a Prince, who illustrates and enforces the precepts of the moralist in his life!

I am,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most faithful, most obliged,

And most obedient Subject and Servant,

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

English
Beauchamp
10-27-50
72147

12-13-50 MFP

ALMORAN AND HAMET.

CHAPTER I.

WHO is he among the children of the earth, that repines at the power of the wicked? and who is he, that would change the lot of the righteous? He, who has appointed to each his portion, is God; the Omniscient and the Almighty, who fills eternity, and whose existence is from Himself! but he who murmurs, is man; who yesterday was not, and who to-morrow shall be forgotten: let him listen in silence to the voice of knowledge, and hide the blushes of confusion in the dust.

Solyman, the mighty and the wise, who, in the one-hundred-and-second year of the Hegyra, sat upon the throne of Persia, had two sons, Almorán and Hamet, and they were twins. Almorán was the first born, but Solyman divided his affection equally between them: they were both lodged in the same part of the seraglio, both were attended by the same servants, and both received instructions from the same teacher.

One of the first things that Almorán learnt, was the prerogative of his birth; and he was taught very early to set a high value upon it, by the terms in which those about him expressed their sense of the power, the splendour, and the delights of royalty. As his mind gradually opened, he naturally considered these as the objects of universal desire, and the means of supreme felicity: he was often reminded, that the time was coming, when the sole possession of sovereign power would enable him to fulfil all his wishes, to determine the fate of dependent nations with a nod, and dispense life and death, and happiness and misery, at his will: he was flattered by those who hoped to draw wealth and dignity from his favour; and interest prompted all who approached him, to administer to his pleasures with a zeal and assiduity, which had the appearance of reverence to his merit, and affection to his person.

Hamet, on the contrary, soon became sensible of a subordinate station; he was not, indeed, neglected; but he was not much caressed. When the gratification of Hamet came in competition with that of Almorán, he was always obliged to give it up, except when Solyman interposed: his mind was, therefore, naturally led to seek for happiness in objects very different from those

which attracted the attention of Almorán. As he knew not to how narrow a sphere caprice or jealousy might confine him, he considered what pleasures were least dependent upon external advantages; and as the first popular commotion which should happen after his brother's accession to the throne, might probably cost him his life, he was very inquisitive about the state into which his spirit would be dismissed by the Angel of Death, and very diligent to do whatever might secure him a share of the permanent and unchangeable felicity of Paradise.

This difference in the situation of Almorán and Hamet, produced great dissimilarity in their dispositions, habits, and characters; to which, perhaps, nature might also in some degree contribute. Almorán was haughty, vain, and voluptuous; Hamet was gentle, courteous, and temperate; Almorán was volatile, impetuous, and irascible; Hamet was thoughtful, patient, and forbearing. Upon the heart of Hamet also were written the instructions of the Prophet; to his mind futurity was present by habitual anticipation; his pleasure, his pain, his hopes, and his fears, were perpetually referred to the Invisible and Almighty Father of Life, by sentiments of gratitude or resignation, complacency or confidence; so that his devotion was not periodical but constant.

But the views of Almorán were terminated by nearer objects: his mind was perpetually busied in the anticipation of pleasures and honours, which he supposed to be neither uncertain nor remote; these excited his hopes, with a power sufficient to fix his attention; he did not look beyond them for other objects, nor inquire how enjoyments more distant were to be acquired; and as he supposed these to be already secured to him by his birth, there was nothing he was solicitous to obtain as the reward of merit, nor any thing that he considered himself to possess as the bounty of Heaven. If the sublime and disinterested rectitude that produces and rewards itself, dwells indeed with man, it dwelt not with Almorán: with respect to God, therefore, he was not impressed with a sense either of duty or dependence; he felt neither reverence nor love, gratitude nor resignation: in abstaining from evil, he was not intentionally good: he practised the externals of morality without virtue, and performed the rituals of devotion without piety.

Such were Almorán and Hamet, when Solyman their father, full of days and full of honour, slept in peace the sleep of death. With this event they were immediately acquainted. The emotions of Almorán were such as it was impossible to conceal: the joy that he felt in secret was so great, that the mere dread of disappointment for a moment suspended his belief of what he heard: when his fears and his doubts gave way, his cheeks were suffused with sudden blushes, and his eyes sparkled with exultation and impatience: he looked eagerly about him, as if in haste to act; yet his looks were embarrassed, and his gestures irresolute, because he knew not what to do: he uttered some incoherent sentences, which discovered at once the joy that he felt, and his sense of its impropriety; and his whole deportment expressed the utmost tumult and perturbation of mind.

Upon Hamet, the death of his father produced a very different effect: as

soon as he heard it, his lips trembled and his countenance grew pale; he stood motionless a moment, like a pilgrim transfixed by lightning in the desert; he then smote his breast, and looking upward, his eyes by degrees overflowed with tears, and they fell, like dew distilling from the mountain, in a calm and silent shower. As his grief was thus mingled with devotion, his mind in a short time recovered its tranquillity, though not its cheerfulness, and he desired to be conducted to his brother.

He found him surrounded by the lords of his court, his eye still restless and ardent, and his deportment elate and assuming. Hamet pressed hastily through the circle, and prostrated himself before him: Almorán received the homage with a tumultuous pleasure; but at length raised him from the ground, and assured him of his protection, though without any expressions either of kindness or of sorrow: 'Hamet,' says he, 'if I have no cause to complain of you as a subject, you shall have no cause to complain of me as a king.' Hamet, whose heart was again pierced by the cold and distant behaviour of his brother, suppressed the sigh that struggled in his bosom, and secretly wiped away the tear that started to his eye: he retired, with his looks fixed upon the ground, to a remote corner of the apartment; and though his heart yearned to embrace his brother, his modest diffidence restrained him from intruding upon the king.

In this situation were Almorán and Hamet, when Omar entered the apartment. Omar, upon whose head the hand of time became heavy, had from his youth acquainted himself with wisdom: to him nature had revealed herself in the silence of the night, when his lamp was burning alone, and his eyes only were open: to him was known the power of the seal of Solomon; and to him the knowledge of things invisible had been revealed. Nor was the virtue of Omar inferior to his knowledge; his heart was a fountain of good, which though it flowed through innumerable streams was never dry: yet was the virtue of Omar clothed with humility; and he was still pressing nearer to perfection, by a devotion which though elevated was rational, and though regular was warm. From the council of Omar, Solyman had derived glory and strength; and to him he had committed the education of his children.

When he entered the apartment, the crowd, touched at once with reverence and love, drew back; every eye was cast downward, and every tongue was silent. The full of days approached the king, and kneeling before him, he put into his hand a sealed paper: the king received it with impatience, seeing it superscribed with the hand of his father; and Omar looking round, and perceiving Hamet, beckoned him to come forward. Hamet, whose obedience to Omar had been so long habitual that it was now almost spontaneous, instantly drew near, though with a slow and irresolute pace; and Almorán, having broken the seal of the paper, began to read it to himself, with a look that expressed the utmost anxiety and impatience. Omar kept his eye fixed upon him, and soon perceived that his countenance was disfigured by confusion and trouble, and that he seemed preparing to put up the paper in his bosom: he then produced another paper from under his robe, and gave it to Hamet: 'This,' says he, 'is a copy of the will of Solyman, your father; the

original is in the hand of Almorán: read it, and you will find that he has bequeathed his kingdom between you.'

The eyes of all present were now turned upon Hamet, who stood silent and motionless with amazement, but was soon roused to attention by the homage that was paid him. In the mean time, Almorán's confusion increased every moment: his disappointment was aggravated by the sudden attention of those who were present to his brother; and his jealousy made him think himself neglected, while those acts of duty were performed to Hamet, which were now known to be his right, and which he had himself received before him.

Hamet, however, regarded but little what so much excited the envy of Almorán; his mind was employed upon superior objects, and agitated by nobler passions: the coldness of his brother's behaviour though it had grieved had not quenched his affection; and as he was now no longer restrained by the deference due from a subject to his king, he ran to him, and catching him to his breast attempted to speak; but his heart was too full, and he could express his affection and joy only by his tears. Almorán rather suffered than received the embrace; and after a few ceremonies, to which neither of them could much attend, they retired to separate apartments.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Almorán was alone, he immediately locked the door; and throwing himself upon the sofa in an agony of vexation and disappointment, of which he was unwilling there should be any witness, he revolved in his mind all the pleasures and honours of supreme dominion which had now suddenly been snatched from him with a degree of anguish and regret, not proportioned to their real, but their imaginary value.

Of future good, that which we obtain is found to be less than our expectations; but that of which we are disappointed, we suppose would have been more: thus do the children of hope extract evil, both from what they gain, and from what they lose.

But Almorán, after the first tumult of his mind had subsided, began to consider as well what was left him, as what had been taken away. He was still without a superior, though he had an equal; he was still a king, though he did not govern alone: and with respect to every individual in his dominions, except one, his will would now be a law; though with respect to the public, the concurrence of his brother would be necessary to give it force. 'Let me then,' says he, 'make the most of the power that is now put into my hand, and wait till some favourable opportunity shall offer to increase it. Let me dissemble my jealousy and disappointment, that I may not alarm suspicion, or put the virtues of Hamet upon their guard against me; and let me contrive to give our joint administration such a form, as may best favour my design.'

Such were the reflections, with which Almorán soothed the anguish of his mind; while Hamet was busied in speculations of a very different kind. If he was pleased at reflecting, that he was raised from a subject to a prince; he was pleased still more, when he considered his elevation as a test of his father's

affection to his person, and approbation of his conduct: he was also delighted with the thought, that his brother was associated with him in the arduous task which he was now called to perform. 'If I had been appointed to govern alone,' said he, 'I should have had no equal; and he who has no equal, though he may have faithful servants, can have no friend: there cannot be that union of interests, that equal participation of good, that unrestrained intercourse of mind, and that mutual dependence, which constitutes the pure and exalted happiness of friendship. With Almorán I shall share the supreme delight of wresting the innocent and the helpless from the iron hand of oppression; of animating merit by reward, and restraining the unworthy by fear: I shall share, with Almorán, the pleasures of governing a numerous, a powerful, and a happy people; pleasures which, however great, are, like all others, increased by participation.'

While Hamet was thus enjoying the happiness, which his virtue derived from the same source, from which the vices of Almorán had filled his breast with anguish and discontent; Omar was contriving in what manner their joint government could best be carried into execution.

He knew that Solyman, having considered the dispositions of his sons, was of opinion, that if they had been blended in one person, they would have produced a character more fit to govern in his stead, than either of them alone: Almorán, he thought, was too volatile and warm; but he suspected, that Hamet would sink into inactivity for want of spirit: he feared alike Almorán's love of enterprise, and Hamet's fondness for retirement: he observed, in Hamet, a placid easiness of temper, which might suffer the reins of government to lie too loose; and, in Almorán, a quickness of resentment, and jealousy of command, which might hold them too tight: he hoped, therefore, that by leaving them a joint dominion, he should blend their dispositions, at least in their effects, in every act of government that should take place; or that, however they should agree to administer their government, the public would derive benefit from the virtues of both, without danger of suffering from their imperfections, as their imperfections would only operate against each other, while, in whatever was right, their minds would naturally concur, as the coincidence of rectitude with rectitude is necessary and eternal. But he did not consider, that different dispositions operating separately upon two different wills, would appear in effects very unlike those, which they would concur to produce in one: that two wills, under the direction of dispositions so different, would seldom be brought to coincide; and that more mischiefs would probably arise from the contest, than from the imperfections of either alone.

But Solyman had so long applauded himself for his project before he revealed it to Omar, that Omar found him too much displeased with any objection, to consider its weight: and knowing that peculiar notions are more rarely given up, than opinions received from others, and made our own only by adoption, he at length acquiesced, lest he should by further opposition lose his influence, which on other occasions he might still employ to the advan-

tage of the public; and took a solemn oath, that he would, as far as was in his power, see the will carried into execution.

To this, indeed, he consented without much reluctance, as he had little less reason to fear the sole government of Almorán, than a joint administration; and if a struggle for superiority should happen, he hoped the virtues of Hamet would obtain the suffrages of the people in his favour, and establish him upon the throne alone. But as change is itself an evil, and as changes in government are seldom produced without great confusion and calamity, he applied himself to consider in what manner the government of Almorán and Hamet could be administered, so as most effectually to blend their characters in their administration, and prevent the conduct of one from exciting jealousy in the other.

After much thought, he determined that a system of laws should be prepared, which the sons of Solyman should examine and alter till they perfectly approved, and to which they should then give the sanction of their joint authority: that when any addition or alteration should be thought necessary, it should be made in the same manner; and that when any insuperable difference of sentiment happened, either in this or in any act of prerogative independent of the laws for regulating the manners of the people, the kings should refer it to some person of approved integrity and wisdom, and abide by his determination. Omar easily foresaw, that when the opinion of Almorán and Hamet should differ, the opinion of Almorán would be established; for there were many causes that would render Almorán inflexible, and Hamet yielding: Almorán was naturally confident and assuming, Hamet diffident and modest; Almorán was impatient of contradiction; Hamet was attentive to argument, and solicitous only for the discovery of truth. Almorán also conceived, that by the will of his father, he had suffered wrong; Hamet, that he had received a favour: Almorán, therefore, was disposed to resent the first appearance of opposition; and Hamet, on the contrary, to acquiesce, as in his share of government, whatever it might be, he had more than was his right by birth, and his brother had less. Thus, therefore, the will of Almorán would probably predominate in the state: but as the same cause which conferred this superiority, would often prevent contention, Omar considered it, upon the whole, rather as good than evil.

When he had prepared his plan, therefore, he sent a copy of it, by different messengers at the same time, both to Almorán and Hamet, enclosed in a letter, in which he expressed his sense of obligation to their father, and his zeal and affection for them: he mentioned the promise he had made, to devote himself to their service; and the oath he had taken, to propose whatever he thought might facilitate the accomplishment of their father's design, with honour to them, and happiness to their people: these motives, which he could not resist without impiety, he hoped would absolve him from presumption; and trusting in the rectitude of his intentions, he left the issue to God.

CHAPTER III.

THE receipt of this letter threw Almorán into another agony of indignation: he felt again the loss of his prerogative; the offer of advice he disdained as an insult, to which he had been injuriously subjected by the will of his father; and he was disposed to reject whatever was suggested by Omar, even before his proposal was known. With this temper of mind he began to read, and at every paragraph took new offence; he determined, however, not to admit Omar to the honour of a conference upon the subject, but to settle a plan of government with his brother, without the least regard to his advice.

A supercilious attention to minute formalities, is a certain indication of a little mind, conscious to the want of innate dignity, and solicitous to derive from others what it cannot supply to itself: as the scrupulous exaction of every trifling tribute discovers the weakness of the tyrant, who fears his claim should be disputed; while the prince, who is conscious of superior and indisputable power, and knows that the states he has subjugated do not dare to revolt, scarce inquires whether such testimonies of allegiance are given or not.

Thus, the jealousy of Almorán already enslaved him to the punctilios of state; and the most trifling circumstances involved him in perplexity, or fired him with resentment: the friendship and fidelity of Omar stung him with rage, as insolent and intrusive; and though it determined him to an immediate interview with his brother, yet he was embarrassed how to procure it. At first he rose, and was about to go to him; but he stopped short with disdain, upon reflecting, that it was an act of condescension which might be deemed an acknowledgment of superiority: he then thought of sending for Hamet to come to him; but this he feared might provoke him, as implying a denial of his equality: at length he determined to propose a meeting in the chamber of council, and was just despatching an officer with the message, when Hamet entered the apartment.

The countenance of Hamet was flushed with joy, and his heart was warmed with the pleasing sensations of affection and confidence, by the same letter, from which Almorán had extracted the bitterness of jealousy and resentment; and as he had no idea that an act of courtesy to his brother could derogate from his own dignity or importance, he indulged the honest impatience of his heart to communicate the pleasure with which it overflowed: he was, indeed, somewhat disappointed, to find no traces of satisfaction in the countenance of Almorán, when he saw the same paper in his hand, which had impressed so much upon his own.

He waited some time after the first salutations, without mentioning the scheme of government he was come to concert; because having observed that Almorán was embarrassed and displeased, he expected that he would communicate the cause, and pleased himself with the hope that he might remove it: finding, however, that this expectation was disappointed, he addressed him to this effect:

‘How happy are we, my dear brother, in the wisdom and fidelity of Omar! how excellent is the system of government that he has proposed! how easy and honourable will it be to us that govern, and how advantageous to the people that obey!’

‘The advantages,’ said Almorán, ‘which you seem to have discovered, are not evident to me: tell me, then, what you imagine they are, and I will afterwards give you my opinion.’

‘By establishing a system of laws as the rule of government,’ said Hamet, ‘many evils will be avoided, and many benefits procured. If the law is the will only of the sovereign, it can never certainly be known to the people: many, therefore, may violate that rule of right, which the hand of the Almighty has written upon the living tablets of the heart, in the presumptuous hope, that it will not subject them to punishment; and those, by whom that rule is fulfilled, will not enjoy the consciousness of security, which they would derive from the protection of a prescribed law, which they have never broken. If neither the offence is ascertained, nor the punishment prescribed, one motive to probity will be wanting; which ought to be supplied, as well for the sake of those who may be tempted to offend, as for those who may suffer by the offence. Besides, he who governs not by a written and a public law, must either administer that government in person, or by others: if in person, he will sink under a labour which no man is able to sustain; and if by others, the inferiority of their rank must subject them to temptations which it cannot be hoped they will always resist, and to prejudices which it will perhaps be impossible for them to surmount. But to administer government by a law which ascertains the offence, and directs the punishment, integrity alone will be sufficient; and as the sentence will, in this case, depend not upon opinion but upon facts, justice will seldom be perverted, even when integrity is wanting, because, as it cannot be imputed to error, it will always incur the infamy and danger of notorious guilt.’

Almorán, who had heard the opinions of Hamet with impatience and scorn, now started from his seat with a proud and contemptuous aspect: he first glanced his eyes upon his brother; and then looking disdainfully downward, he threw back his robe, and stretching out his hand from him, ‘Shall the son of Solyman,’ said he, ‘upon whose will the fate of nations was suspended, whose smiles and frowns were alone the criterions of right and wrong, before whom the voice of wisdom itself was silent, and the pride even of virtue humbled in the dust; shall the son of Solyman be harnessed, like a mule, in the trammels of law? shall he become a mere instrument to execute what others have devised? shall he only declare the determinations of a statute, and shall his ear be affronted by claims of right? It is the glory of a prince to punish for what and whom he will; to be the sovereign, not only of property, but of life; and to govern alike without prescription or appeal.’

Hamet, who was struck with astonishment at this declaration, and the vehemence with which it was uttered, after a short recollection made this reply: ‘It is the glory of a prince, to govern others, as he is governed by Him, who is alone most merciful and almighty! It is his glory to prevent

crimes, rather than to display his power in punishment; to diffuse happiness, rather than enforce subjection; and rather to animate with love, than depress by fear. Has not He that shall judge us, given us a rule of life by which we shall be judged? is not our reward and punishment already set before us? are not His promises and threatenings, motives to obedience? and have we not confidence and joy when we have obeyed? To God, His own divine perfections are a law; and these He has transcribed as a law to us. Let us, then, govern as we are governed; let us seek our happiness in the happiness that we bestow, and our honour in emulating the benevolence of Heaven.'

As Almorán feared, that to proceed in this argument would too far disclose his sentiments, and put Hamet too much upon his guard; he determined for the present to dissemble: and as he perceived that Hamet's opinion, and an administration founded upon it, would render him extremely popular, and at length possibly establish him alone; he was now solicitous only to withdraw him from public notice, and persuade him to leave the government, whatever form it should receive, to be administered by others: returning, therefore, to his seat, and assuming an appearance of complacency and tranquillity, with which he could not form his language perfectly to agree; 'Let us then,' said he, 'if a law must be set up in our stead, leave the law to be executed by our slaves: and as nothing will be left for us to do, that is worthy of us, let us devote ourselves to the pleasures of ease; and if there are any enjoyments peculiar to royalty, let us secure them as our only distinction from the multitude.'

'Not so,' says Hamet, 'for there is yet much for a prince to do, after the best system of laws has been established: the government of a nation as a whole, the regulation and extent of its trade, the establishment of manufactories, the encouragement of genius, the application of the revenues, and whatever can improve the arts of peace, and secure superiority in war, is the proper object of a king's attention.'

'But in these,' said Almorán, 'it will be difficult for two minds to concur; let us, then, agree to leave these also to the care of some other, whom we can continue as long as we approve, and displace when we approve no longer; we shall, by this expedient, be able to avert the odium of any unpopular measure; and by the sacrifice of a slave, we can always satisfy the people, and silence public discontent.'

'To trust implicitly to another,' says Hamet, 'is to give up a prerogative, which it is at once our highest duty and interest to keep; it is to betray our trust, and to sacrifice our honour to another. The prince who leaves the government of his people implicitly to a subject, leaves it to one, who has many more temptations to betray their interest than himself; a viceroy is in a subordinate station; he has, therefore, much to fear, and much to hope: he may also acquire the power of obtaining what he hopes, and averting what he fears, at the public expense; he may stand in need of dependants, and may be able no otherwise to procure them, than by conniving at the fraud or the violence they commit: he may receive, in bribes, an

equivalent for his share, as an individual, in the public prosperity; for his interest is not essentially connected with that of the state; he has a separate interest; but the interest of the state, and of the king, are one: he may even be corrupted to betray the councils, and give up the interests of the nation, to a foreign power; but this is impossible to the king; for nothing equivalent to what he would give up, could be offered him. But as a king has not equal temptations to do wrong, neither is he equally exposed to opposition, when he does right: the measures of a substitute are frequently opposed, merely from interest; because the leader of a faction against him, hopes, that if he can remove him by popular clamour, he shall succeed to his power; but it can be no man's interest to oppose the measures of a king, if his measures are good, because no man can hope to supplant him. Are not these the precepts of the Prophet, whose wisdom was from above: "Let not the eye of expectation be raised to another, for that which thyself only should bestow: suffer not thy own shadow to obscure thee; nor be content to derive that glory, which it is thy prerogative to impart."

'But is the prince,' said Almorán, 'always the wisest man in his dominions? Can we not find, in another, abilities and experience, which we do not possess? and is it not the duty of him who presides in the ship, to place the helm in that hand which can best steer it?'

'A prince,' said Hamet, 'who sincerely intends the good of his people, can scarce fail to effect it; all the wisdom of the nation will be at once turned to that object; whatever is his principal aim, will be that of all who are admitted to his council; for to concur with his principal aim, must be the surest recommendation to his favour. Let us, then, hear others; but let us act ourselves.'

As Almorán now perceived, that the longer this conversation continued, the more he should be embarrassed; he put an end to it, by appearing to acquiesce in what Hamet had proposed. Hamet withdrew, charmed with the candour and flexibility which he imagined he had discovered in his brother; and not without some exultation in his own rhetoric, which he supposed had gained no inconsiderable victory. Almorán, in the mean time, applauded himself for having thus far practised the arts of dissimulation with success; fortified himself in the resolutions he had before taken; and conceived new malevolence and jealousy against Hamet.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Hamet was exulting in his conquest, and his heart was overflowing at once with self-complacency, and affection to his brother; he was told, that Omar was waiting without, and desired admittance. Hamet ordered that he should be immediately introduced; and when Omar entered, and would have prostrated himself before him, he caught him in his arms in a transport of affection and esteem; and having ordered that none should interrupt them, compelled him to sit down on a sofa.

He then related, with all the joy of a youthful and ardent mind, the conver-

sation he had with Almorán, intermixed with expressions of the highest praise and the most cordial esteem. Omar was not without suspicion, that the sentiments which Almorán had first expressed with such vehemence of passion, were still predominant in his mind: but of these suspicions he did not give the least hint to Hamet; not only because to communicate suspicions is to accuse without proof, but because he did not think himself at liberty to make an ill report of another, though he knew it to be true. He approved the sentiments of Hamet, as they had indeed been infused by his own instructions; and some precepts and cautions were now added, which the accession of Hamet to a share of the imperial power made particularly necessary.

‘Remember,’ said Omar, ‘that the most effectual way of promoting virtue, is to prevent occasions of vice. There are, perhaps, particular situations, in which human virtue has always failed: at least, temptation often repeated, and long continued, has seldom been finally resisted. In a government so constituted as to leave the people exposed to perpetual seduction, by opportunities of dissolute pleasure or iniquitous gain, the multiplication of penal laws will only tend to depopulate the kingdom, and disgrace the state; to devote to the scymitar and the bow-string, those who might have been useful to society, and to leave the rest dissolute, turbulent, and factious. If the streets not only abound with women, who inflame the passenger by their appearance, their gesture, and their solicitations; but with houses, in which every desire which they kindle may be gratified with secrecy and convenience; it is in vain that “the feet of the prostitute go down to death, and that her steps take hold on hell:” what then can be hoped from any punishment, which the laws of man can superadd to disease and want, to rottenness and perdition? If you permit opium to be publicly sold at a low rate; it will be folly to hope, that the dread of punishment will render idleness and drunkenness strangers to the poor. If a tax is so collected, as to leave opportunities to procure the commodity, without paying it; the hope of gain will always surmount the fear of punishment. If, when the veteran has served you at the risk of life, you withhold his hire; it will be in vain to threaten usury and extortion with imprisonment and fines. If, in your armies, you suffer it to be any man’s interest, rather to preserve the life of a horse than a man; be assured, that your own sword is drawn for your enemy: for there will always be some, in whom interest is stronger than humanity and honour. Put no man’s interest, therefore, in the balance against his duty; nor hope that good can often be produced, but by preventing opportunities of evil.’

To these precepts of Omar, Hamet listened as to the instructions of a father; and having promised to keep them as the treasure of life, he dismissed him from his presence. The heart of Hamet was now expanded with the most pleasing expectations; but Almorán was pining with solicitude, jealousy, and distrust: he took every opportunity to avoid both Omar and Hamet; but Hamet still retained his confidence, and Omar his suspicions.

CHAPTER V.

IN the mean time, the system of government was established which had been proposed by Omar, and in which Hamet concurred from principle, and Almorán from policy. The views of Almorán terminated in the gratification of his own appetites and passions; those of Hamet, in the discharge of his duty: Hamet, therefore, was indefatigable in the business of the state; and as his sense of honour, and his love of the public, made this the employment of his choice, it was to him the perpetual source of a generous and sublime felicity. Almorán also was equally diligent, but from another motive: he was actuated, not by love of the public, but by jealousy of his brother; he performed his task as the drudge of necessity, with reluctance and ill will; so that to him it produced pain and anxiety, weariness and impatience.

To atone for this waste of time, he determined to crowd all that remained with delight: his gardens were an epitome of all nature, and on his palace were exhausted all the treasures of art; his seraglio was filled with beauties of every nation, and his table supplied with dainties from the remotest corners of his dominions. In the songs that were repeated in his presence, he listened at once to the voice of adulation and music; he breathed the perfumes of Arabia, and he tasted the forbidden pleasure of wine. But as every appetite is soon satiated by excess, his eagerness to accumulate pleasure deprived him of enjoyment. Among the variety of beauty that surrounded him, the passion, which, to be luxurious, must be delicate and refined, was degraded to a mere instinct, and exhausted in endless dissipation; the caress was not endeared by a consciousness of reciprocal delight, and was immediately succeeded by indifference or disgust. By the dainties that perpetually urged him to intemperance, that appetite, which alone could make even dainties tasteful, was destroyed. The splendour of his palace and the beauty of his gardens, became at length so familiar to his eye, that they were frequently before him without being seen. Even flattery and music lost their power, by too frequent a repetition: and the broken slumbers of the night, and the languor of the morning, were more than equivalent to the transient hilarity that was inspired by wine. Thus passed the time of Almorán, divided between painful labours which he did not dare to shun, and the search of pleasure which he could never find.

Hamet, on the contrary, did not seek pleasure, but pleasure seemed to seek him: he had a perpetual complacency and serenity of mind, which rendered him constantly susceptible of pleasing impressions; every thing that was prepared to refresh or entertain him in his seasons of retirement and relaxation, added something to the delight which was continually springing in his breast, when he reviewed the past, or looked forward to the future. Thus, the pleasures of sense were heightened by those of the mind, and the pleasures of the mind by those of sense: he had, indeed, as yet no wife; for as yet no woman had fixed his attention, or determined his choice.

Among the ambassadors whom the monarchs of Asia sent to congratulate the sons of Solymán upon their accession to the throne, there was a native of Circassia, whose name was Abdallah. Abdallah had only one child, a daughter, in whom all his happiness and affection centered; he was unwilling to leave her behind, and therefore brought her to the court of Persia. Her mother died while she was yet an infant; she was now in the sixteenth year of her age, and her name was Almeida. She was beautiful as the daughters of Paradise, and gentle as the breezes of the spring; her mind was without stain, and her manners were without art.

She was lodged with her father in a palace that joined to the gardens of the seraglio; and it happened that a lamp which had one night been left burning in a lower apartment, by some accident set fire to the net-work of cotton that surrounded a sofa, and the whole room was soon after in a flame. Almorán, who had been passing the afternoon in riot and debauchery, had been removed from his banqueting-room asleep; but Hamet was still in his closet, where he had been regulating some papers that were to be used the next day. The windows of this room opened towards the inner apartments of the house in which Abdallah resided; and Hamet, having by accident looked that way, was alarmed by the appearance of an unusual light, and starting up to see whence it proceeded, he discovered what had happened.

Having hastily ordered the guard of the night to assist in quenching the flame, and removing the furniture, he ran himself into the garden. As soon as he was come up to the house, he was alarmed by the shrieks of a female voice; and the next moment, Almeida appeared at the window of an apartment directly over that which was on fire. Almeida he had till now never seen, nor did he so much as know that Abdallah had a daughter: but though her person was unknown, he was strongly interested in her danger, and called out to her to throw herself into his arms. At the sound of his voice she ran back into the room, such is the force of inviolate modesty, though the smoke was then rising in curling spires from the windows: she was, however, soon driven back; and part of the floor at the same instant giving way, she wrapt her veil round her, and leaped into the garden. Hamet caught her in his arms; but though he broke her fall, he sunk down with her weight: he did not quit his charge; but perceiving she had fainted, he made haste with her into his apartment, to afford her such assistance as he could procure.

She was covered only with the light and loose robe in which she slept, and her veil had dropped off by the way. The moment he entered his closet, the light discovered to him such beauty as before he had never seen: she now began to revive; and before her senses returned, she pressed the prince with an involuntary embrace, which he returned by straining her closer to his breast, in a tumult of delight, confusion, and anxiety, which he could scarce sustain. As he still held her in his arms, and gazed silently upon her, she opened her eyes, and instantly relinquishing her hold, shrieked out, and threw herself from him. As there were no women nearer than that wing of the palace in which his brother resided, and as he had many

reasons not to leave her in their charge; he was in the utmost perplexity what to do. He assured her, in some hasty and incoherent words, of her security; he told her, that she was in the royal palace, and that he who had conveyed her thither was Hamet. The habitual reverence of sovereign power, now surmounted all other passions in the bosom of Almeida: she was instantly covered with new confusion; and hiding her face with her hands, threw herself at his feet: he raised her with a trepidation almost equal to her own, and endeavoured to sooth her into confidence and tranquillity.

Hitherto her memory had been wholly suspended by violent passions, which had crowded upon her in a rapid and uninterrupted succession, and the first gleam of recollection threw her into a new agony: having been silent a few moments, she suddenly smote her hands together, and bursting into tears, cried out, 'Abdallah! my father! my father!'---Hamet not only knew but felt all the meaning of the exclamation, and immediately ran again into the garden: he had advanced but a few paces, before he discerned an old man sitting upon the ground, and looking upward in silent anguish, as if he had exhausted the power of complaint. Hamet, upon a nearer approach, perceived by the light of the flame that it was Abdallah; and instantly calling him by his name, told him, that his daughter was safe. At the name of his daughter, Abdallah suddenly started up, as if he had been roused by the voice of an angel from the sleep of death: Hamet again repeated, that his daughter was in safety; and Abdallah looking wistfully at him, knew him to be the king. He was then struck with an awe that restrained him from inquiry: but Hamet directing him where he might find her, went forward, that he might not lessen the pleasure of their interview; nor restrain the first transports of duty and affection by his presence. He soon met with other fugitives from the fire, which had opened a communication between the gardens and the street; and among them some women belonging to Almeida, whom he conducted himself to their mistress. He immediately allotted to her and her father, an apartment in his division of the palace; and the fire being now nearly extinguished, he retired to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH the night was far advanced, yet the eyes of Hamet were strangers to sleep: his fancy incessantly repeated the events that had just happened; the image of Almeida was ever before him; and his breast throbbed with a disquietude, which, though it prevented rest, he did not wish to lose.

Almorán, in the mean time, was slumbering away the effects of his intemperance; and in the morning, when he was told what had happened, he expressed no passion but curiosity: he went hastily into the garden; but when he had gazed upon the ruins, and inquired how the fire began, and what it had consumed, he thought of it no more.

ALLEGORAY AND HAMET.

Hamet's surprise on discovering his brothers
countenance reflected in the well.

— from the painting by Thomas Cole, 1840. —

But Hamet suffered nothing that regarded himself, to exclude others from his attention; he went again to the ruins, not to gratify his curiosity, but to see what might yet be done to alleviate the misery of the sufferers, and secure for their use what had been preserved from the flames. He found that no life had been lost, but that many persons had been hurt; to these he sent the physicians of his own household: and having rewarded those who had assisted them in their distress, not forgetting even the soldiers who had only fulfilled his own orders, he returned, and applied himself to despatch the public business in the chamber of council, with the same patient and diligent attention as if nothing had happened. He had, indeed, ordered inquiry to be made after Almeida; and when he returned to his apartment, he found Abdallah waiting to express his gratitude for the obligations he had received.

Hamet accepted his acknowledgments with a peculiar pleasure, for they had some connexion with Almeida, after whom he again inquired, with an ardour uncommon even to the benevolence of Hamet. When all his questions had been asked and answered, he appeared still unwilling to dismiss Abdallah, though he seemed at a loss how to detain him; he wanted to know whether his daughter had yet received an offer of marriage, though he was unwilling to discover his desire by a direct inquiry: but he soon found, that nothing could be known, which was not directly asked, from a man whom reverence and humility kept silent before him, except when something was said which amounted to a command to speak. At length, however, he said, not without some hesitation, 'Is there no one, Abdallah, who will thank me for the preservation of thy daughter with a zeal equal to thy own?' 'Yes,' replied Abdallah, 'that daughter whom thou hast preserved.' This reply, though it was unexpected, was pleasing: for Hamet was not only gratified to hear, that Almeida had expressed herself warmly in his behalf, at least as a benefactor; but he judged, that if any man had been interested in her life as a lover, the answer which Abdallah had given him would not so readily have occurred to his mind.

As this reflection kept Hamet a few moments silent, Abdallah withdrew; and Hamet, as he observed some marks of haste and confusion, in his countenance, was unwilling longer to continue him in a situation, which he had now reason to think gave him pain. But Abdallah, who had conceived a sudden thought that Hamet's question was an indirect reproach of Almeida, for not having herself solicited admission to his presence; went in haste to her apartment, and ordered her immediately to make ready to attend him to the king.

Almeida, from whose mind the image of Hamet had not been absent a moment since she first saw him, received this order with a mixture of pain and pleasure; of wishes, hopes, and apprehensions, that filled her bosom with emotion, and covered her face with blushes. She had not courage to ask the reason of the command, which she instantly prepared to obey; but the tenderness of Abdallah, who perceived and pitied her distress, anticipated her wish. In a short time, therefore, he returned to the chamber

of presence, and having received permission, he entered with Almeida in his hand. Hamet rose in haste to receive her, with a glow of pleasure and impatience in his countenance; and having raised her from the ground, supported her in his arms, waiting to hear her voice; but though she made many attempts, she could not speak. Hamet, who knew not to what he owed this sudden and unexpected interview, which, though he wished, he could contrive no means to obtain; imagined that Almeida had some request, and therefore urged her tenderly to make it: but as she still remained silent, he looked at Abdallah, as expecting to hear it from him. 'We have no wish,' said Abdallah, but to atone for our offence; nor any request, but that my lord would now accept the thanks of Almeida for the life which he has preserved, and impute the delay, not to ingratitude, but inadvertence: let me now take her back, as thy gift, and let the light of thy favour be upon us.' 'Take her then,' said Hamet, 'for I would give her only to thee.'

These words of Hamet did not escape the notice either of Abdallah or Almeida; but neither of them mentioned their conjectures to the other. Almeida, who was inclined to judge of Hamet's situation by her own, and who recollected many little incidents, known only to herself, which favoured her wishes; indulged the hope, that she should again hear of Hamet, with more confidence than her father; nor were her expectations disappointed. Hamet reflected with pleasure, that he had prepared the way for a more explicit declaration; and as his impatience increased with his passion every hour, he sent for Abdallah the next morning, and told him, that he wished to be more acquainted with his daughter, with a view to make her his wife: 'As neither you nor your daughter are my subjects,' said Hamet, 'I cannot command you; and if you were, upon this occasion I would not. I do not want a slave, but a friend; not merely a woman, but a wife. If I find Almeida such as my fancy has feigned her; if her mind corresponds with her form; and if I have reason to think, that she can give her heart to Hamet, and not merely her hand to the king; I shall be happy.' To this declaration, Abdallah replied with expressions of the profoundest submission and gratitude; and Hamet dismissed him, to prepare Almeida to receive him in the afternoon of the same day.

CHAPTER VII.

AS eight moons only had passed since the death of Solyman, and as the reverence of Hamet for the memory of his father would not suffer him to marry till the year should be completed; he determined not to mention Almeida to his brother, till the time when he could marry her was near. The fierce and haughty deportment of Almorán had now left Hamet no room to doubt of his character: and though he had no apprehension that he would make any attempts upon Almeida, after she should be his wife; yet he did not know how much might justly be feared from his passion, if he should see her and become enamoured of her, while she was yet a virgin in the house of her father.

Almeida had not only unsullied purity of mind, but principles of refined and exalted virtue: and as the life of Hamet was an example of all that was either great or good, Abdallah felt no anxiety upon leaving them together, except what arose from his fears, that his daughter would not be able to secure the conquest she had made.

As it was impossible for Hamet to have such an acquaintance with Almeida as he desired, till he could enter into conversation with her upon terms of equality; it was his first care to sooth her into confidence and familiarity, and by degrees he succeeded: he soon found, in the free intercourse of mind with mind, which he established instead of the implicit submission which only echoed his own voice, how little of the pleasure that women were formed to give can be enjoyed, when they are considered merely as slaves to a tyrant's will, the passive subjects of transient dalliance and casual enjoyment. The pleasure which he took in the youthful beauty of Almeida, was now endeared, exalted, and refined, by the tender sensibility of her heart, and by the reflection of his own felicity from her eyes: when he admired the gracefulness of her motion, the elegance of her figure, the symmetry of her features, and the bloom of her complexion, he considered them as the decorations only of a mind, capable of mixing with his own in the most exquisite delight, of reciprocating all his ideas, and catching new pleasure from his pleasure. Desire was no longer appetite; it was imagination, it was reason; it included remembrance of the past, and anticipation of the future; and its object was not the sex, but Almeida.

As Hamet never withheld any pleasure that it was in his power to impart, he soon acquainted Abdallah, that he waited only for a proper time to place Almeida upon the throne; but that he had some reasons for keeping a resolution, which he thought himself obliged to communicate to him, concealed from others.

It happened, however, that some of the women who attended upon Almeida, met with some female slaves belonging to the seraglio of Almorán, at the public baths, and related to them all the particulars of Almeida's preservation by Hamet; that he had first conveyed her to his own apartments, and had since been frequently with her in that which he had assigned her in his palace: they were also lavish in the praise of her beauty, and free in their conjectures what might be the issue of her intercourse with Hamet.

Thus the situation of Hamet and Almeida became the subject of conversation in the seraglio of Almorán, who learnt it himself in a short time from one of his women.

He had hitherto professed great affection for Hamet, and Hamet was deceived by his professions: for notwithstanding the irregularities of his life, he did not think him capable of concealed malice, or of offering injury to another, except when he was urged by impetuous passions to immediate pleasure. As there was, therefore, an appearance of mutual affection between them, Almorán, though the report of Almeida's beauty had fired his imagination and fixed him in a resolution to see her, did not think proper to attempt it without asking Hamet's consent, and being introduced by his

order; as he made no doubt of there being a connexion between them which would make him resent a contrary conduct.

He took an opportunity, therefore, when they were alone in a summer pavilion that was built on a lake behind the palace, to reproach him with an air of mirth, for having concealed a beauty near his apartments, though he pretended to have no seraglio. Hamet instantly discovered his surprise and emotion by a blush, which the next moment left his countenance paler than the light clouds that pass by night over the moon. Almorán took no notice of his confusion; but that he might more effectually conceal his sentiments and prevent suspicion, he suddenly adverted to another subject, while Hamet was hesitating what to reply. By this artifice Hamet was deceived; and concluded, that whatever Almorán had heard of Almeida, had passed slightly over his mind, and was remembered but by chance; he, therefore, quickly recovered that ease and cheerfulness which always distinguished his conversation.

Almorán observing the success of his artifice, soon after, as if by a sudden and casual recollection, again mentioned the lady; and told him, he would congratulate Abdallah upon having resigned her to his bed. As Hamet could not bear to think of Almorán's mentioning Almeida to her father as his mistress, he replied, that he had no such intimacy with Almeida as he supposed, and that he had so high an opinion of her virtue, as to believe, that if he should propose it she would not consent. The imagination of Almorán caught new fire from beauties which he found were yet unenjoyed, and virtue which stamped them with superior value by rendering them more difficult of access; and as Hamet had renounced a connexion with her as a mistress, he wanted only to know whether he intended her for a wife.

This secret he was contriving to discover, when Hamet, having reflected, that if he concealed this particular, Almorán might think himself at liberty to make what attempts he should think fit upon Almeida, without being accountable to him, or giving him just cause of offence, put an end to his doubts, by telling him, he had such a design; but that it would be some time before he should carry it into execution. This declaration increased Almorán's impatience; still, however, he concealed his interest in the conversation, which he now suffered to drop.

He parted from his brother, without any further mention of Almeida; but while he was yet near him, turned hastily back, and, as if merely to gratify his curiosity, told him with a smile, that he must indulge him with a sight of his Circassian; and desired he might accompany him in his next visit, or at some more convenient time: with this request, Hamet, as he knew not how to refuse it, complied; but it filled his mind with anxiety and trouble.

He went immediately to Almeida, and told her all that had happened; and as she saw that he was not without apprehensions of mischief from his brother's visit, she gently reproached him for doubting the fidelity of her affection, as she supposed no power could be exerted by Almorán to injure him, who in power was his equal. Hamet, in a transport of tenderness,

assured her that he doubted neither her constancy nor her love: but as to interrupt the comfort of her mind, would only double his own distress, he did not tell her whence his apprehensions proceeded; nor indeed had they any determinate object, but arose in general from the character of his brother, and the probability of his becoming a competitor, for what was essential to the happiness of his life.

But if the happiness of Hamet was lessened, the infelicity of Almorán was increased. All the enjoyments that were in his power he neglected, his attention being wholly fixed upon that which was beyond his reach; he was impatient to see the beauty, who had taken entire possession of his mind; and the probability that he would be obliged to resign her heart to Hamet, tormented him with jealousy, envy, and indignation.

Hamet, however, did not long delay to fulfil his promise to his brother; but having prepared Almeida to receive him, he conducted him to her apartment. The idea which Almorán had formed in his imagination, was exceeded by the reality, and his passion was proportionably increased; yet he found means not only to conceal it from Hamet, but from Almeida, by affecting an air of levity and merriment, which is not less incompatible with the pleasures than the pains of love. After they had been regaled with coffee and sherbet, they parted; and Hamet congratulated himself, that his apprehensions of finding in Almorán a rival for Almeida's love, were now at an end.

But Almorán, whose passions were become more violent by restraint, was in a state of mind little better than distraction: one moment he determined to seize upon the person of Almeida in the night, and secrete her in some place accessible only to himself; and the next to assassinate his brother, that he might at once destroy a rival both in empire and in love. But these designs were no sooner formed by his wishes, than they were rejected by his fears: he was not ignorant, that in any contest between him and Hamet, the voice of the public would be against him; especially in a contest in which it would appear that Hamet had suffered wrong.

Many other projects, equally rash, violent, and injurious, were by turns conceived and rejected: and he came at last to no other determination, than still carefully to conceal his passion, till he should think of some expedient to gratify it; lest Hamet should have a just reason for refusing to let him see the lady again, and remove her to some place which he might never be able to discover.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the mean time, Omar, to whom Hamet had from time to time disclosed the minutest particulars of his situation and design, kept his eye almost continually upon Almorán; and observed him with an attention and sagacity, which it was difficult either to elude or deceive. He perceived, that he was more than usual restless and turbulent; that in the presence of Hamet he frequently changed countenance; that his behaviour was artificial and in-

consistent, frequently shifting from gloomy discontent and furious agitation, to forced laughter and noisy merriment. He had also remarked, that he seemed most discomposed after he had been with Hamet to Almeida, which happened generally once in a week; that he was become fond of solitude, and was absent several days together from the apartment of his women.

Omar, who from his conduct of Almorán had begun to suspect his principles, determined to introduce such topics of discourse as might lead him to discover the state of his mind; and enable him to enforce and confirm the principles he had taught him, by new proofs and illustrations.

Almorán, who, since the death of his father, had nothing to apprehend from the discovery of sentiments which before he had been careful to conceal; now urged his objections against religion, when Omar gave him opportunity, without reserve. 'You tell me,' says he, 'of beings that are immortal, because they are immaterial; beings which do not consist of parts, and which, therefore, can admit no solution, the only natural cause of corruption and decay: but that which is not material, can have no extension; and what has no extension, possesses no space; and of such beings, the mind itself, which you pretend to be such a being, has no conception.'

'If the mind,' says Omar, 'can perceive that there is in itself any single property of such a being, it has irrefragable evidence that it is such a being; though its mode of existence, as distinct from matter, cannot now be comprehended.' 'And what property of such a being,' said Almorán, 'does the mind of man perceive in itself?' 'That of acting,' said Omar, 'without motion. You have no idea, that a material substance can act, but in proportion as it moves: yet to think, is to act; and with the idea of thinking, the idea of motion is never connected: on the contrary, we always conceive the mind to be fixed, in proportion to the degree of ardour and intenseness with which the power of thinking is exerted. Now, if that which is material cannot act without motion; and if man is conscious, that, to think, is to act and not to move; it follows, that there is, in man, somewhat that is not matter; somewhat that has no extension, and that possesses no space; somewhat which, having no contexture or parts that can be dissolved or separated, is exempted from all the natural causes of decay.'

Omar paused; and Almorán having stood some moments without reply, he seized this opportunity to impress him with an awful sense of the power and presence of the Supreme and Eternal Being, from whom his own existence was derived: 'Let us remember,' said he, 'that to every act of this immaterial and immortal part, the Father of spirits, from whom it proceeds, is present: when I behold the busy multitudes that crowd the metropolis of Persia, in the pursuit of business and projects infinitely complicated and various; and consider that every idea which passes over their minds, every conclusion, and every purpose, with all that they remember of the past, and all that they imagine of the future, is at once known to the Almighty, who without labour or confusion weighs every thought of every mind in His balance, and reserves it to the day of retribution; my follies cover me with confusion, and my soul is humbled in the dust.'

Almorán, though he appeared to listen with attention, and offered nothing against the reasoning of Omar, yet secretly despised it as sophistry, which cunning only had rendered specious; and which he was unable to confute, merely because it was subtle, and not because it was true: he had been led, by his passions, first to love, and then to adopt different opinions; and as every man is inclined to judge of others by himself, he doubted, whether the principles which Omar had thus laboured to establish, were believed even by Omar himself.

Thus was the mind of Almorán to the instructions of Omar, as a rock slightly covered with earth is to the waters of Heaven: the craggs are left bare by the rain that washes them; and the same showers that fertilize the field, can only discover the sterility of the rock.

Omar, however, did not yet disclose his suspicions to Hamet, because he did not yet see that it could answer any purpose. To remove Almeida from her apartment, would be to shew a distrust, for which there would not appear to be any cause; and to refuse Almorán access to her when he desired it, might precipitate such measures as he might meditate, and engage him in some desperate attempt: he, therefore, contented himself with advising Hamet to conceal the time of his marriage till the evening before he intended it should take place, without assigning the reason on which his advice was founded.

To the council of Omar, Hamet was implicitly obedient, as to the revelations of the Prophet; but, like his instructions, it was neglected by Almorán, who became every moment more wretched. He had a graceful person, and a vigorous mind; he was in the bloom of youth, and had a constitution that promised him length of days; he had power which princes were emulous to obey, and wealth by which whatever could administer to luxury might be bought; for every passion, and every appetite, it was easy for him to procure a perpetual succession of new objects: yet was Almorán, not only without enjoyment, but without peace; he was by turns pining with discontent, and raving with indignation; his vices had extracted bitter from every sweet; and having exhausted nature for delight in vain, he was repining at the bounds in which he was confined, and regretting the want of other powers as the cause of his misery.

Thus the year of mourning for Solyman was completed, without any act of violence on the part of Almorán, or of caution on the part of Hamet: but on the evening of the last day, Hamet, having secretly prepared every thing for performing the solemnity in a private manner, acquainted Almorán by a letter, which Omar undertook to deliver, that he should celebrate his marriage on the morrow. Almorán, who never doubted but he should have notice of this event much longer before it was to happen, read the letter with a perturbation that it was impossible to conceal: he was alone in his private apartment, and taking his eye hastily from the paper, he crushed it together in his hand, and thrusting it into his bosom, turned from Omar without speaking; and Omar, thinking himself dismissed, withdrew.

The passions which Almorán could no longer suppress, now burst out in a

torrent of exclamation: 'Am I then,' said he, 'blasted for ever with a double curse, divided empire and disappointed love! What is dominion, if it is not possessed alone! and what is power, which the dread of rival power perpetually controls! Is it for me to listen in silence to the wrangling of slaves, that I may at last apportion to them what, with a clamorous insolence, they demand as their due? as well may the sun linger in his course, and the world mourn in darkness for the day, that the glow-worm may still be seen to glimmer upon the earth, and the owls and bats that haunt the sepulchres of the dead enjoy a longer night. Yet this have I done, because this has been done by Hamet: and my heart sickens in vain with the desire of beauty, because my power extends not to Almeida. With dominion undivided and Almeida, I should be Almorán; but without them, I am less than nothing.

Omar, who before he had passed the pavilion, heard a sound which he knew to be the voice of Almorán, returned hastily to the chamber in which he left him, believing he had withdrawn too soon, and that the king, as he knew no other was present, was speaking to him: he soon drew near enough to hear what was said; and while he stood doubting and irresolute, dreading to be discovered, and not knowing how to retire, Almorán turned about.

At first, both stood motionless with confusion and amazement; but Almorán's pride soon surmounted his other passions, and his disdain of Omar gave his guilt the firmness of virtue.

'It is true,' said he, 'that thou hast stolen the secret of my heart; but do not think, that I fear it should be known: though my poniard could take it back with thy life, I leave it with thee. To reproach, or curse thee, would do thee honour, and lift thee into an importance which otherwise thou canst never reach.' Almorán then turned from him with a contemptuous frown: but Omar caught him by the robe; and prostrating himself upon the ground, entreated to be heard. His importunity at length prevailed; and he attempted to exculpate himself, from the charge of having insidiously intruded himself upon the privacy of his prince; but Almorán sternly interrupted him: 'And what art thou,' said he, 'that I should care, whether thou art innocent or guilty?' 'If not for my sake,' said Omar, 'listen for thy own; and though my duty is despised, let my affection be heard. That thou art not happy, I know; and I know the cause. Let my lord pardon the presumption of his slave: he that seeks to satisfy all his wishes, must be wretched; he only can be happy, by whom some are suppressed.' At these words, Almorán snatched his robe from the hand of Omar, and spurned him in a transport of rage and indignation: 'The suppression of desire,' said he, 'is such happiness, as that of the deaf who do not remember to have heard. If it is virtue, know, that, as virtue, I despise it; for though it may secure the obedience of the slave, it can only degrade the prerogative of a prince. I cast off all restraint, as I do thee: begone, therefore, to Hamet, and see me no more.'

Omar obeyed without reply: and Almorán being again alone, the conflict in his mind was renewed with greater violence than before. He felt all that he had disguised to Omar, with the keenest sensibility; and anticipated the effects of his detection, with unutterable anguish and regret. He walked

backward and forward with a hasty but interrupted pace; sometimes stopping short, and pressing his hand hard upon his brow; and sometimes by violent gestures shewing the agitation of his mind: he sometimes stood silent with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his arms folded together; and sometimes a sudden agony of thought forced him into loud and tumultuous exclamations: he cursed the impotence of mind that had suffered his thoughts to escape from him unawares, without reflecting that he was even then repeating the folly; and while he felt himself the victim of vice, he could not suppress his contempt of virtue: 'If I must perish,' said he, 'I will at least perish unsubdued: I will quench no wish that nature kindles in my bosom; nor shall my lips utter any prayer, but for new powers to feed the flame.'

As he uttered this expression, he felt the palace shake; he heard a rushing, like a blast in the desert; and a being of more than human appearance stood before him. Almorán, though he was terrified, was not humbled; and he stood expecting the event, whether evil or good, rather with obduracy than courage.

'Thou seest,' says the Appearance, 'a genius, whom the daring purpose of thy mind has convoked from the middle region, where he was appointed to wait the signal; and who is now permitted to act in concert with thy will. Is not this the language of thy heart?--"Whatever pleasure I can snatch from the hand of Time, as he passes by me, I will secure for myself: my passions shall be strong, that my enjoyments may be great; for what is the portion allotted to man, but the joyful madness that prolongs the hours of festivity, the fierce delight that is extorted from injury by revenge, and the sweet succession of varied pleasures which the wish that is ever changing prepares for love!"'

'Whatever thou art,' said Almorán, 'whose voice has thus disclosed the secret of my soul, accept my homage; for I will worship thee: and be thou henceforth my wisdom and my strength.'

'Arise,' said the Genius, 'for therefore am I sent. To thy own powers, mine shall be superadded; and if, as weak only, thou hast been wretched; henceforth thou shalt be happy. Take no thought for to-morrow; to-morrow, my power shall be employed in thy behalf. Be not affrighted at any prodigy; but put thy confidence in me.' While he was yet speaking and the eyes of Almorán were fixed upon him, a cloud gathered round him; and the next moment dissolving again into air, he disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

ALMORÁN, when he recovered from his astonishment, and had reflected upon the prodigy, determined to wait the issue, and refer all his hopes to the interposition of the Genius, without attempting any thing to retard the marriage; at which he resolved to be present, that he might improve any supernatural event which might be produced in his favour.

Hamet, in the mean time, was anticipating the morrow with a mixture of anxiety and pleasure; and though he had no reason to think any thing could

prevent his marriage, yet he wished it was over, with an impatience that was considerably increased by fear.

Though the anticipation of the great event that was now so near, kept him waking the greatest part of the night, yet he rose early in the morning; and while he waited till Almeida should be ready to see him, he was told that Omar was without, and desired admittance. When he came in, Hamet, who always watched his countenance, as a mariner the stars of heaven, perceived that it was obscured with perplexity and grief. 'Tell me,' said Hamet, 'whence is the sorrow that I discover in thy face?' 'I am sorrowful,' said Omar, 'not for myself, but for thee.' At these words Hamet stepped backward, and fixed his eyes upon Omar, without power to speak. 'Consider,' said Omar, 'that thou art not a man only but a prince: consider also that immortality is before thee; and that thy felicity, during the endless ages of immortality, depends upon thyself: fear not, therefore, what thou canst suffer from others; the evil and the good of life are transient as the morning dew, and over these only the hand of others can prevail.'

Hamet, whose attachment to life was strong, and whose expectations of immediate enjoyment were high, did not feel the force of what Omar had said, though he assented to its truth. 'Tell me,' said he, 'at once what thou fearest for me; deliver me from the torments of uncertainty, and trust my own fortitude to save me from despair.' 'Know then,' said Omar, 'that thou art hated by Almorán, and that he loves Almeida.' At this declaration, the astonishment of Hamet was equal to his concern; and he was in doubt whether to believe or disbelieve what he heard: but the moment he recollected the wisdom and integrity of Omar, his doubts were at an end; and having recovered from his surprise, he was about to make such inquiries as might gratify the anxious and tumultuous curiosity which was excited in his breast, when Omar, lifting up his hand, and beginning again to speak, Hamet remained silent.

'When my cheeks,' said Omar, 'were yet ruddy with youth, and my limbs were braced by vigour, mine eye was guided to knowledge by the lamp that is kindled at midnight; and much of what is hidden in the innermost recesses of nature, was discovered to me: my prayer ascended in secret to Him, with whom there is wisdom from everlasting to everlasting, and He illuminated my darkness with His light. I know, by such sensations as the world either feels not at all, or feels unnoticed without knowledge of their use, when the powers that are invisible are permitted to mingle in the walks of men; and well I know, that some being, who is more than mortal, has joined with Almorán against thee, since the veil of night was last spread upon the earth.'

Hamet, whose blood was chilled with horror, and whose nerves were no longer obedient to his will, after several ineffectual attempts to speak, looked up at Omar; and striking his hand upon his breast, cried out, in an earnest, but faltering voice, 'What shall I do?' 'Thou must do,' said Omar, 'that which is right. Let not thy foot be drawn by any allurement, or driven by any terror, from the path of virtue. While thou art there, thou art in

safety: and though the world should unite against thee, by the united world thou canst not be hurt.'

'But what friendly power,' said Hamet, 'shall guard even the path of virtue from grief and pain; from the silent shaft of disappointed love, or the sounding scourge of outrageous jealousy? These, surely have overtaken the foot of perseverance; and by these, though I should persevere, may my feet be overtaken.' 'What thou sayest,' replied Omar, 'is true; and it is true also that the tempest which roots up the forest, is driven over the mountain with unabated rage: but from the mountain, what can it take more than the vegetable dust, which the hand of nature has scattered upon the moss that covers it? As the dust is to the mountain, so is all that the storms of life can take from virtue, to the sum of good which the Omnipotent has appointed for its reward.' Hamet, whose eye now expressed a kind of doubtful confidence, a hope that was repressed by fear, remained still silent; and Omar, perceiving the state of his mind, proceeded to fortify it by new precepts: 'If heaven,' said he, 'should vanish like a vapour, and this firm orb of earth should crumble into dust, the virtuous mind would stand secure amidst the ruins of nature: for He, who has appointed the heavens and the earth to fail, has said to virtue, "Fear not; for thou canst neither perish, nor be wretched." Call upon thy strength, therefore, to the fight in which thou art sure of conquest: do thou only that which is *right*, and leave the event to Heaven.'

Hamet, in this conference with Omar, having gradually recovered his fortitude; and the time being now near when he was to conduct Almeida to the court of the palace, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed; they parted with mutual benedictions, each recommending the other to the protection of the Most High.

At the appointed hour the princes of the court being assembled, the Mufti and the Imans being ready, and Almorán seated upon his throne; Hamet and Almeida came forward, and were placed one on the right hand, and the other on the left. The Mufti was then advancing, to hear and to record the mutual promise which was to unite them; Almorán was execrating the appearance of the Genius, as a delusive dream, in all the tumults of anguish and despair; and Hamet began to hope, that the suspicions of Omar had been ill founded; when a stroke of thunder shook the palace to its foundations, and a cloud rose from the ground, like a thick smoke, between Hamet and Almeida.

Almorán, who was inspired with new confidence and hope, by that which had struck the rest of the assembly with terror, started from his seat with an ardent and furious look; and at the same moment, a voice that issued from the cloud, pronounced with a loud but hollow tone,

'Fate has decreed, to Almorán, Almeida.'

At these words, Almorán rushed forward, and placing himself by the side of Almeida, the cloud disappeared; and he cried out, 'Let me now proclaim

to the world the secret, which to this moment I have hidden in my bosom; I love Almeida. The being who alone knew my love, has now by miracle approved it. Let his decree be accomplished. He then commanded that the ceremony should proceed; and seizing the hand of the lady, began to repeat that part of it which was to have been repeated by Hamet. But Almeida instantly drew her hand from him in an agony of distress; and Hamet, who till then had stood motionless with amazement and horror, started from his trance, and springing forward rushed between them. Almorán turned fiercely upon him; but Hamet, who having been warned by Omar, imputed the prodigy to some evil being whom it was virtue to resist, laid his hand upon his scymitar, and, with a frown of indignation and defiance, commanded him to stand off: 'I now know thee,' said he, 'as a man; and, therefore, as a brother, I know thee not.'

Almorán, reflecting that the foundation of this reproach was unknown to all who were present, and that to them he would therefore appear to be injured; looked round with an affected smile of wonder and compassion, as appealing to them from a charge that was thus fiercely and injuriously brought against him, and imputing it to the violence of sudden passions by which truth and reason were overborne. The eye of Hamet at once detected the artifice, which he disdained to expose; he, therefore, commanded the guard that attended, to carry off Almeida to her apartment. The guard was preparing to obey, when Almorán, who thought he had now such an opportunity to get her into his own power as would never return, ordered them to see her safely lodged in his own seraglio.

The men, who thus received opposite commands from persons to whom they owed equal obedience, stood still, not knowing which to prefer: Almorán then reproached them with want of obedience, not to him, but to God, appealing to the prodigy for the justification of his claim. Hamet, on the contrary, repeated his order, with a look and emphasis scarce less commanding than the thunder and the voice. But the priests interposing in favour of Almorán, upon presumption that his right had been decided by a superior power; the guard rushed between Hamet and Almeida, and with looks that expressed the utmost reluctance and regret, attempted to separate their hands, which were clasped in each other. She was affrighted at the violence, but yet more at the apprehension of what was to follow; she, therefore, turned her eyes upon Hamet, conjuring him not to leave her, in a tone of tenderness and distress which it is impossible to describe: he replied with a vehemence that was worthy of his passion, 'I will not leave thee,' and immediately drew his sabre. At the same moment they forced her from him; and a party having interposed to cover those that were carrying her off, Hamet lifted up his weapon to force his passage through them; but was prevented by Omar, who, having pressed through the crowd, presented himself before him. 'Stop me not,' said Hamet, 'it is for Almeida.' 'If thou wouldst save Almeida,' said Omar, 'and thyself, do that only which is right. What have these done who oppose thee, more than they ought? and what end can their destruction answer, but to stain thy

hands with unavailing murder? Thou canst only take the life of a few faithful slaves, who will not lift up their hands against thee: thou canst not rescue Almeida from thy brother; but thou canst preserve thyself from guilt.'

These words of Omar suspended the rage of Hamet, like a charm; and returning his scymitar into its sheath, 'Let me then,' said he, 'suffer, and be guiltless. It is true, that against these ranks my single arm must be ineffectual; but if my wrongs can rouse a nation to repress the tyranny, that will shortly extend over it the injuries that now reach only to me, justice shall be done to Hamet.' Then turning to Almorán, 'Henceforth,' said he, 'the kingdom shall be mine or thine. To govern in concert with thee, is to associate with the powers of hell. The beings that are superior to evil, are the friends of Hamet; and if these are thy enemies, what shall be thy defence?' Almorán replied only by a contemptuous smile; and the assembly being dismissed, he retired to his apartment; but Hamet and Omar went out to the people, who had gathered in an incredible multitude about the palace.

CHAPTER X.

A RUMOUR of what had happened within had reached them, which some believed, and some doubted: but when they saw Omar and Hamet return together, and observed that their looks were full of resentment and trouble, they became silent with attention in a moment; which Omar observing, addressed them with an eloquence of which they had often acknowledged the force, and of which they never repented the effect.

He told them the tender connexion between Hamet and Almeida, and disclosed the subtle hypocrisy of Almorán: he expatiated upon the folly of supposing, that the power that was supreme in goodness and truth, should command a violation of vows that had been mutually interchanged, and often repeated; and devote to Almorán the beauties, which could only be voluntarily surrendered to Hamet. They heard him with a vacant countenance of surprise and wonder; and while he waited for their reply, they agreed among themselves, that no man could avoid the destiny that was written upon his head; and that if Almeida had thus been taken from Hamet, and given to Almorán, it was an event that by an unchangeable decree was appointed to happen; and that, therefore, it was their duty to acquiesce. Omar then beckoned with his hand for audience a second time; and told them, that Almorán had not only practised the arts of sorcery to deprive Hamet of Almeida, but that he meditated a design to usurp the sole dominion, and deprive him of the share of the government to which he had a right by the will of Solyman his father. This also they heard with the same sentiments of wonder and acquiescence: If it is decreed, said they, that Almorán shall be king alone, who can prevent it? and if it is not, who can bring it to pass? 'But know ye not,' said Omar, 'that when the end is ap-

posited, the means are appointed also. If it is decreed that one of you shall this night die by poison, is it not decreed also that he shall drink it?

The crowd now gazed upon each other, without reply, for some minutes; and at last they only said, that no effort of theirs could change the universal appointment of all things; that if Almorán was to be king alone, he would be so notwithstanding all opposition; and that if he was not to be king alone, no attempt of his own, however supported, could make him so. 'I will not,' said Omar, 'contradict your opinion; I will only tell you what I have heard, and leave you to suffer the calamities which threaten you, with a fortitude and resignation that are suitable to your principles; having no consolation to offer you, but that Hamet, whose destiny it was not to make you happy, will suffer with you the evils, that neither he nor you could prevent: the mournful comfort of this fellowship, he will not be denied; for he loves you too well, to wish even to be happy alone.' The crowd fixed their eyes upon Hamet, for whom their affection was now strongly moved, with looks of much greater intelligence and sensibility; a confused murmur, like the fall of the pebbles upon the beach when the surge retires from the shore, expressed their gratitude to Hamet, and their apprehensions for themselves.

Omar waited till they were again silent, and then improved the advantage he had gained. 'Almorán,' said he, 'considers you as the slaves of his power; Hamet as the objects of his benevolence: your lives and your properties, in the opinion of Almorán, are below his notice; but Hamet considers his own interest as connected with yours. When Almorán, therefore, shall be unchecked by the influence of Hamet; he will leave you to the mercy of some delegated tyrant, whose whole power will be exerted to oppress you, that he may enrich himself.'

A new fire was now kindled in their eyes, and their cheeks glowed with indignation at the wrongs that threatened them; they were no longer disposed to act upon the principles of fatality, as they had perversely understood them; and they argued at once like reasonable and free beings, whose actions were in their choice, and who had no doubt but that their actions would produce adequate effects. They recollected that Omar had, in the reign of Solyman, often rescued them from such oppression as now threatened them; and that the power of Hamet had since interposed in their behalf, when Almorán would have stretched his prerogative to their hurt, or have left them a prey to the farmer of a tax. 'Shall Hamet,' said they, 'be deprived of the power, that he employs only for our benefit; and shall it center in Almorán, who will abuse it to our ruin? Shall we rather support Almorán in the wrong he has done to Hamet, than Hamet to obtain justice of Almorán? Hamet is our king; let him command us, and we will obey.' This was uttered with a shout that echoed from the mountains beyond the city, and continued near a full hour. In the mean time, the multitude was decreasing every moment; and the troops that lay in and near the city having taken arms, fell in with the stream: they were secretly attached to Hamet,

under whose eye they had been formed, and of whose bounty they had often partaken; and their fear being removed by the general cry, which left them no room to apprehend an opposition in favour of Almorán, they were now at full liberty to follow their inclinations.

In the mean time, Almorán, who had retired to the innermost court of the palace, had heard the tumult, and was alarmed for his safety: he ran from room to room, confused and terrified, without attempting or directing any thing either for his defence or escape; yet he sent every moment to know the state of the insurrection, and to what end its force would be directed.

Among those whom accident rather than choice had attached to the interest of Almorán, were Osmyn and Caled: they were both distinguished by his favour; and each had conceived hopes that, if he should possess the throne alone, he would delegate his authority to him. Almorán now ordered them to take the command of the troops, that were appointed to attend his person as their peculiar duty, with as many others as had not declared for Hamet, and to secure all the avenues that led to his seraglio.

Omar and Hamet were now on horseback, and had begun to form the troops that had joined them, and as many others as were armed, which were before mingled together in a confused multitude. An account of this was brought to Almorán by Osmyn; and threw him into a perturbation and perplexity, that disgraced his character, and confounded his attendants. He urged Osmyn, in whom he most confided, to despatch, without giving him any orders to execute; then turning from him, he uttered, in a low and inarticulate voice, the most passionate exclamations of distress and terror, being struck with the thought that his guard might betray him: when he recollected himself, and perceived that Osmyn was still present, he burst into a rage, and snatching out his poniard, he swore by the soul of the Prophet, that if he did not instantly attempt something, he would stab him to the heart. Osmyn drew back trembling and confused; but having yet received no orders, he would have spoken, but Almorán drove him from his presence with menaces and execrations.

The moment that Osmyn left him, his rage subsided in his fears, and his fears were mingled with remorse: 'Which way soever I turn,' said he, 'I see myself surrounded by destruction. I have incensed Osmyn by unreasonable displeasure, and causeless menaces. He must regard me at once with abhorrence and contempt: and it is impossible but he should revolt to Hamet.'

In this agony, the terrors of futurity rushed upon his mind with all their force; and he started as if at the bite of a scorpion: 'To me,' said he, 'death, that now approaches, will be but the beginning of sorrow. I shall be cut off at once from enjoyment, and from hope; and the dreadful moment is now at hand.' While he was speaking, the palace again shook, and he stood again in the presence of the Genius.

'Almorán,' said the inhabitant of the unapparent world, 'the evil which thou fearest, shall not be upon thee. Make haste, and shew thyself from the gallery to the people, and the tumult of faction shall be still before thee:

tell them, that their rebellion is not against thee only, but against Him by whom thou reignest: appeal boldly to that power for a confirmation of thy words, and rely for the attesting sign upon me.' Almorán, who had stooped with his face to the ground, now looked upward, and found himself alone: he hasted, therefore, to follow the directions he had received; and hope was again kindled in his bosom.

Osmyn, in the mean time, made a proper disposition of the troops now under his command; and had directed a select company to remain near the person of the king, that they might at least make good his retreat. While he was waiting at his post, and revolving in his mind the total disappointment of his hopes, and considering what he should do if Hamet should establish himself alone, he was joined by Caled.

Caled had a secret enmity against Osmyn, as his rival in the favour of Almorán; but as he had concealed his own pretensions from Osmyn, Osmyn had no ill will against Caled. As they were now likely to be involved in one common calamity, by the ruin of the prince whose party they had espoused; Caled's enmity subsided, and the indifference of Osmyn was warmed into kindness: mutual distress produced mutual confidence; and Caled, after condoling with Osmyn on their present hopeless situation, proposed that they should draw off their forces, and revolt to Hamet. This proposition Osmyn rejected, not only from principle, but from interest: 'Now we have accepted of a trust,' said he, 'we ought not to betray it. If we had gone over to Hamet, when he first declared against his brother, he would have received us with joy, and probably have rewarded our service; but I know, that his virtue will abhor us for treachery, though practised in his favour: treachery, under the dominion of Hamet, will not only cover us with dishonour, but will probably devote us to death.'

In this reasoning, Caled could not but acquiesce; he felt himself secretly but forcibly reprov'd, by the superior virtue of Osmyn: and while he regretted his having made a proposal, which had been rejected not only as imprudent but infamous; he concluded, that Osmyn would ever after suspect and despise him; and he, therefore, from a new cause, conceived new enmity against him. They parted, however, without any appearance of suspicion or disgust; and, in a short time, they were in circumstances very different from their expectations.

CHAPTER XI.

ALMORÁN had now reached the gallery; and when the multitude saw him, they shouted as in triumph, and demanded that he should surrender. Hamet, who also perceived him at a distance, and was unwilling that any violence should be offered to his person, pressed forward, and when he was come near, commanded silence. At this moment Almorán, with a loud voice, reproached them with impiety and folly; and appealing to the power,

whom in his person they had offended, the air suddenly grew dark, a flood of lightning descended from the sky, and a peal of thunder was articulated into these words:

Divided sway, the God who reigns alone
Abhors; and gives to Almorán the throne.

The multitude stood aghast at the prodigy; and hiding their faces with their hands, every one departed in silence and confusion, and Hamet and Omar were left alone. Omar was taken by some of the soldiers who had adhered to Almorán, but Hamet made his escape.

Almorán, whose wishes were thus far accomplished by the intervention of a power superior to his own, exulted in the anticipation of that happiness which he now supposed to be secured; and was fortified in his opinion, that he had been wretched only because he had been weak, and that to multiply and not to suppress his wishes was the way to acquire felicity.

As he was returning from the gallery, he was met by Osmyn and Caled, who had heard the supernatural declaration in his behalf, and learned its effects. Almorán, in that hasty flow of unbounded but capricious favour, which, in contracted minds, is the effect only of unexpected good fortune, raised Osmyn from his feet to his bosom: 'As in the trial,' said he, 'thou hast been faithful, I now invest thee with a superior trust. The toils of state shall from this moment devolve upon thee; and from this moment, the delights of empire unallayed shall be mine: I will recline at ease, remote from every eye but those that reflect my own felicity; the felicity that I shall taste in secret, surrounded by the smiles of beauty, and the gaieties of youth. Like Heaven, I will reign unseen; and like Heaven though unseen, I will be adored.' Osmyn received this delegation with a tumultuous pleasure, that was expressed only by silence and confusion. Almorán remarked it; and exulting in the pride of power, he suddenly changed his aspect, and regarding Osmyn, who was yet blushing, and whose eyes were swimming in tears of gratitude, with a stern and ardent countenance; 'Let me, however,' said he, 'warn thee to be watchful in thy trust: beware, that no rude commotion violate my peace by thy fault; lest my anger sweep thee in a moment to destruction.' He then directed his eye to Caled: 'And thou too,' said he, 'hast been faithful; be thou next in honour and in power to Osmyn. Guard both of you my paradise from dread and care; fulfil the duty that I have assigned you, and live.'

He was then informed by a messenger, that Hamet had escaped, and that Omar was taken. As he now despised the power both of Hamet and Omar, he expressed neither concern nor anger that Hamet had fled; but he ordered Omar to be brought before him.

When Omar appeared bound and disarmed, he regarded him with a smile of insult and derision; and asked him, what he had now to hope. 'I have, indeed,' said Omar, 'much less to hope, than thou hast to fear.' 'Thy insolence,' said Almorán, 'is equal to thy folly: what power on earth is there,

that I should fear?' 'Thy own,' said Omar. 'I have not leisure now,' replied Almorán, 'to hear the paradoxes of thy philosophy explained: but to shew thee, that I fear not thy power, thou shalt live. I will leave thee to hopeless regret; to wiles that have been scorned and defeated; to the unheeded petulance of dotage; to the fondness that is repayed with neglect; to restless wishes, to credulous hopes, and to derided command: to the slow and complicated torture of despised old age; and that, when thou shalt long have abhorred thy being, shall destroy it.' 'The misery,' said Omar, 'which thou hast menaced, it is not in thy power to inflict. As thou hast taken from me all that I possessed by the bounty of thy father, it is true that I am poor; it is true also, that my knees are now feeble, and bend with the weight of years that is upon me. I am, as thou art, a man; and therefore I have erred: but I have still kept the narrow path in view with a faithful vigilance, and to that I have soon returned: the past, therefore, I do not regret; and the future, I have no cause to fear. In Him who is most merciful, I have hope; and in that hope even now I rejoice before thee. My portion in the present hour, is adversity: but I receive it, not only with humility, but thankfulness; for I know, that whatever is ordained is best.'

Almorán, in whose heart there were no traces of Omar's virtue, and therefore no foundation for his confidence; sustained himself against their force, by treating them as hypocrisy and affectation: 'I know,' says he, 'that thou hast long learned to echo the specious and pompous sounds, by which hypocrites conceal their wretchedness, and excite the admiration of folly and the contempt of wisdom: yet thy walk in this place shall be still unrestrained. Here the splendour of my felicity shall fill thy heart with envy, and cover thy face with confusion; and from thee shall the world be instructed, that the enemies of Almorán can move no passion in his breast but contempt, and that most to punish them is to permit them to live.'

Omar, whose eye had till now been fixed upon the ground, regarded Almorán with a calm but steady countenance: 'Here then,' said he, 'will I follow thee, constant as thy shadow; though, as thy shadow, unnoticed or neglected: here shall mine eye watch those evils, that were appointed from everlasting to attend upon guilt; and here shall my voice warn thee of their approach. From thy breast may they be averted by righteousness! for without this, though all the worlds that roll above thee should, to aid thee, unite all their power, that power can aid thee only to be wretched.'

Almorán, in all the pride of gratified ambition, invested with dominion that had no limits, and allied with powers that were more than mortal; was overawed by this address, and his countenance grew pale. But the next moment, disdaining to be thus controlled by the voice of a slave, his cheeks were suffused with the blushes of indignation: he turned from Omar, in scorn, anger, and confusion, without reply; and Omar departed with the calm dignity of a benevolent and superior being, to whom the smiles and frowns of terrestrial tyranny were alike indifferent, and in whom abhorrence of the turpitude of vice was mingled with compassion for its folly

CHAPTER XII.

IN the mean time, Almeida, who had been conveyed to an apartment in Almorán's seraglio, and delivered to the care of those who attended upon his women, suffered all that grief and terror could inflict upon a generous, a tender, and a delicate mind; yet in this complicated distress, her attention was principally fixed upon Hamet. The disappointment of his hope, and the violation of his right, were the chief objects of her regret and her fears, in all that had already happened, and in all that was still to come; every insult that might be offered to herself, she considered as an injury to him. Yet the thoughts of all that he might suffer in her person, gave way to her apprehensions of what might befall him in his own: in his situation, every calamity that her imagination could conceive, was possible; her thoughts were, therefore, bewildered amidst an endless variety of dreadful images, which started up before them which way soever they were turned; and it was impossible that she could gain any certain intelligence of his fate, as the splendid prison in which she was now confined, was surrounded by mutes and eunuchs, of whom nothing could be learned, or in whose report no confidence could be placed.

While her mind was in this state of agitation and distress, she perceived the door open, and the next moment Almorán entered the apartment. When she saw him, she turned from him with a look of unutterable anguish; and hiding her face in her veil, she burst into tears. The tyrant was moved with her distress; for unfeeling obduracy is the vice only of the old, whose sensibility has been worn away by the habitual perpetration of reiterated wrongs.

He approached her with looks of kindness, and his voice was involuntarily modulated to pity; she was, however, too much absorbed in her own sorrows, to reply. He gazed upon her with tenderness and admiration; and taking her hand into his own, he pressed it ardently to his bosom: his compassion soon kindled into desire, and from soothing her distress, he began to solicit her love. This instantly roused her attention, and her grief gave way to resentment: she turned from him with a firm and haughty step, and instead of answering his professions, reproached him with her wrongs. Almorán, that he might at once address her virtue and her passions, observed, that though he had loved her from the first moment he had seen her, yet he had concealed his passion even from her, till it had received the sanction of an invisible and superior power; that he came, therefore, the messenger of Heaven; and that he offered her unrivalled empire and everlasting love. To this she answered only by an impatient and fond inquiry after Hamet. 'Think not of Hamet,' said Almorán, 'for why should he who is rejected of Heaven, be still the favourite of Almeida?' 'If thy hand,' said Almeida, 'could quench in everlasting darkness, that vital spark of intellectual fire, which the word of the Almighty has kindled in my breast to burn for ever, then might Almeida cease to think of Hamet; but while that shall live, whatever

form it shall inhabit, or in whatever world it shall reside, his image shall be for ever present, and to him shall my love be for ever true.' This glowing declaration of her love for Hamet, was immediately succeeded by a tender anxiety for his safety; and a sudden reflection upon the probability of his death, and the danger of his situation if alive, threw her again into tears.

Almorán, whom the ardour and impetuosity of her passion kept sometimes silent, and sometimes threw into confusion, again attempted to sooth and comfort her: she often urged him to tell her what was become of his brother, and he as often evaded the question. As she was about to renew her inquiries, and reflected that it had before been often made, and had not yet been answered, she thought that Almorán had already put him to death: this threw her into a new agony, of which he did not immediately discover the cause; but as he soon learned it from her reproaches and exclamations, he perceived that he could not hope to be heard, while she was in doubt about the safety of Hamet. In order, therefore, to sooth her mind, and prevent its being longer possessed with an image that excluded every other; he assumed a look of concern and astonishment at the imputation of a crime, which was at once so horrid and so unnecessary. After a solemn deprecation of such enormous guilt, he observed, that as it was now impossible for Hamet to succeed as his rival, either in empire or in love, without the breach of a command, which he knew his virtue would implicitly obey; he had no motive either to desire his death, or to restrain his liberty: 'His walk,' says he, 'is still uncircumscribed in Persia; and except this chamber, there is no part of the palace to which he is not admitted.'

To this declaration Almeida listened, as to the music of paradise; and it suspended for a while every passion, but her love; the sudden ease of her mind made her regardless of all about her, and she had in this interval suffered Almorán to remove her veil, without reflecting upon what he was doing. The moment she recollected herself, she made a gentle effort to recover it, with some confusion, but without anger. The pleasure that was expressed in her eyes, the blush that glowed upon her cheek, and the contest about the veil, which to an amorous imagination had an air of dalliance, concurred to heighten the passion of Almorán almost to phrensy: she perceived her danger in his looks, and her spirits instantly took the alarm. He seized her hand, and gazing ardently upon her, he conjured her, with a tone and emphasis that strongly expressed the tumultuous vehemence of his wishes, that she would renounce the rites which had been forbidden above, and that she would receive him to whom by miracle she had been allotted.

Almeida, whom the manner and voice of Almorán had terrified into silence, answered him at first only with a look that expressed aversion and disdain, overawed by fear. 'Wilt thou not,' said Almorán, 'fulfil the decrees of Heaven? I conjure thee, by Heaven, to answer.' From this solemn reference to Heaven, Almeida derived new fortitude: she instantly recollected, that she stood in the presence of Him, by whose permission only every other power, whether visible or invisible, can dispense evil or good: 'Urge no more,' said she, 'as the decree of Heaven, that which is inconsistent with

Divine perfection. Can He, in whose hand my heart is, command me to wed the man whom he has not enabled me to love? Can the Pure, the Just, the Merciful, have ordained that I should suffer embraces which I loath, and violate vows which His laws permitted me to make? Can he have ordained a perfidious, a loveless, and a joyless prostitution? What if a thousand prodigies should concur to enforce it a thousand times, the deed itself would be a stronger proof that these prodigies were the works of darkness, than those prodigies that the deed was commanded by the Father of light.'

Almorán, whose hopes were now blasted to the root, who perceived that the virtue of Almeida could neither be deceived nor overborne; that she at once contemned his power, and abhorred his love; gave way to all the furies of his mind, which now slumbered no more: his countenance expressed at once, anger, indignation, and despair; his gesture became furious, and his voice was lost in menaces and execrations. Almeida beheld him with an earnest yet steady countenance, till he vowed to revenge the indignity he had suffered, upon Hamet. At the name of Hamet, her fortitude forsook her; the pride of virtue gave way to the softness of love; her cheeks became pale, her lips trembled, and taking hold of the robe of Almorán, she threw herself at his feet. His fury was at first restrained by hope and expectation; but when from her words, which grief and terror had rendered scarce articulate, he could learn only that she was pleading for Hamet, he burst from her in an ecstasy of rage; and forcing his robe from her hand, with a violence that dragged her after it, he rushed out of the chamber, and left her prostrate upon the ground.

As he passed through the gallery with a hasty and disordered pace, he was seen by Omar; who knowing that he was returning from an interview with Almeida, and conjecturing from his appearance what had happened, judged that he ought not to neglect this opportunity to warn him once more of the delusive phantoms, which under the appearance of pleasure, were leading him to destruction: he, therefore, followed him unperceived, till he had reached the apartment in which he had been used to retire alone, and heard again the loud and tumultuous exclamations, which were wrung from his heart by the anguish of disappointment: 'What have I gained,' said he, 'by absolute dominion! The slave who, secluded from the gales of life and from the light of heaven, toils without hope in the darkness of the mine, riots in the delights of paradise compared with me. By the caprice of one woman, I am robbed not only of enjoyment but of peace, and condemned for ever to the torment of unsatisfied desire.'

Omar, who was impatient to apprise him that he was not alone, and to prevent his disclosing sentiments which he wished to conceal, now threw himself upon the ground at his feet. 'Presumptuous slave!' said Almorán, 'from whence, and wherefore art thou come?' 'I am come,' said Omar, 'to tell thee, that not the caprice of a woman, but the wishes of Almorán, have made Almorán wretched.' The king, stung with the reproach, drew back, and with a furious look laid his hand upon his poniard; but was immediately restrained from drawing it, by his pride. 'I am come,' said Omar, 'to repeat

that truth, upon which, great as thou art, thy fate is suspended. Thy power extends not to the mind of another; exert it, therefore, upon thy own: suppress the wishes, which thou canst not fulfil; and secure the happiness that is within thy reach.'

Almorán, who could bear no longer to hear the precepts which he disdained to practise, sternly commanded Omar to depart: 'Begone,' said he, 'lest I crush thee like a noisome reptile, which men cannot but abhor, though it is too contemptible to be feared.' 'I go,' said Omar, 'that my warning voice may yet again recall thee to the path of wisdom and of peace, if yet again I shall behold thee while it is to be found.'

CHAPTER XIII.

ALMORAN was now left alone; and throwing himself upon a sofa, he sat sometime motionless and silent. He revolved in his mind the wishes that had been gratified, and the happiness of which he had been disappointed: 'I desired,' said he, 'the pomp and power of undivided dominion; and Hamet was driven from the throne which he shared with me, by a voice from Heaven: I desired to break off his marriage with Almeida; and it was broken off by a prodigy, when no human power could have accomplished my desire. It was my wish also to have the person of Almeida in my power, and this wish also has been gratified; yet I am still wretched. But I am wretched only, because the means have not been adequate to the end: what I have hitherto obtained, I have not desired for itself; and of that, for which I desired it, I am not possessed: I am, therefore, still wretched, because I am weak. With the soul of Almorán, I should have the form of Hamet: then my wishes would indeed be filled; then would Almeida bless me with consenting beauty, and the splendour of my power should distinguish only the intervals of my love; my enjoyments would then be certain and permanent, neither blasted by disappointment, nor withered by satiety.' When he had uttered these reflections with the utmost vehemence and agitation, his face was again obscured by gloom and despair; his posture was again fixed; and he was falling back into his former state of silent abstraction, when he was suddenly roused by the appearance of the Genius, the sincerity of whose friendship he began to distrust.

'Almorán,' said the Genius, 'if thou art not yet happy, know that my powers are not yet exhausted: fear me not, but let thine ear be attentive to my voice.' The Genius then stretched out his hand towards him, in which there was an emerald of great lustre, cut into a figure that had four-and-twenty sides, on each of which was engraven a different letter. 'Thou seest,' said he, 'this talisman: on each side of it is engraven one of those mysterious characters, of which are formed all the words of all the languages that are spoken by angels, genii, and men. This shall enable thee to change thy figure: and what, under the form of Almorán, thou canst not accomplish; thou shalt still be able to effect, if it can be effected by thee, in the form of any other. Point only to the letters that compose the name of him whose appearance thou

wouldst assume, and it is done. Remember only, that upon him, whose appearance thou shalt assume, thine shall be imprest, till thou restorest his own. Hide the charm in thy bosom, and avail thyself of its power.' Almorán received the talisman in a transport of gratitude and joy, and the Genius immediately disappeared.

The use of this talisman was so obvious, that it was impossible to overlook it. Almorán instantly conceived the design with which it was given, and determined instantly to put it in execution: 'I will now,' said he, 'assume the figure of Hamet; and my love, in all its ardour, shall be returned by Almeida.' As his fancy kindled at the anticipation of his happiness, he stood musing in a pleasing suspense, and indulged himself in the contemplation of the several gradations, by which he should ascend to the summit of his wishes.

Just at this moment, Osmyn, whom he had commanded to attend him at this hour, approached his apartment: Almorán was roused by the sound of his foot, and supposed it to be Omar, who had again intruded upon his privacy; he was enraged at the interruption which had broken a series of imaginations so flattering and luxurious; he snatched out his poniard, and lifting up his arm for the stroke, hastily turned round to have stabbed him; but seeing Osmyn, he discovered his mistake just in time to prevent the blow.

Osmyn, who was not conscious of any crime, nor indeed of any act that could have given occasion of offence; started back terrified and amazed, and stood trembling in doubt whether to remain or to withdraw. Almorán, in the mean time, sheathed the instrument of death, and bid him fear nothing, for he should not be hurt. He then turned about, and putting his hand to his forehead, stood again silent in a musing posture: he recollected, that if he assumed the figure of Hamet, it was necessary he should give orders for Hamet to be admitted to Almeida, as he would otherwise be excluded by the delegates of his own authority; turning, therefore, to Osmyn, 'Remember,' said he, 'that whenever Hamet shall return, it is my command, that he be admitted to Almeida.'

Osmyn, who was pleased with an opportunity of recommending himself to Almorán, by praising an act of generous virtue which he supposed him now to exert in favour of his brother, received the command with a look, that expressed not only approbation but joy: 'Let the sword of destruction,' said he, 'be the guard of the tyrant; the strength of my lord shall be the bonds of love: those, who honour thee as Almorán, shall rejoice in thee as the friend of Hamet.' To Almorán, who was conscious to no kindness for his brother, the praise of Osmyn was a reproach: he was offended at the joy which he saw kindled in his countenance, by a command to shew favour to Hamet; and was fired with sudden rage at that condemnation of his real conduct, which was implied by an encomium on the generosity of which he assumed the appearance for a malevolent and perfidious purpose; his brow was contracted, his lip quivered, and the hilt of his dagger was again grasped in his hand. Osmyn was again overwhelmed with terror and confusion; he had

again offended, but knew not his offence. In the mean time, Almorán recollecting that to express displeasure against Osmyn was to betray his own secret, endeavoured to suppress his anger; but his anger was succeeded by remorse, regret, and disappointment. The anguish of his mind broke out in imperfect murmurs: 'What I am,' said he, 'is, to this wretch, the object not only of hatred but of scorn; and he commends only what I am not, in what to him I would seem to be.'

These sounds, which, though not articulate, were yet uttered with great emotion, were still mistaken by Osmyn for the overflowings of capricious and causeless anger: 'My life,' says he to himself, 'is even now wavering in a doubtful balance. Whenever I approach this tyrant, I tread the borders of the grave: like a hood-winked wretch, who is left to wander near the brink of a precipice, I know my danger; but which way soever I turn, I know not whether I shall incur or avoid destruction.'

In these reflections did the sovereign and the slave pass those moments, in which the sovereign intended to render the slave subservient to his pleasure or his security, and the slave intended to express a zeal which he really felt, and a homage which his heart had already paid. Osmyn was at length, however, dismissed with an assurance, that all was well; and Almorán was again left to reflect with anguish upon the past, to regret the present, and to anticipate the future with solicitude, anxiety, and perturbation.

He was, however, determined to assume the figure of his brother, by the talisman which had been put into his power by the Genius: but just as he was about to form the spell, he recollected, that by the same act he would impress his own likeness upon Hamet, who would consequently be invested with his power, and might use it to his destruction. This held him some time in suspense; but reflecting that Hamet might not, perhaps, be apprised of his advantage, till it was too late to improve it; that he was now a fugitive, and probably alone, leaving Persia behind him with all the speed he could make; and that, at the worst, if he should be still near, if he should know the transformation as soon as it should be made, and should instantly take the most effectual measures to improve it; yet as he could dissolve the charm in a moment, whenever it should be necessary for his safety, no formidable danger could be incurred by the experiment, to which he, therefore, proceeded without delay.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the mean time, Hamet, to whom his own safety was of no importance but for the sake of Almeida, resolved, if possible, to conceal himself near the city. Having, therefore, reached the confines of the desert, by which it was bounded on the east, he quitted his horse, and determined to remain there till the multitude was dispersed, and the darkness of the evening might conceal his return, when in less than an hour he could reach the palace.

He sat down at the foot of the mountain Kabessed, without considering, that in this place he was most likely to be found, as those who travel the

desert seldom fail to enter the cave that winds its way under the mountain, to drink of the water that issues there from a clear and copious spring.

He reviewed the scenes of the day that was now nearly passed, with a mixture of astonishment and distress, to which no description can be equal. The sudden and amazing change that a few hours had made in his situation, appeared like a wild and distressful dream, from which he almost doubted whether he should not wake to the power and the felicity that he had lost. He sat some time bewildered in the hurry and multiplicity of his thoughts, and at length burst out into passionate exclamations: 'What,' said he, 'and where am I? Am I, indeed, Hamet; that son of Solyman who divided the dominion of Persia with his brother, and who possessed the love of Almeida alone? Dreadful vicissitude! I am now an outcast, friendless and forlorn; without an associate, and without a dwelling: for me the cup of adversity overflows, and the last dregs of sorrow have been wrung out for my portion: the powers not only of the earth, but of the air, have combined against me; and how can I stand alone before them? But is there no power that will interpose in my behalf? If He, who is supreme, is good, I shall not perish. But wherefore am I thus? Why should the desires of vice be accomplished by superior powers; and why should superior powers be permitted to disappoint the expectations of virtue? Yet let me not rashly question the ways of Him, in whose balance the world is weighed: by Him, every evil is rendered subservient to good; and by His wisdom, the happiness of the whole is secured. Yet I am but a part only, and for a part only I can feel. To me, what is that goodness of which I do not partake? In my cup the gall is unmixed; and have I not, therefore, a right to complain? But what have I said? Let not the gloom that surrounds me, hide from me the prospect of immortality. Shall not eternity atone for time? Eternity, to which the duration of ages is but as an atom to a world! Shall I not, when this momentary separation is past, again meet Almeida to part no more? and shall not a purer flame than burns upon the earth, unite us? Even at this moment, her mind, which not the frauds of sorcery can taint or alienate, is mine: that pleasure which she reserved for me, cannot be taken by force; it is in the consent alone that it subsists; and from the joy that she feels, and from that only, proceeds the joy she can bestow.'

With these reflections he soothed the anguish of his mind, till the dreadful moment arrived, in which the power of the talisman took place, and the figure of Almorán was changed into that of Hamet, and the figure of Hamet into that of Almorán.

At the moment of transformation, Hamet was seized with a sudden languor, and his faculties were suspended as by the stroke of death. When he recovered, his limbs still trembled, and his lips were parched with thirst: he rose, therefore, and entering the cavern, at the mouth of which he had been sitting, he stooped over the well to drink; but glancing his eyes upon the water, he saw, with astonishment and horror, that it reflected, not his own countenance, but that of his brother. He started back from the prodigy; and supporting himself against the side of the rock, he stood some

time like a statue, without the power of recollection: but at length the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, that the same sorcery which had prevented his marriage, and driven him from the throne, was still practised against him; and that the change of his figure to that of Almorán, was the effect of Almorán's having assumed his likeness, to obtain, in this disguise, whatever Almeida could bestow. This thought, like a whirlwind of the desert, totally subverted his mind; his fortitude was borne down, and his hopes were rooted up; no principles remained to regulate his conduct, but all was phrensy, confusion, and despair. He rushed out of the cave with a furious and distracted look; and went in haste towards the city, without having formed any design, or considered any consequence that might follow.

The shadows of the mountains were now lengthened by the declining sun; and the approach of evening had invited Omar to meditate in a grove that was adjacent to the gardens of the palace. From this place he was seen at some distance by Hamet, who came up to him with a hasty and disordered pace; and Omar drew back with a cold and distant reverence, which the power and character of Almorán concurred to excite. Hamet, not reflecting upon the cause of this behaviour, was offended, and reproached him with the want of that friendship he had so often professed: the vehemence of his expression and demeanour, suited well with the appearance of Almorán; and Omar, as the best proof of that friendship which had been impeached, took this opportunity to repeat his admonitions in the behalf of Hamet: 'Whatever evil,' said he, 'thou canst bring upon Hamet, will be doubled to thyself: to his virtues, the Power that fills infinitude is a friend, and he can be afflicted only till they are perfect; but thy sufferings will be the punishment of vice, and as long as thou art vicious they must increase.'

Hamet, who instantly recollecting for whom he was mistaken, and the anguish of whose mind was for a moment suspended by this testimony of esteem and kindness, which could not possibly be feigned, and which was paid him at the risque of life, when it could not be known that he received it; ran forward to embrace the hoary sage, who had been the guide of his youth, and cried out, in a voice that was broken by contending passions, 'The face is the face of Almorán; but the heart is the heart of Hamet.'

Omar was struck dumb with astonishment; and Hamet, who could not bear to be longer mistaken, related all the circumstances of his transformation, and reminded him of some particulars which could be known only to themselves: 'Canst thou not yet believe,' said he, 'that I am Hamet? when thou hast this day seen me banished from my kingdom; when thou hast now met me a fugitive returning from the desert; and when I learnt from thee, since the sun was risen which is not yet set, that more than mortal powers were combined against me.' 'I now believe,' said Omar, 'that thou, indeed, art Hamet.' 'Stay me not then,' said Hamet; 'but come with me to revenge.' 'Beware,' said Omar, 'lest thou endanger the loss of more than empire and Almeida.' 'If not to revenge,' said Hamet, 'I may at least be permitted to punish.' 'Thy mind, says Omar, 'is now in such a state, that to punish the crimes by which thou hast been wronged, will dip thee in the

guilt of blood. Why else are we forbidden to take vengeance for ourselves? and why is it reserved as the prerogative of the Most High? In Him, and in Him alone, it is goodness guided by wisdom: He approves the means, only as necessary to the end; He wounds only to heal, and destroys only to save; He has complacency, not in the evil, but in the good only which it is appointed to produce. Remember, therefore, that he, to whom the punishment of another is sweet; though his act may be just with respect to others, with respect to himself it is a deed of darkness, and abhorred by the Almighty.' Hamet, who had stood abstracted in the contemplation of the new injury he had suffered, while Omar was persuading him not to revenge it, started from his posture in all the wildness of distraction; and bursting away from Omar, with an ardent and furious look hastened toward the palace, and was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER XV.

IN the mean time, Almorán, after having effected the transformation, was met, as he was going to the apartment of Almeida, by Osmyn. Osmyn had already experienced the misery of dependent greatness, that kept him continually under the eye of a capricious tyrant, whose temper was various as the gales of summer, and whose anger was sudden as the bolt of Heaven; whose purpose and passions were dark and impetuous as the midnight storm, and at whose command death was inevitable as the approach of time. When he saw Almorán, therefore, in the likeness of Hamet, he felt a secret desire to apprise him of his situation, and offer him his friendship.

Almorán, who with the form assumed the manners of Hamet, addressed Osmyn with a mild though mournful countenance: 'At length,' said he, 'the will of Almorán alone is law; does it permit me to hold a private rank in this place, without molestation?' 'It permits,' said Osmyn, 'yet more; he has commanded that you should have admittance to Almeida.' Almorán, whose vanity betrayed him to flatter his own power in the person of Hamet, replied with a smile: 'I know, that Almorán, who presides like a god in silent and distant state, reveals the secrets of his will to thee; I know that thou art'--- 'I am,' said Osmyn, 'of all thou seest, most wretched.' At this declaration, Almorán turned short, and fixed his eyes upon Osmyn with a look of surprise and anger: 'Does not the favour of Almorán,' said he, 'whose smile is power, and wealth, and honour, shine upon thee?' 'My lord,' said Osmyn, 'I know so well the severity of thy virtue, that if I should, even for thy sake, become perfidious to thy brother'---Almorán, who was unable to preserve the character of Hamet with propriety, interrupted him with a fierce and haughty tone: 'How!' said he, 'perfidious to my brother! to Almorán perfidious!'

Osmyn, who had now gone so far to recede, and who still saw before him the figure of Hamet, proceeded in his purpose: 'I knew,' said he, 'that in thy judgment I should be condemned; and yet, the preservation of life is the strongest principle of nature, and the love of virtue is her proudest boast.' 'Explain thyself,' said Almorán, 'for I cannot comprehend thee.' 'I mean,'

said Osmyn, 'that he, whose life depends upon the caprice of a tyrant, is like the wretch whose sentence is already pronounced; and who, if the wind does but rush by his dungeon, imagines that it is the bow-string and the mute.' 'Fear not,' said Almorán, who now affected to be again calm; 'be still faithful, and thou shalt still be safe.' 'Alas!' said Osmyn, 'there is no diligence, no toil, no faith, that can secure the slave from the sudden phrensy of passion, from the causeless rage either of drunkenness or lust. I am that slave; the slave of a tyrant whom I hate.' The confusion of Almorán was now too great to be concealed, and he stood silent with rage, fear, and indignation. Osmyn supposing that his wonder made him doubt the truth of what he had heard, confirmed his declaration by an oath.

Whoever thou art, to whose mind Almorán, the mighty and the proud, is present; before whom, the lord of absolute dominion stands trembling and rebuked; who seest the possessor of power by which nature is controlled, pale and silent with anguish and disappointment: if, in the fury of thy wrath, thou hast aggravated weakness into guilt; if thou hast chilled the glow of affection, when it flushed the cheek in thy presence, with the frown of displeasure, or repressed the ardour of friendship with indifference or neglect; now, let thy heart smite thee: for, in thy folly, thou hast cast away that gem, which is the light of life; which power can never seize, and which gold can never buy!

The tyrant fell at once from his pride, like a star from heaven; and Osmyn, still addressing him as Hamet, at once increased his misery and his fears: 'O,' said he, 'that the throne of Persia was thine! then should innocence enjoy her birth-right of peace, and hope should bid honest industry look upward. There is not one to whom Almorán has delegated power, nor one on whom his transient favour has bestowed any gift, who does not already feel his heart throb with the pangs of boding terror. Nor is there one who, if he did not fear the displeasure of the invisible power by whom the throne has been given to thy brother, would not immediately revolt to thee.'

Almorán, who had hitherto remained silent, now burst into a passionate exclamation of self-pity: 'What can I do?' said he; 'and whither can I turn?' Osmyn, who mistook the cause of his distress, and supposed that he deplored only his want of power to avail himself of the general disposition in his favour, endeavoured to fortify his mind against despair: 'Your state,' said he, 'indeed is distressful, but not hopeless.' The king, who, though addressed as Hamet, was still betrayed by his confusion to answer as Almorán, smote his breast, and replied in an agony, 'It is hopeless!' Osmyn remarked his emotion and despair, with a concern and astonishment that Almorán observed, and at once recollected his situation. He endeavoured to retract such expressions of trouble and despondency, as did not suit the character he had assumed; and telling Osmyn, that he thanked him for his friendship, and would improve the advantages it offered him, he directed him to acquaint the eunuchs that they were to admit him to Almeida. When he was left alone, his doubts and perplexity held him long in suspense; a thousand expedients occurred to his mind by turns, and by turns were rejected.

His first thought was to put Osmyn to death: but he considered, that by this he would gain no advantage, as he would be in equal danger from whoever should succeed him: he considered also, that against Osmyn he was upon his guard: and that he might at any time learn, from him, whatever design might be formed in favour of Hamet, by assuming Hamet's appearance: that he would thus be the confident of every secret, in which his own safety was concerned; and might disconcert the best-contrived project at the very moment of its execution, when it would be too late for other measures to be taken: he determined, therefore, to let Osmyn live; at least, till it became more necessary to cut him off. Having in some degree soothed and fortified his mind by these reflections, he entered the apartment of Almeida.

His hope was not founded upon a design to marry her under the appearance of Hamet; for that would be impossible, as the ceremony must have been performed by the priests who supposed the marriage with Hamet to have been forbidden by a divine command; and who, therefore, would not have consented, even supposing they would otherwise have ventured, at the request of Hamet, to perform a ceremony which they knew would be displeasing to Almorán: but he hoped to take advantage of her tenderness for his brother, and the particular circumstances of her situation, which made the solemnities of marriage impossible, to seduce her to gratify his desires, without the sanction which alone rendered the gratification of them lawful: if he succeeded in this design, he had reason to expect, either that his love would be extinguished by enjoyment; or that, if he should still desire to marry Almeida, he might, by disclosing to her the artifice by which he had effected his purpose, prevail upon her to consent, as her connexion with Hamet, the chief obstacle to her marriage with him, would then be broken for ever; and as she might, perhaps, wish to sanctify the pleasure which she might be not unwilling to repeat, or at least to make that lawful which it would not be in her power to prevent.

In this disposition, and with this design, he was admitted to Almeida; who, without suspicion of her danger, was exposed to the severest trial, in which every passion concurred to oppose her virtue: she was solicited by all the powers of subtlety and desire, under the appearance of a lover whose tenderness and fidelity had been long tried, and whose passion she returned with equal constancy and ardour; and she was thus solicited, when the rites which alone could consecrate their union were impossible, and were rendered impossible by the guilty designs of a rival, in whose power she was, and from whom no other expedient offered her a deliverance. Thus deceived and betrayed, she received him with an excess of tenderness and joy, which flattered all his hopes, and for a moment suspended his misery. She inquired, with a fond and gentle solicitude, by what means he had gained admittance, and how he had provided for his retreat. He received and returned her caresses with a vehemence, in which, to less partial eyes, desire would have been more apparent than love; and in the tumult of his passion, he almost neglected her inquiries: finding, however,

that she would be answered, he told her, that being by the permission of Almorán admitted to every part of the palace, except that of the women, he had found means to bribe the eunuch who kept the door; who was not in danger of detection, because Almorán, wearied with the tumult and fatigue of the day, had retired to sleep, and given order to be called at a certain hour. She then complained of the solicitations to which she was exposed, expressed her dread of the consequences she had reason to expect from some sudden sally of the tyrant's rage, and related with tears the brutal outrage she had suffered when he last left her: 'Though I abhorred him,' said she, 'I yet kneeled before him for thee. Let me bend in reverence to that Power, at whose look the whirlwinds are silent, and the seas are calm, that his fury has hitherto been restrained from hurting thee!'

At these words, the face of Almorán was again covered with blushes of confusion: to be still beloved only as Hamet, and as Almorán to be still hated; to be thus reproached without anger, and wounded by those who knew not that they struck him; was a species of misery peculiar to himself, and had been incurred only by the acquisition of new powers, which he had requested and received as necessary to obtain that felicity which the parsimony of nature had placed beyond his reach. His emotions, however, as by Almeida they were supposed to be the emotions of Hamet, she imputed to a different cause: 'As Heaven,' says she, 'has preserved thee from death; so has it, for thy sake, preserved me from violation,' Almorán, whose passion had in this interval again surmounted his remorse, gazed eagerly upon her, and catching her to his bosom; 'Let us at least,' says he, 'secure the happiness that is now offered; let not these inestimable moments pass by us unimproved; but to shew that we deserve them let them be devoted to love.' 'Let us then,' said Almeida, 'escape together.' 'To escape with thee,' said Almorán, 'is impossible. I shall retire, and, like the shaft of Arabia, leave no mark behind me; but the flight of Almeida will at once be traced to him by whom I was admitted, and I shall thus retaliate his friendship with destruction.' 'Let him then,' said Almeida, 'be the partner of our flight.' 'Urge it not now,' said Almorán, 'but trust to my prudence and my love, to select some hour that will be more favourable to our purpose. And yet,' said he, 'even then, we shall, as now, sigh in vain for the completion of our wishes; by whom shall our hands be joined, when in the opinion of the priests it has been forbidden from above?' 'Save thyself then,' said Almeida, 'and leave me to my fate.' 'Not so,' said Almorán. 'What else,' replied Almeida, 'is in our power?' 'It is in our power,' said Almorán, 'to seize that joy, to which a public form can give us no new claim; for the public form can only declare that right by which I claim it now.'

As they were now reclining upon a sofa, he threw his arm round her; but she suddenly sprung up, and burst from him: the tear started to her eye, and she gazed upon him with an earnest but yet tender look: 'Is it?' says she---'No sure, it is not the voice of Hamet!' 'O! yes,' said Almorán, 'what other voice should call thee to cancel at once the wrongs of Hamet'

and Almeida; to secure the treasures of thy love from the hand of the robber; to hide the joys which if now we lose we may lose for ever, in the sacred and inviolable stores of the past, and place them beyond the power not of Almorán only but of fate? With this wild effusion of desire he caught her again to his breast, and finding no resistance his heart exulted in his success; but the next moment, to the total disappointment of his hopes, he perceived that she had fainted in his arms. When she recovered, she once more disengaged herself from him, and turning away her face, she burst into tears. When her voice could be heard, she covered herself with her veil, and turning again towards him, 'All but this,' said she, 'I had learnt to bear; and how has this been deserved by Almeida of Hamet? You was my only solace in distress; and when the tears have stolen from my eyes in silence and in solitude, I thought on thee; I thought upon the chaste ardour of thy sacred friendship, which was softened, refined, and exalted, into love. This was my hoarded treasure; and the thoughts of possessing this, soothed all my anguish with a miser's happiness, who, blest in the consciousness of hidden wealth, despises cold and hunger, and rejoices in the midst of all the miseries that make poverty dreadful: this was my last retreat; but I am now desolate and forlorn, and my soul looks round with terror, for that refuge which it can never find.' 'Find that refuge,' said Almorán, 'in me.' 'Alas!' said Almeida, 'can he afford me refuge from my sorrows, who, for the guilty pleasures of a transient moment, would for ever sully the purity of my mind, and aggravate misfortune by the consciousness of guilt?'

As Almorán now perceived that it was impossible, by any importunity, to induce her to violate her principles; he had nothing more to attempt, but to subvert them. 'When,' said he, 'shall Almeida awake, and these dreams of folly and superstition vanish? That only is virtue, by which happiness is produced: and whatever produces happiness, is therefore virtue; and the forms, and words, and rites, which priests have pretended to be required by Heaven, are the fraudulent arts only by which they govern mankind.'

Almeida, by this impious insult, was roused from grief to indignation: 'As thou hast now dared,' said she, 'to deride the laws, which thou wouldst have first broken; so hast thou broken for ever the tender bonds, by which my soul was united to thine. Such as I fondly believed thee, thou art not; and what thou art, I have never loved. I have loved a delusive phantom only, which while I strove to grasp it, has vanished from me.' Almorán attempted to reply; but on such a subject, neither her virtue nor her wisdom would permit debate. 'That prodigy,' said she, 'which I thought was the sleight of cunning, or the work of sorcery, I now revere as the voice of Heaven; which, as it knew thy heart, has in mercy saved me from thy arms. To the will of Heaven shall my will be obedient; and my voice also shall pronounce, to *Almorán, Almeida*.

Almorán, whose whole soul was now suspended in attention, conceived new hopes of success; and foresaw the certain accomplishment of his pur-

pose, though by an effect directly contrary to that which he had laboured to produce. Thus to have incurred the hatred of Almeida in the form of Hamet, was more fortunate than to have taken advantage of her love; the path that led to his wishes was now clear and open; and his marriage with Almeida in his own person, waited only till he could resume it. He therefore, instead of soothing, provoked her resentment: 'If thou hast loved a phantom,' said he, 'which existed only in imagination; on such a phantom my love also has been fixed: thou hast, indeed, only the form of what I called Almeida; my love thou hast rejected, because thou hast never loved; the object of thy passion was not Hamet, but a throne; and thou hast made the observance of rituals, in which folly only can suppose there is good or ill, a pretence to violate thy faith, that thou mayest still gratify thy ambition.'

To this injurious reproach, Almeida made no reply; and Almorán immediately quitted her apartment, that he might reassume his own figure, and take advantage of the disposition which, under the appearance of Hamet, he had produced in favour of himself: but Osmyn, who, supposing him to be Hamet, had intercepted and detained him as he was going to Almeida, now intercepted him a second time at his return, having placed himself near the door of the apartment for that purpose.

Osmyn was by no means satisfied with the issue of their last interview: he had perceived a perturbation in the mind of Almorán, for which, imagining him to be Hamet, he could not account; and which seemed more extraordinary upon a review, than when it happened; he, therefore, again entered into conversation with him, in which he further disclosed his sentiments and designs. Almorán, notwithstanding the impatience natural to his temper and situation, was thus long detained listening to Osmyn, by the united influence of his curiosity and his fears; his inquiries still alarmed him with new terrors, by discovering new objects of distrust, and new instances of disaffection: still, however, he resolved, not yet to remove Osmyn from his post, that he might give no alarm by any appearance of suspicion, and consequently learn with more ease, and detect with more certainty, any project that might be formed against him.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALMEIDA, as soon as she was left alone, began to review the scene that had just passed; and was every moment affected with new wonder, grief, and resentment. She now deplored her own misfortune; and now conceived a design to punish the author of it, from whose face she supposed the hand of adversity had torn the mask under which he had deceived her: it appeared to her very easy, to take a severe revenge upon Hamet for the indignity which she supposed he had offered her, by complaining of it to Almorán; and telling him, that he had gained admittance to her by bribing the eunuch who kept the door. The thought of thus giving him up, was one moment rejected, as arising from a vindictive spirit; and the next indulged, as an act of justice to Almorán, and a punishment due to the hypocrisy of Hamet: it was

rejected, when her grief, which was still mingled with a tender remembrance of the man she loved, was predominant; and indulged, when her grief gave way to indignation.

Thus are we inclined to consider the same action, either as a virtue or a vice, by the influence of different passions, which prompt us either to perform or to avoid it. Almeida, from deliberating whether she should accuse Hamet to Almorán, or conceal his fault, was led to consider what punishment he would either incur or escape in consequence of her determination; and the images that rushed into her mind, the moment this became the object of her thoughts, at once determined her to be silent: 'Could I bear to see,' said she, 'that hand, which has so often trembled with delight when it enfolded mine, convulsed and black! those eyes, that as often as they gazed upon me were dissolved in tears of tenderness and love, start from the sockets! and those lips that breathed the softest sighs of elegant desire, distorted and gasping in the convulsions of death!'

From this image, her mind recoiled in an agony of terror and pity; her heart sunk within her; her limbs trembled; she sunk down upon the sofa, and burst into tears.

By this time Hamet, on whose form the likeness of Almorán was still impressed, had reached the palace. He went instantly towards the apartment of the women. Instead of that cheerful alacrity, that mixture of zeal and reverence and affection, which his eye had been used to find wherever it was turned, he now observed confusion, anxiety, and terror; whoever he met, made haste to prostrate themselves before him, and feared to look till he was past. He went on, however, with a hasty pace; and coming up to the eunuch's guard, he said with an impatient tone; 'To Almeida.' The slave immediately made way before him, and conducted him to the door of the apartment, which he would not otherwise have been able to find, and for which he could not directly inquire.

When he entered, his countenance expressed all the passions that his situation had roused in his mind. He first looked sternly round him, to see whether Almorán was not present; and then fetching a deep sigh he turned his eyes, with a look of mournful tenderness, upon Almeida. His first view was to discover, whether Almorán had already supplanted him; and for this purpose he collected the whole strength of his mind: he considered that he appeared now, not as Hamet, but as Almorán; and that he was to question Almeida concerning Almorán, while she had mistaken him for Hamet; he was therefore to maintain the character, at whatever expense, till his doubts were resolved, and his fears either removed or confirmed: he was so firmly persuaded, that Almorán had been there before him, that he did not ask the question, but supposed the fact; he restrained alike both his tenderness and his fears; and looking earnestly upon Almeida, who had risen up in his presence with blushes and confusion, 'To me,' says he, 'is Almeida still cold? and has she lavished all her love upon Hamet?'

At the name of Hamet, the blushes and confusion of Almeida increased: her mind was still full of the images, which had risen from the thought of

what Hamet might suffer, if Almorán should know that he had been with her; and though she feared that their interview was discovered, yet she hoped it might be only suspected, and in that case the removal or confirmation of the suspicions, on which the fate of Hamet depended, would devolve upon her.

In this situation, she, who had but a few moments before doubted, whether she should not voluntarily give him up, when nothing more was necessary for his safety than to be silent; now determined, with whatever reluctance, to secure him, though it could not be done without dissimulation, and though it was probable that in this dissimulation she would be detected. Instead, therefore, of answering the question, she repeated it: 'On whom,' said she, 'my lord, on Hamet? Hamet, whose suspicions were increased by the evasion, replied with great emotion, 'Aye, on Hamet; did he not this moment leave you? 'Leave me this moment?' said Almeida, with yet greater confusion, and deeper blushes. Hamet, in the impatience of his jealousy, concluded, that the passions which he saw expressed in her countenance, and which arose from the struggle between her regard to truth and her tenderness for Hamet, proceeded from the consciousness of what he had most reason to dread and she to conceal, a breach of virtue, to which she had been betrayed by his own appearance united with the vices of his brother: he, therefore, drew back from her with a look of inexpressible anguish, and stood sometime silent. She observed, that in his countenance there was more expression of trouble, than rage; she, therefore, hoped to divert him from pursuing his inquiries, by at once removing his jealousy which she supposed would be at an end, as soon as she should disclose the resolution she had taken in his favour. Addressing him, therefore, as Almorán, with a voice which though it was gentle and soothing, was yet mournful and tremulous; 'Do not turn from me,' said she, 'with those unfriendly and frowning looks; give me now that love which so lately you offered, and with all the future I will atone the past.'

Upon Hamet, whose heart involuntarily answered to the voice of Almeida, these words had irresistible and instantaneous force; but recollecting, in a moment, whose form he bore, and to whom they were addressed, they struck him with new astonishment, and increased the torments of his mind. Supposing what he at first feared had happened, and that Almorán had seduced her as Hamet; he could not account for her now addressing him, as Almorán, with words of favour and compliance: he, therefore, renewed his inquiries concerning himself, with apprehensions of a different kind. She, who was still solicitous to put an end to the inquiry, as well for the sake of Hamet, as to prevent her own embarrassment, replied with a sigh, 'Let not thy peace be interrupted by one thought of Hamet; for of Hamet Almeida shall think no more.' Hamet, who though he had fortified himself against whatever might have happened to her person, could not bear the alienation of her mind, cried out, with looks of distraction and a voice scarcely human, 'Not think of Hamet!' Almeida, whose astonishment was every moment increasing, replied with a tender and interesting inquiry, 'Is Almorán then offended, that Almeida should think of Hamet no more?' Hamet, being thus

addressed by the name of his brother, again recollected his situation; and now first conceived the idea, that the alteration of Almeida's sentiments with respect to himself, might be the effect of some violence offered her by Almorán in his likeness; he, therefore, recurred to his first purpose, and determined, by a direct inquiry, to discover, whether she had seen him under that appearance. This inquiry he urged with the utmost solemnity and ardour, in terms suitable to his present appearance and situation: 'Tell me,' said he, 'have these doors been open to Hamet? Has he obtained possession of that treasure, which, by the voice of Heaven, has been allotted to me?'

To this double question, Almeida answered by a single negative; and her answer, therefore, was both false and true: it was true that her person was still inviolate, and it was true also that Hamet had not been admitted to her; yet her denial of it was false, for she believed the contrary; Almorán only had been admitted, but she received him as his brother. Hamet, however, was satisfied with the answer, and did not discover its fallacy. He looked up to Heaven, with an expression of gratitude and joy; and then turning to Almeida, 'Swear, then,' said he, 'that thou hast granted to Hamet, no pledge of thy love which should be reserved for me.' Almeida, who now thought nothing more than the asseveration necessary to quiet his mind, immediately complied: 'I swear,' said she, 'that to Hamet I have given nothing, which thou wouldst wish me to withhold: the power that has devoted my person to thee, has disunited my heart from Hamet, whom I renounce in thy presence for ever.'

Hamet, whose fortitude and recollection were again overborne, was thrown into an agitation of mind, which discovered itself by looks and gestures very different from those which Almeida had expected, and overwhelmed her with new confusion and disappointment: that he, who had so lately solicited her love with all the vehemence of a desire impatient to be gratified, should now receive a declaration that she was ready to comply, with marks of distress and anger, was a mystery which she could not solve. In the mean time, the struggle in his breast became every moment more violent: 'Where then,' said he, 'is the constancy which you vowed to Hamet; and for what instance of his love is he now forsaken?'

Almeida was now more embarrassed than before: she felt all the force of the reproof, supposing it to have been given by Almorán; and she could be justified only by relating the particular, which at the expense of her sincerity she had determined to conceal. Almorán was now exalted in her opinion, while his form was animated by the spirit of Hamet; as much as Hamet had been degraded, while his form was animated by the spirit of Almorán. In his resentment of her perfidy to his rival, though it favoured his fondest and most ardent wishes, there was an abhorrence of vice, and a generosity of mind, which she supposed to have been incompatible with his character. To his reproach, she could reply only by complaint; and could no otherwise evade his question, than by observing the inconsistency of his own behaviour: 'Your words,' said she, 'are daggers to my heart. You condemn me for a compliance with your own wishes; and for obedience to that voice, which

you supposed to have revealed the will of Heaven. Has the caprice of desire already wandered to a new object? and do you now seek a pretence to refuse, when it is freely offered, what so lately you would have taken by force?

Hamet, who was now fired with resentment against Almeida, whom yet he could not behold without desire; and who, at the same moment, was impatient to revenge his wrongs upon Almorán; was suddenly prompted to satisfy all his passions, by taking advantage of the wiles of Almorán, and the perfidy of Almeida, to defeat the one and to punish the other. It was now in his power instantly to consummate his marriage, as a priest might be procured without a moment's delay, and as Almeida's consent was already given; he would then obtain the possession of her person, by the very act in which she perfidiously resigned it to his rival; to whom he would then leave the beauties he had already possessed, and cast from him in disdain, as united with a mind that he could never love. As his imagination was fired with the first conception of this design, he caught her to his breast with a fury, in which all the passions in all their rage were at once concentrated: 'Let the priest,' said he, 'instantly unite us. Let us comprise, in one moment, in this instant, now, our whole of being, and exclude alike the future and the past!' Then grasping her still in his arms, he looked up to Heaven: 'Ye powers,' said he, 'invisible but yet present, who mould my changing and unresisting form; prolong, but for one hour, that mysterious charm, that is now upon me, and I will be ever after subservient to your will!'

Almeida, who was terrified at the furious ardour of this unintelligible address, shrunk from his embrace, pale and trembling, without power to reply. Hamet gazed tenderly upon her; and recollecting the purity and tenderness with which he had loved her, his virtues suddenly recovered their force; he dismissed her from his embrace; and turning from her, he dropped in silence the tear that started to his eye, and expressed, in a low and faltering voice, the thoughts that rushed upon his mind: 'No,' said he; 'Hamet shall still disdain the joy, which is at once sordid and transient: in the breast of Hamet, lust shall not be the pander of revenge. Shall I, who have languished for the pure delight which can arise only from the interchange of soul with soul, and is endeared by mutual confidence and complacency; shall I snatch under this disguise, which belies my features and degrades my virtue, a casual possession of faithless beauty, which I despise and hate? Let this be the portion of those, that hate me without a cause; but let this be far from me!' At this thought, he felt a sudden elation of mind; and the conscious dignity of virtue, that in such a conflict was victorious, rendered him, in this glorious moment, superior to misfortune: his gesture became calm, and his countenance sedate; he considered the wrongs he suffered, not as a sufferer, but as a judge; and he determined at once to discover himself to Almeida, and to reproach her with her crime. He remarked her confusion without pity, as the effect not of grief but of guilt; and fixing his eyes upon her, with the calm severity of a superior and offended being, 'Such,' said he, 'is the benevolence of the Almighty to the

children of the dust, that our misfortunes are, like poisons, antidotes to each other.'

Almeida stood fixed in wonder and expectation, and looked earnestly at him, but continued silent. 'Thy looks,' said Hamet, 'are full of wonder; but as yet thy wonder has no cause, in comparison of that which shall be revealed. Thou knowest the prodigy, which so lately parted Hamet and Almeida: I am that Hamet, thou art that Almeida.' Almeida would now have interrupted him; but Hamet raised his voice, and demanded to be heard: 'At that moment,' said he, 'wretched as I am, the child of error and disobedience, my heart repined in secret at the destiny which had been written upon my head; for I then thought thee faithful and constant: but if our hands had been then united, I should have been more wretched than I am; for I now know that thou art fickle and false. To know thee, though it has pierced my soul with sorrow, has yet healed the wound which was inflicted when I lost thee: and though I am now compelled to wear the form of Almorán, whose vices are at this moment disgracing mine, yet in the balance I shall be weighed as Hamet, and I shall suffer only as I am found wanting.'

Almeida, whose mind was in a tumult that bordered upon distraction, bewildered in a labyrinth of doubt and wonder, and alike dreading the consequence of what she heard, whether it was false or true, was yet impatient to confute or confirm it; and as soon as she had recovered her speech, urged him for some token of the prodigy he asserted, which he might easily have given, by relating any of the incidents which themselves only could know. But just at this moment, Almorán, having at last disengaged himself from Osmyn, by whom he had been long detained, resumed his own figure: and while the eyes of Almeida were fixed upon Hamet, his powers were suddenly taken from him, and restored in an instant; and she beheld the features of Almorán vanish, and gazed with astonishment upon his own: 'Thy features change!' said she, 'and thou indeed art Hamet.' 'The sudden trance,' said he, 'has restored me to myself; and from my wrongs where shalt thou be hidden? This reproach was more than she could sustain; but he caught her as she was falling, and supported her in his arms. This incident renewed in a moment all the tenderness of his love: while he beheld her distress, and pressed her by the embrace that sustained her to his bosom, he forgot every injury which he supposed she had done him; and perceived her recover with a pleasure, that for a moment obliterated the sense of his misfortunes.

Her first reflection was upon the snare, in which she had been taken; and her first sensation was joy that she had escaped: she saw at once the whole complication of events that had deceived and distressed her; and nothing more was now necessary, than to explain them to Hamet; which, however, she could not do, without discovering the insincerity of her answers to the inquiries which he had made, while she mistook for his brother: 'If in my heart,' says she, 'thou hast found any virtue, let it incline thee to pity the vice that is mingled with it: by the vice I have been ensnared, but I have

been delivered by the virtue. Almorán, for now I know that it was not thee—Almorán, when he possessed thy form, was with me: he profaned thy love, by attempts to supplant my virtue; I resisted his importunity, and escaped perdition; but the guilt of Almorán drew my resentment upon Hamet. I thought the vices which, under thy form, I discovered in his bosom, were thine; and in the anguish of grief, indignation, and disappointment, my heart renounced thee: yet, as I could not give thee up to death, I could not discover to Almorán the attempt which I imputed to thee; when you questioned me, therefore, as Almorán, I was betrayed to dissimulation, by the tenderness which still melted my heart for Hamet.' 'I believe thee,' said Hamet, catching her in a transport to his breast: 'I love thee for thy virtue; and may the pure and exalted beings, who are superior to the passions that now throb in my heart, forgive me, if I love thee also for thy fault. Yet, let the danger to which it betrayed thee, teach us still to walk in the strait path, and commit the keeping of our peace to the Almighty; for he that wanders in the maze of falsehood, shall pass by the good that he would meet, and shall meet the evil that he would shun. I also was tempted; but I was strengthened to resist: if I had used the power, which I derived from the arts that have been practised against me, to return evil for evil; if I had not disdained a secret and unavowed revenge, and the unhallowed pleasures of a brutal appetite; I might have possessed thee in the form of Almorán, and have wronged irreparably myself and thee; for how could I have been admitted, as Hamet, to the beauties which I had enjoyed as Almorán? and how couldst thou have given to Almorán, what in reality had been appropriated by Hamet?'

CHAPTER XVII.

BUT while Almeida and Hamet were thus congratulating each other upon the evils which they had escaped, they were threatened by others, which, however obvious, they had overlooked.

Almorán, who was now exulting in the prospect of success that had exceeded his hopes, and who supposed the possession of Almeida before the end of the next hour, was as certain as that the next hour would arrive, suddenly entered the apartment; but upon discovering Hamet, he started back astonished and disappointed. Hamet stood unmoved; and regarded him with a fixed and steady look, that at once reproached and confounded him. 'What treachery,' said Almorán, 'has been practised against me? What has brought thee to this place; and how hast thou gained admittance?' 'Against thy peace,' said Hamet, 'no treachery has been practised, but by thyself. By those arts in which thy vices have employed the powers of darkness, I have been brought hither; and by those arts I have gained admittance: thy form which they have imposed upon me, was my passport; and by the restoration of my own, I have detected and disappointed the fraud, which the double change was produced to execute. Almeida, whom, as Hamet, thou couldst teach to hate thee, it is now impossible that, as Almorán, thou shouldst teach to love.'

Almeida, who perceived the storm to be gathering which the next moment would burst upon the head of Hamet, interposed between them, and addressed each of them by turns; urging Hamet to be silent, and conjuring Almorán to be merciful. Almorán, however, without regarding Almeida, or making any reply to Hamet, struck the ground with his foot, and the messengers of death, to whom the signal was familiar, appeared at the door. Almorán then commanded them to seize his brother, with a countenance pale and livid, and a voice that was broken by rage. Hamet was still unmoved; but Almeida threw herself at the feet of Almorán, and embracing his knees was about to speak, but he broke from her with sudden fury: 'If the world should sue,' said he, 'I would spurn it off. There is no pang that cunning can invent, which he shall not suffer: and when death at length shall disappoint my vengeance, his mangled limbs shall be cast out unburied, to feed the beasts of the desert and the fowls of heaven.' During this menace, Almeida sunk down without signs of life; and Hamet struggling in vain for liberty to raise her from the ground, she was carried off by some women who were called to her assistance.

In this awful crisis, Hamet, who felt his own fortitude give way, looked up; and though he conceived no words, a prayer ascended from his heart to heaven, and was accepted by Him, to whom our thoughts are known while they are yet afar off. For Hamet, the fountain of strength was opened from above; his eyes sparkled with confidence, and his breast was dilated by hope. He commanded the guard that were leading him away to stop, and they implicitly obeyed; he then stretched out his hand towards Almorán, whose spirit was rebuked before him: 'Hear me,' said he, 'thou tyrant! for it is thy Genius that speaks by my voice. What has been the fruit of all thy guilt, but accumulated misery? What joy hast thou derived from undivided empire? what joy from the prohibition of my marriage with Almeida? what good from that power, which some evil daemon has added to thy own? what, at this moment, is thy portion, but rage and anguish, disappointment and despair? Even I, whom thou seest the captive of thy power, whom thou hast wronged of empire, and yet more of love; even I am happy, in comparison of thee. I know that my sufferings, however multiplied, are short; for they shall end with life, and no life is long: then shall the everlasting ages commence; and through everlasting ages thy sufferings shall increase. The moment is now near, when thou shalt tread that line which alone is the path to Heaven, the narrow path that is stretched over the pit, which smokes for ever, and for ever! When thine aching eye shall look forward to the end that is far distant, and when behind thou shalt find no retreat; when thy steps shall falter, and thou shalt tremble at the depth beneath, which thought itself is not able to fathom; then shall the angel of distribution lift his inexorable hand against thee: from the irremediable way shall thy feet be smitten; thou shalt plunge in the burning flood; and though thou shalt live for ever, thou shalt rise no more.'

As the words of Hamet struck Almorán with terror, and overawed

him by an influence which he could not surmount; Hamet was forced from his presence before any other orders had been given about him, than were implied in the menace that was addressed to Almeida: no violence, therefore, was yet offered him; but he was secured, till the king's pleasure should be known, in a dungeon not far from the palace, to which he was conducted by a subterraneous passage; and the door being closed upon him, he was left in silence, darkness, and solitude, such as may be imagined before the voice of the Almighty produced light and life.

When Almorán was sufficiently recollected to consider his situation, he despaired of prevailing upon Almeida to gratify his wishes, till her attachment to Hamet was irreparably broken; and he, therefore, resolved to put him to death. With this view, he repeated the signal, which convened the ministers of death to his presence; but the sound was lost in a peal of thunder that instantly followed it, and the Genius, from whom he received the talisman, again stood before him.

'Almorán,' said the Genius, 'I am now compelled into thy presence by the command of a superior power; whom if I should dare to disobey, the energy of his will might drive me, in a moment, beyond the limits of nature and the reach of thought, to spend eternity alone, without comfort, and without hope.' 'And what,' said Almorán, 'is the will of this mighty and tremendous being?' 'His will,' said the Genius, 'I will reveal to thee. Hitherto, thou hast been enabled to lift the rod of adversity against thy brother, by powers which Nature has not intrusted to man: as these powers, and these only, have put him into thy hand, thou art forbidden to lift it against his life; if thou hadst prevailed against him by thy own power, thy own power would not have been restrained: to afflict him thou art still free; but thou art not permitted to destroy. At the moment, in which thou shalt conceive a thought to cut him off by violence, the punishment of thy disobedience shall commence, and the pangs of death shall be upon thee.' 'If then,' said Almorán, 'this awful power is the friend of Hamet; what yet remains, in the stores of thy wisdom, for me? Till he dies, I am at once precluded from peace, and safety, and enjoyment.' 'Look up,' said the Genius, 'for the iron hand of despair is not yet upon thee. Thou canst be happy, only by his death; and his life thou art forbidden to take away: yet mayest thou still arm him against himself; and if he dies by his own hand, thy wishes will be full.' 'O name,' said Almorán, 'but the means, and it shall this moment be accomplished!' 'Select,' said the Genius, 'some friend---

At the name of friend, Almorán started and looked round in despair. He recollected the perfidy of Osmyn; and he suspected that, from the same cause, all were perfidious: 'While Hamet has yet life,' said he, 'I fear the face of man, as of a savage that is prowling for his prey.' 'Relinquish not yet thy hopes,' said the Genius; 'for one, in whom thou wilt joyfully confide, may be found. Let him secretly obtain admittance to Hamet, as if by stealth; let him profess an abhorrence of thy reign, and compassion for his misfortunes; let him pretend that the rack is even now preparing for him; that death is inevitable, but that torment may be avoided: let him then give

him a poniard, as the instrument of deliverance; and, perhaps, his own hand may strike the blow that shall give thee peace.' 'But who,' said Almorán, 'shall go upon this important errand?' 'Who,' replied the Genius, 'but thyself? Hast thou not the power to assume the form of whomsoever thou wouldst have sent?' 'I would have sent Osmyn,' said Almorán, 'but that I know him to be a traitor.' 'Let the form of Osmyn then,' said the Genius, 'be thine. The shadows of the evening have now stretched themselves upon the earth: command Osmyn to attend thee alone in the grove, where Solyman, thy father, was used to meditate by night; and when thy form shall be impressed upon him, I will there seal his eyes in sleep, till the charm shall be broken; so shall no evil be attempted against thee, and the transformation shall be known only to thyself.'

Almorán, whose breast was again illuminated by hope, was about to express his gratitude and joy; but the Genius suddenly disappeared. He began, therefore, immediately to follow the instructions that he had received: he commanded Osmyn to attend him in the grove, and forbade every other to approach; by the power of the talisman he assumed his appearance, and saw him sink down in the supernatural slumber before him: he then quitted the place, and prepared to visit Hamet in the prison.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE officer who commanded the guard that kept the gate of the prison, was Caled. He was now next in trust and power to Osmyn: but as he had proposed a revolt to Hamet, in which Osmyn had refused to concur, he knew that his life was now in his power; he dreaded lest, for some slight offence, or in some fit of causeless displeasure, he should disclose the secret to Almorán, who would then certainly condemn him to death. To secure this fatal secret, and put an end to his inquietude, he resolved, from the moment that Almorán was established upon the throne, to find some opportunity secretly to destroy Osmyn: in this resolution, he was confirmed by the enmity, which inferior minds never fail to conceive against that merit, which they cannot but envy without spirit to emulate, and by which they feel themselves disgraced without an effort to acquire equal honour; it was confirmed also by the hope which Caled had conceived, that, upon the death of Osmyn, he should succeed to his post: his apprehensions likewise were increased, by the gloom which he remarked in the countenance of Osmyn; and which not knowing that it arose from fear, he imputed to jealousy and malevolence.

When Almorán, who had now assumed the appearance of Osmyn, had passed the subterranean avenue to the dungeon in which Hamet was confined, he was met by Caled; of whom he demanded admittance to the prince, and produced his own signet, as a testimony that he came with the authority of the king. As it was Caled's interest to secure the favour of Osmyn till an opportunity should offer to cut him off, he received him with every possible mark of respect and reverence; and when he was gone into the dun-

geon, he commanded a beverage to be prepared for him against he should return, in which such spices were infused, as might expel the malignity which, in that place, might be received with the breath of life; and taking himself the key of the prison, he waited at the door.

When Almorán entered the dungeon, with a lamp which he had received from Caled, he found Hamet sitting upon the ground: his countenance was impressed with the characters of grief; but it retained no marks either of anger or fear. When he looked up, and saw the features of Osmyn, he judged that the mutes were behind him; and, therefore, rose up, to prepare himself for death. Almorán beheld his calmness and fortitude with the involuntary praise of admiration; yet persisted in his purpose without remorse. 'I am come,' said he, 'by the command of Almorán, to denounce that fate, the bitterness of which I will enable thee to avoid.' 'And what is there,' said Hamet, 'in my fortunes, that has prompted thee to the danger of this attempt?' 'The utmost that I can give thee,' said Almorán, 'I can give thee without danger to myself: but though I have been placed by the hand of fortune, near the person of the tyrant, yet has my heart in secret been thy friend. If I am the messenger of evil, impute it to him only by whom it is devised. The rack is now preparing to receive thee; and every art of ingenious cruelty will be exhausted to protract and to increase the agonies of death.' 'And what,' said Hamet, 'can thy friendship offer me?' 'I can offer thee,' said Almorán, 'that which will at once dismiss thee to those regions, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary rest for ever.' He then produced the poniard from his bosom; and presenting it to Hamet, 'Take this,' said he, 'and sleep in peace.'

Hamet, whose heart was touched with sudden joy at the sight of so unexpected a remedy for every evil, did not immediately reflect, that he was not at liberty to apply it: he snatched it in a transport from the hand of Almorán, and expressed his sense of the obligation by clasping him in his arms, and shedding the tears of gratitude in his breast. 'Be quick,' said Almorán, 'this moment I must leave thee; and in the next, perhaps, the messengers of destruction may bind thee to the rack.' 'I will be quick,' said Hamet, 'and the sigh that shall last linger upon my lips, shall bless thee.' They then bid each other farewell: Almorán retired from the dungeon, and the door was again closed upon Hamet.

Caled, who waited at the door till the supposed Osmyn should return, presented him with the beverage which he had prepared, of which he recounted the virtues; and Almorán received it with pleasure, and having eagerly drank it off, returned to the palace. As soon as he was alone, he resumed his own figure, and sate, with a confident and impatient expectation, that in a short time a messenger would be despatched to acquaint him with the death of Hamet. Hamet, in the mean time, having grasped the dagger in his hand, and raised his arm for the blow, 'This,' said he, 'is my passport to the realms of peace, the immediate and only object of my hope!' But at these words his mind instantly took the alarm: 'Let me reflect,' said he, 'a moment: from what can I derive hope in death?---from

that patient and persevering virtue, and from that alone, by which we fulfil the task that is assigned us upon the earth. Is it not our duty to suffer, as well as to act? If my own hand consigns me to the grave, what can it do but perpetuate that misery, which, by disobedience, I would shun? What can it do but cut off my life and hope together? With this reflection he threw the dagger from him; and stretching himself again upon the ground, resigned himself to the disposal of the Father of man, most Merciful and Almighty.

Almorán, who had now resolved to send for the intelligence which he longed to hear, was despatching a messenger to the prison, when he was told that Caled desired admittance to his presence. At the name of Caled, he started up in an ecstasy of joy; and not doubting but that Hamet was dead, he ordered him to be instantly admitted. When he came in, Almorán made no inquiry about Hamet, because he would not appear to expect the event, which yet he supposed he had brought about; he, therefore, asked him only upon what business he came. 'I come, my lord,' said he, 'to apprise thee of the treachery of Osmyn.' 'I know,' said Almorán, 'that Osmyn is a traitor; but of what dost thou accuse him? As I was but now,' said he, 'changing the guard which is set upon Hamet, Osmyn came up to the door of the prison, and producing the royal signet demanded admittance. As the command which I received, when he was delivered to my custody, was absolute, that no foot should enter, I doubted whether the token had not been obtained, by fraud, for some other purpose; yet, as he required admittance only, I complied: but, that if any treachery had been contrived, I might detect it; and that no artifice might be practised to favour an escape; I waited myself at the door, and listening to their discourse I overheard the treason that I suspected.' 'What then,' said Almorán, 'didst thou hear?' 'A part of what was said,' replied Caled, 'escaped me: but I heard Osmyn, like a perfidious and presumptuous slave, call Almorán a tyrant; I heard him profess an inviolable friendship for Hamet, and assure him of deliverance. What were the means, I know not; but he talked of speed, and supposed that the effect was certain.'

Almorán, though he was still impatient to hear of Hamet; and discovered, that if he was dead, his death was unknown to Caled; was yet notwithstanding rejoiced at what he heard; and as he knew what Caled told him to be true, as the conversation he related had passed between himself and Hamet, he exulted in the pleasing confidence that he had yet a friend; the glooms of suspicion, which had involved his mind, were dissipated, and his countenance brightened with complacency and joy. He had delayed to put Osmyn to death, only because he could appoint no man to succeed him, of whom his fears did not render him equally suspicious: but having now found, in Caled, a friend, whose fidelity had been approved when there had been no intention to try it; and being impatient to reward his zeal, and to invest his fidelity with that power, which would render his services most important; he took a ring from his own finger, and putting it upon that of Caled, 'Take this,' said he, 'as a pledge, that to-morrow Osmyn shall lose his head; and that, from this moment, thou art invested with his power.'

Caled having, in the conversation between Almorán and Hamet, discerned indubitable treachery, which he imputed to Osmyn whose appearance Almorán had then assumed, eagerly seized the opportunity to destroy him; he, therefore, not trusting to the event of his accusation, had mingled poison in the bowl which he presented to Almorán when he came out from Hamet: this, however, at first he had resolved to conceal.

In consequence of his accusation, he supposed Osmyn would be questioned upon the rack; he supposed also, that the accusation, as it was true, would be confirmed by his confession; that whatever he should then say to the prejudice of his accuser, would be disbelieved; and that when after a few hours the poison should take effect, no inquisition would be made into the death of a criminal, whom the bowstring or the scimitar would otherwise have been employed to destroy. But he now hoped to derive new merit from an act of zeal, which Almorán had approved before it was known, by condemning his rival to die, whose death he had already ensured: 'May the wishes of my lord,' said he, 'be always anticipated; and may it be found, that whatever he ordains is already done: may he accept the zeal of his servant, whom he has delighted to honour; for, before the light of morning shall return, the eyes of Osmyn shall close in everlasting darkness.'

At these words, the countenance of Almorán changed; his cheeks became pale, and his lips trembled: 'What then,' said he, 'hast thou done?' Caled, who was terrified and astonished, threw himself upon the ground, and was unable to reply. Almorán, who now, by the utmost effort of his mind, restrained his confusion and his fear, that he might learn the truth from Caled without dissimulation or disguise, raised him from the ground and repeated his inquiry. 'If I have erred,' said Caled, 'impute it not: when I had detected the treachery of Osmyn, I was transported by my zeal for thee. For proof that he is guilty, I appeal now to himself; for he yet lives: but that he might not escape the hand of justice, I mingled, in the bowl I gave him, the drugs of death.'

At these words, Almorán, striking his hands together, looked upward in an agony of despair and horror, and fell back upon a sofa that was behind him. Caled, whose astonishment was equal to his disappointment and his fears, approached him with a trembling though hasty pace; but as he stooped to support him, Almorán suddenly drew his dagger and stabbed him to the heart; and repeated the blow with reproaches and execrations, till his strength failed him.

In this dreadful moment, the Genius once more appeared before him; at the sight of whom he waved his hand, but was unable to speak. 'Nothing,' said the Genius, 'that has happened to Almorán, is hidden from me. Thy peace has been destroyed alike by the defection of Osmyn, and by the zeal of Caled: thy life may yet be preserved; but it can be preserved only by a charm, which Hamet must apply.' Almorán, who had raised his eyes, and conceived some languid hope, when he heard that he might yet live; cast them again down in despair, when he heard that he could receive life only from Hamet. 'From Hamet,' said he, 'I have already taken the power to save

me; I have, by thy counsel, given him the instrument of death, which, by thy counsel also, I urged him to use: he received it with joy, and he is now doubtless numbered with the dead. 'Hamet,' said the Genius, 'is not dead; but from the fountain of virtue he drinks life and peace. If what I shall propose, he refuses to perform, not all the powers of earth, and sea, and air, if they should combine, can give thee life: but if he complies, the death, that is now suspended over thee, shall fall upon his head; and thy life shall be again delivered to the hand of time.' 'Make haste then,' said Almorán, 'and I will here wait the event.' 'The event,' said the Genius, 'is not distant; and it is the last experiment which my power can make, either upon him or thee: when the star of the night, that is now near the horizon, shall set, I will be with him.'

When Almorán was alone, he reflected, that every act of supernatural power which the Genius had enabled him to perform, had brought upon him some new calamity, though it always promised him some new advantage. As he would not impute this disappointment to the purposes for which he employed the power that he had received, he indulged a suspicion, that it proceeded from the perfidy of the being by whom it was bestowed; in his mind, therefore, he thus reasoned with himself: 'The Genius, who has pretended to be the friend of Almorán, has been secretly in confederacy with Hamet: why else do I yet sigh in vain for Almeida? and why else did not Hamet perish, when his life was in my power? By his counsel, I persuaded Hamet to destroy himself; and, in the very act, I was betrayed to drink the potion, by which I shall be destroyed: I have been led on, from misery to misery, by ineffectual expedients, and fallacious hopes. In this crisis of my fate, I will not trust, with implicit confidence, in another: I will be present at the interview of this powerful, but suspected being, with Hamet; and who can tell, but that if I detect a fraud, I may be able to disappoint it: however powerful, he is not omniscient; I may, therefore, be present, unknown and unsuspected even by him, in a form that I can choose by a thought, to which he cannot be conscious.'

CHAPTER XIX.

IN consequence of this resolution, Almorán, having commanded one of the soldiers of the guard that attended upon Hamet into an inner room of the palace, he ordered him to wait there till his return: then making fast the door, he assumed his figure, and went immediately to the dungeon; where producing his signet, he said, he had received orders from the king to remain with the prisoner, till the watch expired.

As he entered without speaking, and without a light, Hamet continued stretched upon the ground, with his face towards the earth; and Almorán having silently retired to a remote corner of the place, waited for the appearance of the Genius.

The dawn of the morning now broke; and, in a few minutes the prison shook, and the Genius appeared. He was visible by a lambent light that

played around him; and Hamet starting from the ground, turned to the vision with reverence and wonder: but as the Omnipotent was ever present to his mind, to whom all beings in all worlds are obedient, and on whom alone he relied for protection, he was neither confused nor afraid. 'Hamet,' said the Genius, 'the crisis of thy fate is near.' 'Who art thou,' said Hamet, 'and for what purpose art thou come?' 'I am,' replied the Genius, 'an inhabitant of the world above thee; and to the will of thy brother my powers have been obedient: upon him they have not conferred happiness, but they have brought evil upon thee. It was my voice that forbade thy marriage with Almeida; and my voice that decreed the throne to Almorán: I gave him the power to assume thy form; and, by me, the hand of oppression is now heavy upon thee. Yet I have not decreed, that he should be happy, nor that thou shouldst be wretched: darkness as yet rests upon my purpose; but my heart in secret is thy friend.' 'If thou art, indeed my friend,' said Hamet, 'deliver me from this prison; and preserve Hamet for Almeida.' 'Thy deliverance,' said the Genius, 'must depend upon thyself. There is a charm, of which the power is great; but it is by thy will only, that this power can be exerted.'

The Genius then held out towards him a scroll, on which the seal of seven powers was impressed. 'Take,' said he, 'this scroll, in which the mysterious name of Orosmales is written. Invoke the spirits, that reside westward from the rising of the sun; and northward, in the regions of cold and darkness: then stretch out thy hand, and a lamp of sulphur, self-kindled, shall burn before thee. In the fire of this lamp, consume that which I now give thee; and as the smoke, into which it changes, shall mix with the air, a mighty charm shall be formed, which shall defend thee from all mischief: from that instant, no poison, however potent, can hurt thee; nor shall any prison confine: in one moment, thou shalt be restored to the throne, and to Almeida; and the Angel of death shall lay his hand upon thy brother; to whom if I had confided this last best effort of my power, he would have secured the good to himself, and have transferred the evil to thee.'

Almorán, who in a borrowed form had listened to this address of the Genius to Hamet, was now confirmed in his suspicions, that evil had been ultimately intended against him; and that he had been entangled in the toils of perfidy, while he believed himself to be assisted by the efforts of friendship: he was also convinced, that by the Genius he was not known to be present. Hamet, however, stood still doubtful, and Almorán was kept silent by his fears. 'Whoever thou art,' said Hamet, 'the condition of the advantages which thou hast offered me, is such as it is not lawful to fulfil: these horrid rites, and this commerce with unholy powers, are prohibited to mortals in the Law of life.' 'See thou to that,' said the Genius: 'Good and evil are before thee; that which I now offer thee, I will offer no more.'

Hamet, who had not fortitude to give up at once the possibility of securing the advantages that had been offered, and who was seduced by human frailty to deliberate at least upon the choice; stretched out his hand, and receiving

the scroll, the Genius instantly disappeared. That which had been proposed as a trial of his virtue, Almorán believed indeed to be an offer of advantage; he had no hope, therefore, but that Hamet would refuse the conditions, and that he should be able to obtain the talisman, and fulfil them himself: he judged that the mind of Hamet was in suspense, and was doubtful to which side it might finally incline; he, therefore, instantly assumed the voice and the person of Omar, that by the influence of his counsel he might be able to turn the scale.

When the change was effected, he called Hamet by his name; and Hamet, who knew the voice, answered him in a transport of joy and wonder: 'My friend,' said he, 'my father! in this dreary solitude, in this hour of trial, thou art welcome to my soul as liberty and life! Guide me to thee by thy voice; and tell me, while I hold thee to my bosom, how and wherefore thou art come?' 'Do not now ask me,' said Almorán: 'it is enough that I am here, and that I am permitted to warn thee of the precipice, on which thou standest. It is enough, that I have overheard the specious guile, which some evil being has practised upon thee.' 'Is it then certain,' said Hamet, 'that this being is evil?' 'Is not that being evil,' said Almorán, 'who proposes evil, as the condition of good?' 'Shall I then,' said Hamet, 'renounce my liberty and life? The rack is now ready; and, perhaps, the next moment, its tortures will be inevitable.' 'Let me ask thee then,' said Almorán, 'to preserve thy life, wilt thou destroy thy soul?' 'O! stay,' said Hamet,—'Let me not be tried too far! Let the strength of Him who is Almighty, be manifest in my weakness!' Hamet then paused a few moments; but he was no longer in doubt: and Almorán, who disbelieved and despised the arguments by which he intended to persuade him to renounce what, upon the same condition, he was impatient to secure for himself, conceived hopes that he should succeed; and those hopes were instantly confirmed. 'Take then,' said Hamet, 'this unholy charm; and remove it far from me, as the sands of Alá from the trees of Oman; lest, in some dreadful moment, my virtue may fail me, and thy counsel may be wanting!' 'Give it me then,' said Almorán; 'and feeling for the hands of each other, he snatched it from him in an ecstasy of joy, and instantly resuming his own voice and figure, he cried out, 'At length I have prevailed: and life and love, dominion and revenge, are now at once in my hand!'

Hamet heard and knew the voice of his brother, with astonishment; but it was too late to wish that he had withheld the charm, which his virtue would not permit him to use. 'Yet a few moments pass,' said Almorán, 'and thou art nothing.' Hamet, who doubted not of the power of the talisman, and knew that Almorán had no principles which would restrain him from using it to his destruction, resigned himself to death, with a sacred joy that he had escaped from guilt. Almorán then, with an elation of mind that sparkled in his eyes, and glowed upon his cheek, stretched out his hand, in which he held the scroll; and a lamp of burning sulphur was immediately suspended in the air before him: he held the mysterious writing in the flame; and as it began to burn, the place shook with reiterated thunder, of

which every peal was more terrible and more loud. Hamet, wrapping his robe round him, cried out, 'In the Fountain of Life that flows for ever, let my life be mingled! Let me not be, as if I had never been; but still conscious of my being, let me still glorify Him from whom it is derived, and be still happy in his love!'

Almorán, who was absorbed in the anticipation of his own felicity, heard the thunder without dread, as the proclamation of his triumph: 'Let thy hopes,' said he, 'be thy portion; and the pleasures that I have secured, shall be mine.' As he pronounced these words, he started as at a sudden pang; his eyes became fixed, and his posture immovable; yet his senses still remained, and he perceived the Genius once more to stand before him. 'Almorán,' said he, 'to the last sounds which thou shalt hear, let thine ear be attentive! Of the spirits that rejoice to fulfil the purpose of the Almighty, I am one. To Hamet, and to Almorán, I have been commissioned from above: I have been appointed to perfect virtue, by adversity; and in the folly of her own projects to entangle vice. The charm, which could be formed only by guilt, has power only to produce misery: of every good, which thou, Almorán, wouldst have secured by disobedience, the opposite evil is thy portion; and of every evil, which thou, Hamet, wast by obedience, willing to incur, the opposite good is bestowed upon thee. To thee, Hamet, are now given the throne of thy father, and Almeida. And thou, Almorán, who, while I speak, art incorporating with the earth, shalt remain, through all generations, a memorial of the truths which thy life has taught!'

At the words of the Genius, the earth trembled beneath, and above the walls of the prison disappeared: the figure of Almorán, which was hardened into stone, expanded by degrees; and a rock, by which his form and attitude are still rudely expressed, became at once a monument of his punishment and his guilt.

Such are the events recorded by Achmet, the descendent of the Prophet, and the preacher of righteousness! for, to Achmet, that which passed in secret was revealed by the Angel of instruction, that the world might know, that, to the wicked, increase of power is increase of wretchedness; and that those who condemn the folly of an attempt to defeat the purpose of a Genius, might no longer hope to elude the appointment of the Most High.

END OF ALMORAN AND HAMET.

TO
MRS. BRIDGEN.

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The Author cannot fully enjoy her success, without acknowledging from whence she in a great measure derives it.

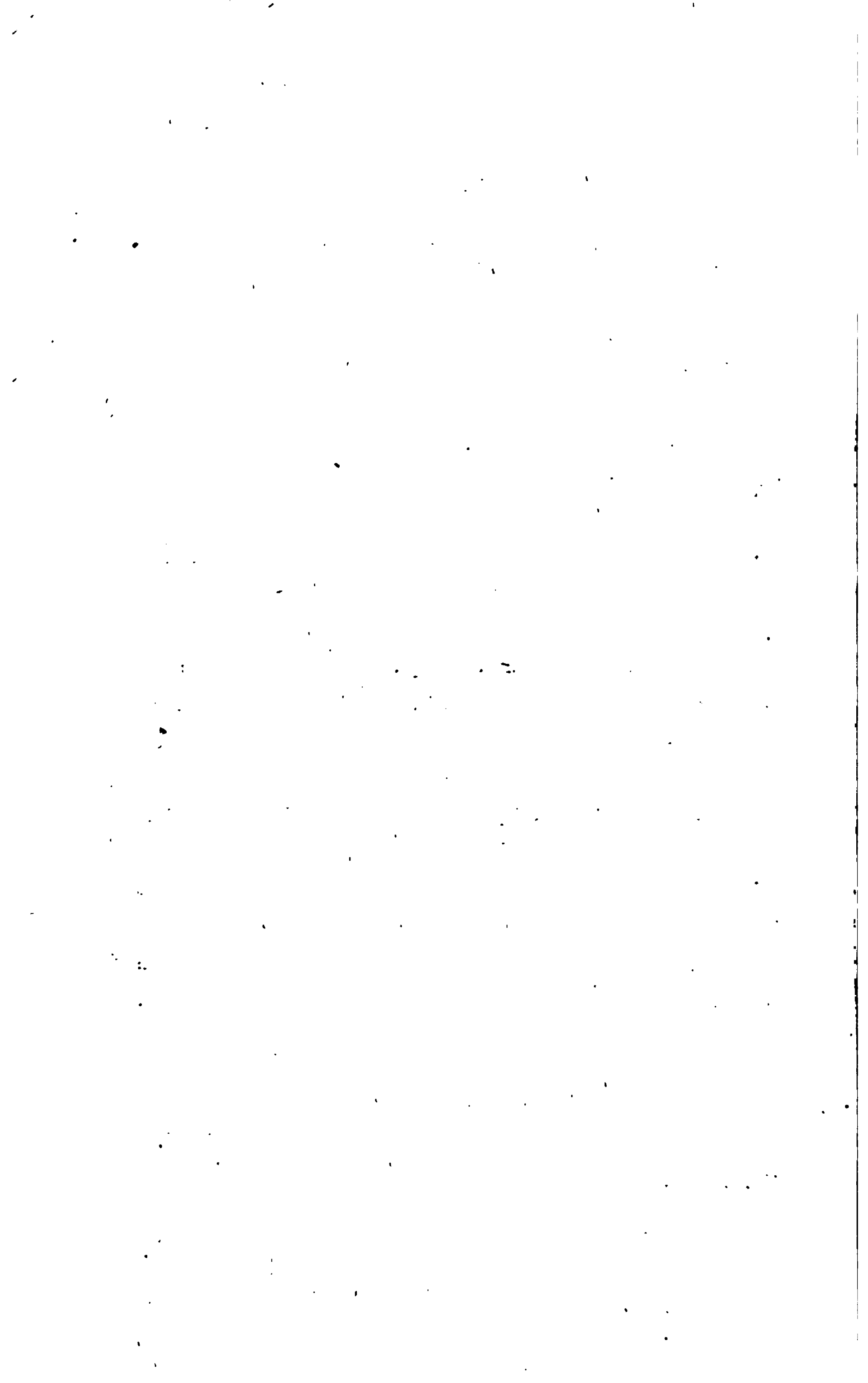
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A Gothic Story.



BY CLARA REEVE,

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"THE EXILE," &c. &c.



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PREFACE.

AS this Story is of a species which, though not new, is out of the common track, it has been thought necessary to point out some circumstances to the Reader, which will elucidate the design, and, it is hoped, will induce him to form a favourable, as well as a right judgment of the work before him.

This Story is the literary offspring of the Castle of Otranto, written upon the same plan, with a design to unite the most attractive and interesting circumstances of the ancient Romance and modern Novel, at the same time it assumes a character and manner of its own, that differs from both; it is distinguished by the appellation of a Gothic Story, being a picture of Gothic times and manners. Fictitious Stories have been the delight of all times and all countries, by oral tradition in barbarous, by writing in more civilized ones: and although some persons of wit and learning have condemned them indiscriminately, I would venture to affirm, that even those who so much affect to despise them under one form, will receive and embrace them under another.

Thus, for instance, a man shall admire and almost adore the Epic poems of the Ancients, and yet despise and execrate the ancient Romances, which are only Epics in prose.

History represents human nature as it is in real life!—alas, too often a melancholy retrospect!—Romance only displays the amiable side of the picture: it shews the pleasing features, and throws a veil over the blemishes: Mankind are naturally pleased with what gratifies their vanity; and vanity, like all other passions of the human heart, may be rendered subservient to good and useful purposes.

I confess that it may be abused, and become an instrument to corrupt the manners and morals of mankind; so may poetry, so may plays, so may every kind of composition: but that will prove nothing more than the old saying lately revived by the philosophers, the most in fashion, “that every earthly thing has two handles.”

The business of Romance is, first, to excite the attention; and, secondly, to direct it to some useful, or at least innocent, end: Happy the writer who attains both these points, like Richardson! and not unfortunate, or undeserving praise, he who gains only the latter, and furnishes out an entertainment for the reader!

Having, in some degree, opened my design, I beg leave to conduct my reader back again, till he comes within view of the Castle of Otranto; a work which, as already has been observed, is an attempt to unite the various merits and graces of the ancient Romance and modern Novel. To attain this end, there is required a sufficient degree of the marvellous, to excite the attention; enough of the manners of real life, to give an air of probability to the work; and enough of the pathetic, to engage the heart in its behalf.

The book we have mentioned is excellent in the two last points, but has a redundancy in the first; the opening excites the attention very strongly; the conduct of the story is artful and judicious; the characters are admirably drawn and supported; the diction polished and elegant; yet, with all these brilliant advantages, it palls upon the mind (though it does not upon the ear); and the reason is obvious, the machinery is so violent, that it destroys the effect it is intended to excite. Had the story been kept within the utmost verge of probability, the effect had been preserved, without losing the least circumstance that excites or detains the attention.

For instance; we can conceive, and allow of, the appearance of a ghost; we can even dispense with an enchanted sword and helmet: but then they must keep within certain limits of credibility. A sword so large as to require an hundred men to lift it: a helmet that by its own weight forces a passage through a court-yard, into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; a picture that walks out of its frame; a skeleton ghost in a hermit's cowl:—When your expectation is wound up to the highest pitch, these circumstances take it down with a witness, destroy the work of imagination, and, instead of attention, excite laughter. I was both surprised and vexed to find the enchantment dissolved, which I wished might continue to the end of the book; and several of its readers have confessed the same disappointment to me: the beauties are so numerous, that we cannot bear the defects, but want it to be perfect in all respects.

In the course of my observations upon this singular book, it seemed to me that it was possible to compose a work upon the same plan, wherein these defects might be avoided; and the *keeping*, as in *painting*, might be preserved,

But then I began to fear it might happen to me as to certain translators and imitators of Shakespeare; the unities may be preserved, while the spirit is evaporated. However, I ventured to attempt it; I read the beginning to a circle of friends of approved judgment, and by their approbation was encouraged to proceed and to finish it.

THE OLD ENGLISH BARON was the production of Miss Clara Reeve, who died Dec. 3, 1807, at Ipswich. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. William Reeve, M. A. many years minister of St. Nicholas in Ipswich, and sister to the late Vice-Admiral Reeve. She was a lady of high accomplishments and various talents. Her publications are numerous. The first, indeed, was only a translation of Barclay's *Argenis*, published in 1772, under the title of *The Phoenix*. She then, in 1777, wrote *The Champion of Virtue*, a Gothic Story, republished in the following year, under the title it now bears, of *The Old English Baron*. Her subsequent publications were *The Two Mentors*, *The Progress of Romance*, *The Exile*, *The School for Widows*, *Plans of Education*, with Remarks on the Systems of other writers, and *Memoirs of Sir Roger de Clarendon*. In all these she discovers great fertility of sentiment and incident, and all her writings are distinguished by an anxious care for correct taste and pure morals.

THE
OLD ENGLISH BARON:

A Gothic Story.

IN the minority of Henry the Sixth, King of England, when the renowned John Duke of Bedford was regent of France, and Humphrey the good Duke of Gloucester was Protector of England, a worthy knight, called Sir Philip Harclay, returned from his travels, to England, his native country. He had served under the glorious King Henry the Fifth with distinguished valour, had acquired an honourable fame, and was no less esteemed for Christian virtues than for deeds of chivalry. After the death of his prince, he entered into the service of the Greek emperor, and distinguished his courage against the encroachments of the Saracens. In a battle there, he took prisoner a certain gentleman, by name M. Zadisky, of Greek extraction, but brought up by a Saracen officer; this man he converted to the Christian faith; after which he bound him to himself by the ties of friendship and gratitude, and he resolved to continue with his benefactor. After thirty years' travel and warlike service, he determined to return to his native land, and to spend the remainder of his life in peace; and, by devoting himself to works of piety and charity, prepare for a better state hereafter.

This noble knight had, in his early youth, contracted a strict friendship with the only son of the Lord Level; a gentleman of eminent virtues and accomplishments. During Sir Philip's residence in foreign countries, he had frequently written to his friend, and had for a time received answers; the last informed him of the death of old Lord Level; and the marriage of the young one; but from that time he had heard no more from him. Sir Philip imputed it not to neglect or forgetfulness, but to the difficulties of intercourse, common at that time to all travellers and adventurers. When he was returning home, he resolved, after looking into his family affairs, to visit the castle of Level, and inquire into the situation of his friend. He landed in Kent, attended by his Greek friend, and two faithful servants, one of which was maimed by the wounds he had received in the defence of his master.

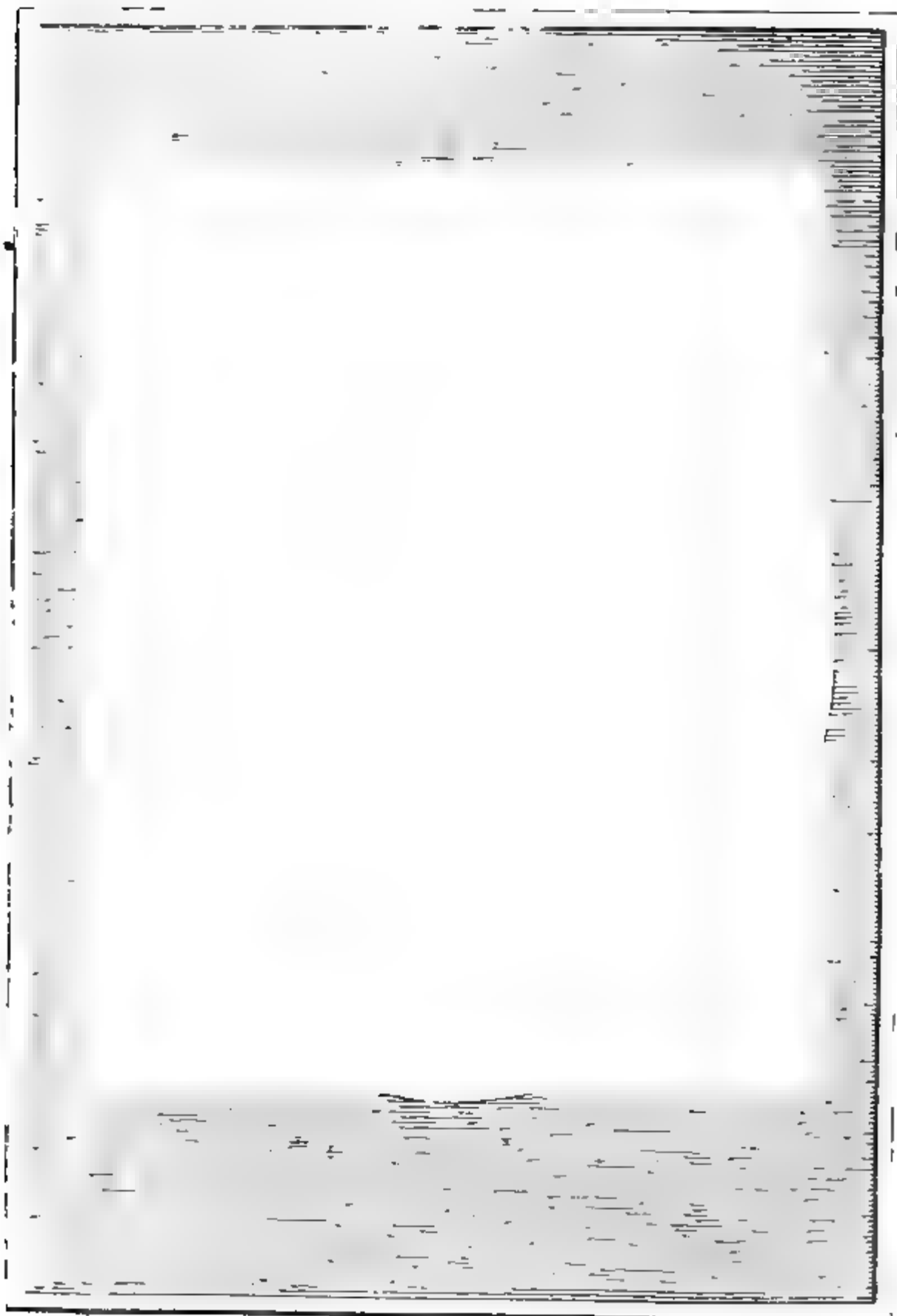
Sir Philip went to his family-seat in Yorkshire; he found his mother and sister were dead, and his estate sequestered in the hands of commissioners

appointed by the protector. He was obliged to prove the reality of his claim, and the identity of his person (by the testimony of some of the old servants of his family), after which every thing was restored to him. He took possession of his own house, established his household, settled the old servants in their former stations, and placed those he brought home in the upper offices of his family. He then left his friend to superintend his domestic affairs; and, attended by only one of his old servants, he set out for the castle of Lovel, in the west of England. They travelled by easy journeys; but, towards the evening of the second day, the servant was so ill and fatigued he could go no further; he stopped at an inn, where he grew worse every hour, and the next day expired. Sir Philip was under great concern for the loss of his servant, and some for himself, being alone in a strange place; however, he took courage, ordered his servant's funeral, attended it himself, and having shed a tear of humanity over his grave, proceeded alone on his journey.

As he drew near the estate of his friend, he began to inquire of every one he met, whether the Lord Lovel resided on the seat of his ancestors? He was answered by one, he did not know;—by another, he could not tell; by a third, that he never heard of such a person. Sir Philip thought it strange that a man of Lord Lovel's consequence should be unknown in his own neighbourhood, and where his ancestors had usually resided. He ruminated on the uncertainty of human happiness: 'This world,' said he, 'has nothing for a wise man to depend upon. I have lost all my relations, and most of my friends; and am even uncertain whether any are remaining: I will, however, be thankful for the blessings that are spared to me; and I will endeavour to replace those that I have lost. If my friend lives, he shall share my fortune with me; his children shall have the reversion of it; and I will share his comforts in return. But perhaps my friend may have met with troubles, that have made him disgusted with the world: perhaps he has buried his amiable wife, or his promising children; and, tired of public life, he has retired into a monastery. At least, I will know what all this silence means.'

When he came within a mile of the castle of Lovel, he stopped at a cottage, and asked for a draught of water: a peasant, master of the house, brought it, and asked if his honour would alight, and take a moment's refreshment. Sir Philip accepted his offer, being resolved to make further inquiry before he approached the castle. He asked the same questions of him that he had before of others. Which Lord Lovel, said the man, does your honour inquire after?—The man whom I knew was called Arthur, said Sir Philip.—Ay, said the peasant, he was the only surviving son of Richard, Lord Lovel, as I think.—Very true, friend, he was so.—Alas, Sir, said the man, he is dead! he survived his father but a short time.—Dead! say you? how long since?—About fifteen years, to the best of my remembrance.—Sir Philip sighed deeply—Alas, said he, what do we by living long, but survive all our friends! But pray tell me how he died?—I will, Sir, to the best of my knowledge. An't please your honour, I heard say, that he attended

OLD, IRISH, AND BARON.



The Baron on his way to the Castle of Lovel
asking a Conagher for a draught of Water

— when introduced by Thomas Kelly, Publisher, New York, 1850

the king when he went against the Welch rebels, and he left his lady big with child; and so there was a battle fought, and the king got the better of the rebels: There came first a report that none of the officers were killed; but a few days after there came a messenger with an account very different, that several were wounded, and that the Lord Lovel was slain; which sad news overset us all with sorrow, for he was a noble gentleman, a bountiful master, and the delight of all the neighbourhood.—He was indeed, said Sir Philip, all that is amiable and good; he was my dear and noble friend, and I am inconsolable for his loss. But the unfortunate lady, what became of her?—Why, an't please your honour, they said she died of grief for the loss of her husband; but her death was kept private for a time, and we did not know it for certain till some weeks afterwards.—The will of Heaven be obeyed! said Sir Philip; but who succeeded to the title and estate?—The next heir, said the peasant, a kinsman of the deceased, Sir Walter Lovel by name.—I have seen him, said Sir Philip, formerly; but where was he when these events happened?—At the castle of Lovel, Sir; he came there on a visit to the lady, and waited there to receive my lord, at his return from Wales. When the news of his death arrived, Sir Walter did every thing in his power to comfort her, and some said he was to marry her; but she refused to be comforted, and took it so to heart that she died.—And does the present Lord Lovel reside at the castle?—No, Sir.—Who then?—The Lord Baron Fitz-Owen.—And how came Sir Walter to leave the seat of his ancestors?—Why, Sir, he married his sister to this said lord; and so he sold the castle to him, and went away, and built himself a house in the north country, as far as Northumberland, I think they call it.—That is very strange, said Sir Philip.—So it is, please your honour: but this is all I know about it.—I thank you, friend, for your intelligence; I have taken a long journey to no purpose, and have met with nothing but cross accidents. This life is, indeed, a pilgrimage! Pray direct me the nearest way to the next monastery.—Noble Sir, said the peasant, it is full five miles off, the night is coming on, and the ways are bad; I am but a poor man, and cannot entertain your honour as you are used to; but if you will enter my poor cottage, that, and every thing in it, are at your service.—My honest friend, I thank you heartily, said Sir Philip; your kindness and hospitality might shame many of higher birth and breeding; I will accept your kind offer: but pray let me know the name of my host?—John Wyatt, Sir; an honest man though a poor one, and a Christian man though a sinful one.—Whose cottage is this?—It belongs to the Lord Fitz-Owen.—What family have you?—A wife, two sons, and a daughter, who will all be proud to wait upon your honour; let me hold your honour's stirrup whilst you alight. He seconded these words by the proper action, and having assisted his guest to dismount, he conducted him into his house, called his wife to attend him, and then led his horse under a poor shed, that served him as a stable. Sir Philip was fatigued in body and mind, and was glad to repose himself any where. The courtesy of his host engaged his attention, and satisfied his wishes. He soon after returned, followed by a youth of about eighteen years:—Make,

haste, John, said the father, and be sure you say neither more nor less than what I have told you.—I will, father, said the lad: and immediately set off, ran like a buck across the fields, and was out of sight in an instant.—I hope, friend, said Sir Philip, you have not sent your son to provide for my entertainment; I am a soldier, used to lodge and fair hard; and if it were otherwise, your courtesy and kindness would give a relish to the most ordinary food.—I wish heartily, said Wyatt, it was in my power to entertain your honour as you ought to be; but, as I cannot do so, I will, when my son returns, acquaint you with the errand I sent him on. After this they conversed together on common subjects, like fellow-creatures of the same natural form and endowments, though different kinds of education had given a conscious superiority to the one, a conscious inferiority to the other; and the due respect was paid by the latter, without being exacted by the former. In about half an hour young John returned.—Thou hast made haste, said the father.—Not more than good speed, quoth the son.—Tell us, then, how you sped?—Shall I tell all that passed, said John.—All, said the father; I don't want to hide any thing. John stood with his cap in his hand, and thus told his tale. I went straight to the castle as fast as I could run; it was my hap to light on young Master Edmund first, so I told him just as you bade me, that a noble gentleman was come a long journey from foreign parts to see the Lord Lovel, his friend; and having lived abroad many years, he did not know that he was dead, and that the castle was fallen into other hands; that upon hearing these tidings he was much grieved and disappointed, and wanting a night's lodging to rest himself before he returned to his own home, he was fain to take up with one at our cottage; that my father thought my lord would be angry with him, if he were not told of the stranger's journey and intentions, especially to let such a man lie at our cottage, where he could neither be lodged nor entertained according to his quality. Here John stopped, and his father exclaimed,—A good lad! you did your errand very well; and tell us the answer. John proceeded—Master Edmund ordered me some beer, and went to acquaint my lord of the message: he stayed awhile, and then came back to me.—John, said he, tell the noble stranger, that the Baron Fitz Owen greets him well, and desires him to rest assured, that though Lord Lovel is dead, and the castle fallen into other hands, his friends will always find a welcome there; and my lord desires that he will accept of a lodging there, while he remains in this country—so I came away directly, and made haste to deliver my errand.

Sir Philip expressed some dissatisfaction at this mark of old Wyatt's respect.—I wish, said he, that you had acquainted me with your intention before you sent to inform the baron I was here. I choose rather to lodge with you; and I propose to make amends for the trouble I shall give you.—Pray, Sir, don't mention it, said the peasant, you are as welcome as myself; I hope no offence; the only reason of my sending was, because I am both unable and unworthy to entertain your honour.—I am sorry, said Sir Philip, you should think me so dainty; I am a Christian soldier; and him I acknowledge for my prince and master, accepted the invitations of the poor, and washed the

fect of his disciples. Let us say no more on this head ; I am resolved to stay this night in your cottage, to-morrow I will wait on the baron, and thank him for his hospitable invitation.—That shall be as your honour pleases, since you will condescend to stay here. John, do you run back and acquaint my lord of it.—Not so, said Sir Philip ; it is now almost dark.—'Tis no matter, said John, I can go it blindfold. Sir Philip then gave him a message to the baron in his own name, acquainting him that he would pay his respects to him in the morning. John flew back the second time, and soon returned with new commendations from the baron, and that he would expect him on the morrow. Sir Philip gave him an angel of gold, and praised his speed and abilities.

He supped with Wyatt and his family upon new-laid eggs and rashers of bacon, with the highest relish. They praised the Creator for his gifts, and acknowledged they were unworthy of the least of his blessings. They gave the best of their two lofts up to Sir Philip, the rest of the family slept in the other, the old woman and her daughter in the bed, the father and his two sons upon clean straw. Sir Philip's bed was of a better kind, and yet much inferior to his usual accommodations ; nevertheless, the good knight slept as well in Wyatt's cottage, as he could have done in a palace.

During his sleep, many strange and incoherent dreams arose to his imagination. He thought he received a message from his friend Lord Lovel, to come to him at the castle ; that he stood at the gate, and received him ; that he strove to embrace him, but could not ; but that he spoke to this effect :—Though I have been dead these fifteen years, I still command here, and none can enter these gates without my permission ; know that it is I that invite, and bid you welcome ; the hopes of my house rest upon you.—Upon this he bid Sir Philip follow him ; he led him through many rooms, till at last he sunk down, and Sir Philip thought he still followed him, till he came into a dark and frightful cave, where he disappeared, and in his stead he beheld a complete suit of armour stained with blood, which belonged to his friend, and he thought he heard dismal groans from beneath. Presently after, he thought he was hurried away by an invisible hand, and led into a wild heath, where the people were enclosing the ground, and making preparations for two combatants ; the trumpet sounded, and a voice called out still louder,—Forbear ! It is not permitted to be revealed till the time is ripe for the event ; wait with patience on the decrees of Heaven. He was then transported to his own house, where, going into an unfrequented room, he was again met by his friend, who was living, and in all the bloom of youth, as when he first knew him ; he started at the sight, and awoke. The sun shone upon his curtains, and, perceiving it was day, he sat up, and recollected where he was. The images that impressed his sleeping fancy remained strongly on his mind waking ; but his reason strove to disperse them ; it was natural that the story he had heard should create these ideas, that they should wait on him in his sleep, and that every dream should bear some relation to his deceased friend. The sun dazzled his eyes, the birds serenaded him, and diverted his attention, and a woodbine forced its way through the window, and regaled his sense

of smelling with its fragrance. He arose, paid his devotions to Heaven, and then carefully descended the narrow stairs, and went out at the door of the cottage. There he saw the industrious wife and daughter of old Wyatt at their morning work, the one milking her cow, the other feeding her poultry. He asked for a draught of milk, which, with a slice of rye bread, served to break his fast. He walked about the fields alone; for old Wyatt and his two sons were gone out to their daily labour. He was soon called back by the good woman, who told him that a servant from the baron waited to conduct him to the castle. He took leave of Wyatt's wife, telling her he would see her again before he left the country. The daughter fetched his horse, which he mounted, and set forward with the servant, of whom he asked many questions concerning his master's family. How long have you lived with the baron?—Ten years.—Is he a good master?—Yes, Sir, and also a good husband and father.—What family has he?—Three sons and a daughter.—What age are they of?—The eldest son is in his seventeenth year, the second in his sixteenth, the others several years younger; but besides these, my lord has several young gentlemen brought up with his own sons, two of which are his nephews; he keeps in his house a learned clerk, to teach them languages; and as for all bodily exercises, none come near them; there is a fletcher to teach them the use of the cross-bow; a master to teach them to ride; another the use of the sword, another learns them to dance: and then they wrestle and run, and have such activity in all their motions, that it does one good to see them; and my lord thinks nothing too much to bestow on their education.—Truly, says Sir Philip, he does the part of a good parent, and I honour him greatly for it; but are the young gentlemen of a promising disposition?—Yes, indeed, Sir, answered the servant, the young gentlemen, my lord's sons, are hopeful youths; but yet there is one who is thought to exceed them all, though he is the son of a poor labourer.—And who is he? said the knight.—One Edmund Twyford, the son of a cottager in our village; he is to be sure as fine a youth as ever the sun shone upon, and of so sweet a disposition, that no body envies his good fortune.—What good fortune does he enjoy?—Why, Sir, about two years ago, my lord, at his son's request, took him into his own family, and gives him the same education as his own children; the young lords doat upon him, especially Master William, who is about his own age: it is supposed that he will attend the young lords when they go to the wars, which my lord intends they should by and by.—What you tell me, said Sir Philip, increases every minute my respect for your lord; he is an excellent father and master; he seeks out merit in obscurity; he distinguishes and rewards it: I honour him with all my heart.

In this manner they conversed together till they came within view of the castle. In a field near the house they saw a company of youths, with cross-bows in their hands, shooting at a mark. There, said the servant, are our young gentlemen at their exercises. Sir Philip stopped his horse to observe them; he heard two or three of them cry out—Edmund is the victor! He wins the prize! I must, said Sir Philip, take a view of this Edmund—He jumped off his horse, gave the bridle to the servant, and walked into the

field. The young gentlemen came up, and paid their respects to him; he apologized for intruding upon their sports, and asked which was the victor? Upon which, the youth he spoke to beckoned to another, who immediately advanced, and made his obeisance; as he drew near, Sir Philip fixed his eyes upon him with so much attention, that he seemed not to observe his courtesy and address. At length he recollected himself, and said,—What is your name, young man?—Edmund Twyford, replied the youth; and I have the honour to attend upon the Lord Fitz Owen's sons.—Pray, noble Sir, said the youth who first addressed Sir Philip, are not you the stranger who is expected by my father?—I am, Sir, answered he, and I go to pay my respects to him.—Will you excuse our attendance, Sir? we have not yet finished our exercises.—My dear youth, said Sir Philip, no apology is necessary; but will you favour me with your proper name, that I may know to whose courtesy I am obliged?—My name is William Fitz Owen; that gentleman is my eldest brother, Master Robert; that other my kinsman, Master Richard Wenlock.—Very well; I thank you, gentle Sir; I beg you not to stir another step, your servant holds my horse.—Farewell, Sir, said Master William, I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting you at dinner. The youths returned to their sports, and Sir Philip mounted his horse and proceeded to the castle; he entered it with a deep sigh and melancholy recollections. The baron received him with the utmost respect and courtesy. He gave a brief account of the principal events that had happened in the family of Lovel during his absence; he spoke of the late Lord Lovel with respect, of the present with the affection of a brother. Sir Philip, in return, gave a brief recital of his own adventures abroad, and of the disagreeable circumstances he had met with since his return home; he pathetically lamented the loss of all his friends, not forgetting that of his faithful servant on the way; saying, he could be contented to give up the world, and retire to a religious house, but that he was withheld by the consideration, that some who depended entirely upon him, would want his presence and assistance; and, beside that, he thought he might be of service to many others. The baron agreed with him in opinion, that a man was of much more service to the world who continued in it, than one who retired from it, and gave his fortune to the church, whose servants did not always make the best use of it. Sir Philip then turned the conversation, and congratulated the baron on his hopeful family; he praised their persons and address, and warmly applauded the care he bestowed on their education. The baron listened with pleasure to the honest approbation of a worthy heart, and enjoyed the true happiness of a parent.

Sir Philip then made further inquiry concerning Edmund, whose appearance had struck him with an impression in his favour. That boy, said the baron, is the son of a cottager in this neighbourhood; his uncommon merit and gentleness of manners distinguish him from those of his own class; from his childhood he attracted the notice and affection of all who knew him; he was beloved every where but at his father's house, and there it should seem that his merits were his crimes; for the peasant his father, hated him, treated him severely, and at length threatened to turn him out of doors; he used to

run here and there on errands for my people, and at length they obliged me to take notice of him; my sons earnestly desired I would take him into my family: I did so about two years ago, intending to make him their servant; but his extraordinary genius and disposition have obliged me to look upon him in a superior light: perhaps I may incur the censure of many people, by giving him so many advantages, and treating him as the companion of my children; his merit must justify or condemn my partiality for him: however, I trust that I have secured to my children a faithful servant of the upper kind, and an useful friend to my family. Sir Philip warmly applauded his generous host, and wished to be a sharer in his bounty to that fine youth, whose appearance indicated all the qualities that had endeared him to his companions.

At the hour of dinner the young men presented themselves before their lord and his guest. Sir Philip addressed himself to Edmund; he asked him many questions, and received modest and intelligent answers, and he grew every minute more pleased with him. After dinner the youths withdrew with their tutor to pursue their studies. Sir Philip sat for some time, wrapt up in meditation. After some minutes, the baron asked him, if he might not be favoured with the fruits of his contemplations?—You shall, my lord, answered he, for you have a right to them. I was thinking, that when many blessings are lost, we should cherish those that remain, and even endeavour to replace the others.—My lord, I have taken a strong liking to that youth whom you called Edmund Twyford: I have neither children nor relations to claim my fortune, nor share my affections; your lordship has many demands upon your generosity; I can provide for this promising youth without doing injustice to any one; will you give him to me?—He is a fortunate boy, said the baron, to gain your favour so soon.—My lord, said the knight, I will confess to you, that the first thing that touched my heart in his favour, is a strong resemblance he bears to a certain dear friend I once had, and his manner resembles him as much as his person; his qualities deserve that he should be placed in a higher rank; I will adopt him for my son, and introduce him into the world as my relation, if you will resign him to me: What say you?—Sir, said the baron, you have made a noble offer, and I am too much the young man's friend to be a hinderance to his preferment. It is true, that I intended to provide for him in my own family; but I cannot do it so effectually as by giving him to you, whose generous affection being unlimited by other ties, may in time prefer him to a higher station, as he shall deserve it. I have only one condition to make, that the lad shall have his option; for I would not oblige him to leave my service against his inclination.—You say well, replied Sir Philip; nor would I take him upon any other terms.—Agreed then, said the baron; let us send for Edmund hither. A servant was sent to fetch him; he came immediately, and his lord thus bespoke him: Edmund, you owe eternal obligations to this gentleman, who, perceiving in you a certain resemblance to a friend of his, and liking your behaviour, has taken a great affection for you, inasmuch that he desires to receive you into his family: I cannot better provide for

you than by disposing of you to him; and, if you have no objection, you shall return home with him when he goes from hence. The countenance of Edmund underwent many alterations during this proposal of his lord; it expressed tenderness, gratitude, and sorrow, but the last was predominant; he bowed respectfully to the baron and Sir Philip, and, after some hesitation, spoke as follows:—I feel very strongly the obligations I owe to this gentleman, for his noble and generous offer: I cannot repress the sense I have of his goodness to me, a peasant boy, only known to him by my lord's kind and partial mention: this uncommon bounty claims my eternal gratitude. To you, my honoured lord, I owe every thing, even this gentleman's good opinion; you distinguished me when nobody else did; and, next to you, your sons are my best and dearest benefactors; they introduced me to your notice. My heart is unalterably attached to this house and family, and my utmost ambition is to spend my life in your service. But if you have perceived any great and grievous faults in me, that make you wish to put me out of your family, and if you have recommended me to this gentleman in order to be rid of me, in that case I will submit to your pleasure, as I would if you should sentence me to death.

During this speech, the tears made themselves channels down Edmund's cheeks; and his two noble auditors, catching the tender infection, wiped their eyes at the conclusion.—My dear child, said the baron, you overcome me by your tenderness and gratitude! I know of no faults you have committed, that I should wish to be rid of you: I thought to do you the best service by promoting you to that of Sir Philip Harclay, who is both able and willing to provide for you; but if you prefer my service to his, I will not part with you. Upon this Edmund kneeled to the baron; he embraced his knees—My dear lord! I am and will be your servant, in preference to any man living; I only ask your permission to live and die in your service.—You see, Sir Philip, said the baron, how this boy engages the heart; how can I part with him?—I cannot ask you any more, answered Sir Philip; I see it is impossible; but I esteem you both still higher than ever; the youth for his gratitude, and your lordship for your noble mind and true generosity; blessings attend you both!—Oh, Sir, said Edmund, pressing the hand of Sir Philip, do not think me ungrateful to you; I will ever remember your goodness, and pray to Heaven to reward it; the name of Sir Philip Harclay shall be engraven upon my heart, next to my lord and his family, for ever. Sir Philip raised the youth and embraced him, saying,—If ever you want a friend, remember me; and depend upon my protection, so long as you continue to deserve it. Edmund bowed low, and withdrew, with his eyes full of tears of sensibility and gratitude. When he was gone, Sir Philip said, I am thinking, that though young Edmund wants not my assistance at present, he may hereafter stand in need of my friendship. I should not wonder if such rare qualities as he possesses should one day create envy, and raise him enemies; in which case he might come to lose your favour, without any fault of yours or his own.—I am obliged to you for the warning, said the baron; I hope it will be unnecessary; but if ever I part with Edmund, you

shall have the refusal of him.—I thank your lordship for all your civilities to me, said the knight; I leave my best wishes with you and your hopeful family, and I humbly take my leave.—Will you not stay one night in the castle? returned my lord; you shall be as welcome a guest as ever.—I acknowledge your goodness and hospitality, but this house fills me with melancholy recollections; I came hither with a heavy heart, and it will not be lighter while I remain here. I shall always remember your lordship with the highest respect and esteem; and I pray God to preserve you, and increase your blessings!

After some further ceremonies, Sir Philip departed, and returned to old Wyatt's, ruminating on the vicissitude of human affairs, and thinking on the changes he had seen.

At his return to Wyatt's cottage, he found the family assembled together. He told them he would take another night's lodging there, which they heard with great pleasure; for he had familiarized himself to them in the last evening's conversation, inasmuch that they began to enjoy his company. He told Wyatt of the misfortune he had sustained by losing his servant on the way, and wished he could get one to attend him home in his place. Young John looked earnestly at his father, who returned a look of approbation. I perceive one in this company, said he, that would be proud to serve your honour; but I fear he is not brought up well enough. John coloured with impatience; he could not forbear speaking.—Sir, I can answer for an honest heart, a willing mind, and a light pair of heels; and though I somewhat awkward, I shall be proud to learn to please my noble master, if he will but try me.—You say well, said Sir Philip, I have observed your qualifications, and if you are desirous to serve me, I am equally pleased with you: if your father has no objection, I will take you.—Objection, Sir? said the old man; it will be my pride to prefer him to such a noble gentleman; I will make no terms for him, but leave it to your honour to do for him as he shall deserve.—Very well, said Sir Philip, you shall be no loser by that; I will charge myself with the care of the young man. The bargain was struck, and Sir Philip purchased a horse for John of the old man. The next morning they set out; the knight left marks of his bounty with the good people, and departed, laden with their blessings and prayers. He stopped at the place where his faithful servant was buried, and caused masses to be said for the repose of his soul; then, pursuing his way by easy journeys, arrived in safety at home. His family rejoiced at his return; he settled his new servant in attendance upon his person; he then looked round his neighbourhood for objects of his charity; when he saw merit in distress, it was his delight to raise and support it; he spent his time in the service of his Creator, and glorified him in doing good to his creatures. He reflected frequently upon every thing that had befallen him in his late journey to the west, and, at his leisure, took down all the particulars in writing.

Here follows an interval of four years, as by the manuscript; and then

omission seems intended by the Writer. What follows is in a different hand, and the character is more modern.

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ABOUT this time the prognostics of Sir Philip Harclay began to be verified, that Edmund's good qualities might one day excite envy and create him enemies. The sons and kinsmen of his patron began to seek occasion to find fault with him, and to depreciate him with others. The baron's eldest son and heir, Master Robert, had several contests with Master William; the second son, upon his account: this youth had a warm affection for Edmund, and whenever his brother and kinsmen treated him slightly, he supported him against their malicious insinuations. Mr. Richard Wenlock, and Mr. John Markham, were the sister's sons of the Lord Fitz-Owen; and there were several other more distant relations, who, with them, secretly envied Edmund's fine qualities, and strove to lessen him in the esteem of the baron and his family. By degrees they excited a dislike in Master Robert, that in time was fixed into habit, and fell little short of aversion.

Young Wenlock's hatred was confirmed by an additional circumstance: he had a growing passion for the Lady Emma, the baron's only daughter; and, as love is eagle-eyed, he saw, or fancied he saw, her cast an eye of preference on Edmund. An accidental service that she received from him had excited her grateful regards and attentions towards him. The incessant view of his fine person and qualities, had perhaps improved her esteem into a still softer sensation, though she was yet ignorant of it, and thought it only the tribute due to gratitude and friendship.

One Christmas time, the baron and all his family went to visit a family in Wales; crossing a ford, the horse that carried the Lady Emma, who rode behind her cousin Wenlock, stumbled and fell down; and threw her off into the water: Edmund dismounted in a moment, and flew to her assistance; he took her out so quick, that the accident was not known to some part of the company. From this time Wenlock strove to undermine Edmund in her esteem, and she conceived herself obliged, in justice and gratitude, to defend him against the malicious insinuations of his enemies. She one day asked Wenlock, why he in particular should endeavour to recommend himself to her favour, by speaking against Edmund, to whom she was under great obligations? He made but little reply; but the impression sunk deep into his rancorous heart; every word in Edmund's behalf was like a poisoned arrow, that rankled in the wound, and grew every day more inflamed. Sometimes he would pretend to extenuate Edmund's supposed faults, in order to load him with the sin of ingratitude upon other occasions. Rancour works deepest in the heart that strives to conceal it; and, when covered by art, frequently puts on the appearance of candour. By these means did Wenlock and Markham impose upon the credulity of Master Robert and their other relations: Master William only stood proof against all their insinuations.

The same autumn that Edmund completed his eighteenth year, the baron

declared his intention of sending the young men of his house to France the following spring, to learn the art of war, and signalize their courage and abilities.

Their ill will towards Edmund was so well concealed, that his patron had not discovered it; but it was whispered among the servants, who are generally close observers of the manners of their principals. Edmund was a favourite with them all, which was a strong presumption that he deserved to be so; for they seldom shew much regard to dependants, or to superior domestics, who are generally objects of envy and dislike. Edmund was courteous, but not familiar with them; and, by this means, gained their affections, without soliciting them. Among them was an old serving man, called Joseph Howell; this man had formerly served the old Lord Lovel, and his son, and when the young lord died, and Sir Walter sold the castle to his brother-in-law, the Lord Fitz-Owen, he only of all the old servants was left in the house, to take care of it, and to deliver it into the possession of the new proprietor, who retained him in his service: he was a man of few words, but much reflection; and, without troubling himself about other people's affairs, went silently and properly about his own business; more solicitous to discharge his duty than to recommend himself to notice, and not seeming to aspire to any higher office than that of a serving man. This old man would fix his eyes upon Edmund, whenever he could do it, without observation; sometimes he would sigh deeply, and a tear would start from his eye, which he strove to conceal from observation. One day Edmund surprised him in his tender emotion, as he was wiping his eyes with the back of his hand:—Why, said he, my good friend, do you look at me so earnestly and affectionately?—Because I love you, Master Edmund, said he, because I wish you well.—I thank you kindly, answered Edmund; I am unable to repay your love, otherwise than by returning it, which I do sincerely.—I thank you, Sir, said the old man; that is all I desire, and more than I deserve.—Do not say so, said Edmund; if I had any better way to thank you, I would not say so much about it; but words are all my inheritance. Upon this he shook hands with Joseph, who withdrew hastily to conceal his emotion, saying, God bless you, master, and make your fortune equal to your deserts! I cannot help thinking you were born to a higher station than what you now hold.—You know to the contrary, said Edmund;—but Joseph was gone out of sight and hearing.

The notice and observation of strangers, and the affection of individuals, together with that inward consciousness that always attends superior qualities, would sometimes kindle the flames of ambition in Edmund's heart; but he checked them presently, by reflecting upon his low birth and dependent station. He was modest, yet intrepid; gentle and courteous to all, frank and unreserved to those that loved him; discreet and complaisant to those who hated him, generous and compassionate to the distressed of his fellow-creatures in general; but humble, not servile, to his patron and superiors. Once, when he with a manly spirit justified himself against a malicious imputation, his young lord Robert taxed him with pride and ar-

rogance to his kinsman. Edmund denied the charge against him with equal spirit and modesty. Master Robert answered him sharply—How dare you contradict my cousins? do you mean to give them the lie?—Not in words, Sir, said Edmund; but I will behave so as that you shall not believe them. Master Robert haughtily bid him be silent, and know himself, and not presume to contend with men so much his superiors in every respect. These heart-burnings, in some degree, subsided by their preparations for going to France. Master Robert was to be presented at court before his departure, and it was expected that he should be knighted. The baron designed Edmund to be his esquire; but this was frustrated by his old enemies, who persuaded Robert to make choice of one of his own domestics, called Thomas Hewson; him did they set up as a rival to Edmund, and he took every occasion to affront him. All that Master Robert gained by this step was the contempt of those who saw Edmund's merit, and thought it want of discernment in him not to distinguish and reward it. Edmund requested of his lord that he might be Master William's attendant; and when, said he, my patron shall be knighted, as I make no doubt he will one day be, he has promised that I shall be his esquire. The baron granted Edmund's request; and, being freed from servitude to the rest, he was devoted to that of his beloved master, William; who treated him in public as his principal domestic, but in private as his chosen friend and brother.

The whole cabal of his enemies consulted together in what manner they should vent their resentment against him; and it was agreed that they should treat him with indifference and neglect, till they should arrive in France: and when there, they should contrive to render his courage suspected, and, by putting him upon some desperate enterprise, rid themselves of him for ever. About this time died the great duke of Bedford, to the irreparable loss of the English nation. He was succeeded by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, as Regent of France, of which great part had revolted to Charles the Dauphin. Frequent actions ensued. Cities were lost and won; and continual occasions offered to exercise the courage and abilities of the youths of both nations.

The young men of Baron Fitz-Owen's house were recommended particularly to the regent's notice. Master Robert was knighted, with several other young men of family, who distinguished themselves by their spirit and activity upon every occasion. The youth were daily employed in warlike exercises and frequent actions; and made the first essay in arms in such a manner as to bring into notice all that deserved it.

Various arts were used by Edmund's enemies to expose him to danger; but all their contrivances recoiled upon themselves, and brought increase of honour upon Edmund's head: he distinguished himself upon so many occasions, that Sir Robert himself began to pay him more than ordinary regard, to the infinite mortification of his kinsmen and relations. They laid many schemes against him, but none took effect.

From this place the characters in the manuscript are effaced by time and damp. Here and there some sentences are legible, but not sufficient to pursue the thread of the story. Mention is made of several actions in which the young men were engaged—That Edmund distinguished himself by intrepidity in action; by gentleness, humanity, and modesty, in the cessations—that he attracted the notice of every person of observation, and also that he received personal commendation from the regent.

The following incidents are clear enough to be transcribed; but the beginning of the next succeeding pages is obliterated: however, we may guess at the beginning by what remains.

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As soon as the cabal met in Sir Robert's tent, Mr. Wenlock thus began:—You see, my friends, that every attempt we make to humble this upstart, turns into applause, and serves only to raise his pride still higher. Something must be done, or his praise will go home before us, at our expense; and we shall seem only foils to set off his glories. Any thing would I give to the man who should execute our vengeance upon him.—Stop there, Cousin Wenlock, said Sir Robert; though I think Edmund proud and vain-glorious, and would join in any scheme to humble him, and make him know himself, I will not suffer any man to use such base methods to effect it. Edmund is brave; and it is beneath an Englishman to revenge himself by unworthy means; if any such are used, I will be the first man to bring the guilty to justice; and if I hear another word to this purpose, I will inform my brother William, who will acquaint Edmund with your mean intentions. Upon this the cabal drew back, and Mr. Wenlock protested that he meant no more than to mortify his pride, and make him know his proper station. Soon after, Sir Robert withdrew, and they resumed their deliberations.

Then spoke Thomas Hewson: There is a party to be sent out to-morrow night, to intercept a convoy of provisions for the relief of Rouen: I will provoke Mr. Edmund to make one of this party, and, when he is engaged in the action, I and my companions will draw off, and leave him to the enemy, who I trust will so handle him, that you shall no more be troubled with him.—This will do, said Mr. Wenlock; but let it be kept from my two cousins, and only known to ourselves; if they offer to be of the party, I will persuade them off it: and you, Thomas, if you bring this scheme to a conclusion, may depend upon my eternal gratitude.—And mine, said Markham; and so said all. The next day the affair was publicly mentioned; and Hewson, as he promised, provoked Edmund to the trial: several young men of family offered themselves: among the rest, Sir Robert and his brother William. Mr. Wenlock persuaded them not to go, and set the danger of the enterprise in the strongest colours. At last Sir Robert complained of the tooth-ach, and was confined to his tent; Edmund waited on him; and judging by the ardour of his own courage of that of his

patron, thus bespoke him:—I am greatly concerned, dear Sir, that we cannot have your company at night; but as I know what you will suffer at being absent, I would beg the favour of you to let me use your arms and device, and I will promise not to disgrace them.—No, Edmund, I cannot consent to that: I thank you for your noble offer, and will remember it to your advantage; but I cannot wear honours of another man's getting. You have awakened me to a sense of my duty: I will go with you, and contend with you for glory; and William shall do the same.

In a few hours they were ready to set out. Wenlock and Markham, and their dependants, found themselves engaged in honour to go upon an enterprise they never intended; and set out, with heavy hearts, to join the party. They marched in silence in the horror of a dark night, and wet roads; they met the convoy where they expected, and a sharp engagement ensued. The victory was some time doubtful; but the moon rising on the backs of the English, gave them the advantage. They saw the disposition of their enemies, and availed themselves of it. Edmund advanced the foremost of the party; he drew out the leader on the French side; he slew him. Mr. William pressed forward to assist his friend; Sir Robert, to defend his brother; Wenlock and Markham, from shame to stay behind.

Thomas Hewson and his associates drew back on their side; the French perceived it, and pursued the advantage. Edmund pushed them in front, the young nobles all followed him; they broke through the detachment, and stopped the waggons. The officer who commanded the party, encouraged them to go on; the defeat was soon complete, and the provisions carried in triumph to the English camp.

Edmund was presented to the regent, as the man to whom the victory was chiefly owing. Not a tongue presumed to move itself against him; even malice and envy were silenced.

Approach, young man, said the regent, that I may confer upon you the honour of knighthood, which you have well deserved. Mr Wenlock could no longer forbear speaking: Knighthood, said he, is an order belonging to gentlemen, it cannot be conferred on a peasant.—What say you, sir? returned the regent; is this youth a peasant?—He is, said Wenlock, let him deny it if he can. Edmund, with a modest bow, replied,—It is true, indeed, I am a peasant, and this honour is too great for me: I have only done my duty. The Duke of York, whose pride of birth equalled that of any man, living or dead, sheathed his sword immediately.—Though, said he, I cannot reward you as I intended, I will take care that you shall have a large share in the spoils of this night; and, I declare publicly, that you stand first in the list of gallant men in this engagement.

Thomas Hewson and his associates made a poor figure on their return they were publicly reprov'd for their backwardness. Hewson was wounded in body, and more in mind, for the bad success of his ill-laid design. He could not hold up his head before Edmund; who, unconscious of their malice, administered every kind of comfort to them. He spoke in their behalf to the commanding officer, imputing their conduct to unavoidable

accidents. He visited them privately; he gave them a part of the spoils allotted to himself; by every act of valour and courtesy he strove to engage those hearts that hated, envied, and maligned him: but where hatred arises from envy of superior qualities, every display of those qualities increases the cause from whence it arises.

Another pause ensues here.

The young nobles and gentlemen who distinguished Edmund, were prevented from raising him to preferment by the insinuations of Wenlock and his associates, who never failed to set before them his low descent, and his pride and arrogance in presuming a rank with gentlemen.

Here the manuscript is not legible for several pages. There is mention, about this time, of the death of Lady Fitz-Owen; but not the cause.

Wenlock rejoiced to find that his schemes took effect, and that they should be recalled at the approach of winter. The baron was glad of a pretence to send for them home; for he could no longer endure the absence of his children, after the loss of their mother.

The manuscript is again defaced for many leaves; at length the letters become more legible, and the remainder of it is quite perfect.

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FROM the time the young men returned from France, the enemies of Edmund employed their uttermost abilities to ruin him in the baron's opinion, and get him dismissed from the family. They insinuated a thousand things against him, that happened, as they said, during his residence in France, and therefore could not be known to his master: but, when the baron privately inquired of his two elder sons, he found there was no truth in their reports. Sir Robert, though he did not love him, scorned to join in untruths against him. Mr. William spoke of him with the warmth of fraternal affection. The baron perceived that his kinsmen disliked Edmund; but his own good heart hindered him from seeing the baseness of theirs. It is said, that continual dropping will wear away a stone; so did their incessant reports, by insensible degrees, produce a coolness in his patron's behaviour towards him. If he behaved with manly spirit, it was misconstrued into pride and arrogance; his generosity was imprudence; his humility was hypocrisy, the better to cover his ambition. Edmund bore patiently all the indignities that were thrown upon him; and though he felt them severely in his bosom, scorned to justify his conduct at the expense even of his enemies. Perhaps his gentle spirit might at length have sunk under this treatment, but Providence interposed in his behalf; and, by seemingly accidental circumstances, conducted him imperceptibly towards the crisis of his fate.

Father Oswald, who had been preceptor to the young men, had a strong

affection for Edmund, from a thorough knowledge of his heart; he saw through the mean artifices that were used to undermine him in his patron's favour; he watched their machinations, and strove to frustrate their designs.

This good man used frequently to walk out with Edmund; they conversed upon various subjects; and the youth would lament to him the unhappiness of his situation, and the peculiar circumstances that attended him. The father, by his wholesome advice, comforted his drooping heart; and confirmed him in his resolution of bearing unavoidable evils with patience and fortitude, from the consciousness of his own innocence, and the assurance of a future and eternal reward.

One day, as they were walking in a wood near the castle. Edmund asked the father, what meant those preparations for building, the cutting down trees, and burning of bricks?—What, said Oswald, have you not heard that my lord is going to build a new apartment on the west side of the castle?—And why, said Edmund, should my lord be at that expense, when there is one on the east side that is never occupied?—That apartment, said the friar, you must have observed, is always shut up.—I have observed it often, said Edmund, but I never presumed to ask any questions about it.—You had then, said Oswald, less curiosity, and more discretion, than is common at your age.—You have raised my curiosity, said Edmund; and, if it be not improper, I beg of you to gratify it.—We are alone, said Oswald, and I am so well assured of your prudence, that I will explain this mystery in some degree to you.

You must know, that apartment was occupied by the last Lord Lovel, when he was a bachelor. He married in his father's life-time, who gave up his own apartment to him, and offered to retire to this himself; but the son would not permit him; he chose to sleep here rather than in any other. He had been married about three months, when his father, the old lord, died of a fever. About twelve months after his marriage, he was called upon to attend the king, Henry the Fourth, on an expedition in Wales, whither he was attended by many of his dependants. He left his lady big with child, and full of care and anxiety for his safety and return.

After the king had chastised the rebels, and obtained the victory, the Lord Lovel was expected home every day; various reports were sent home before him; one messenger brought an account of his health and safety; soon after another came with bad news, that he was slain in battle. His kinsman, Sir Walter Lovel, came here on a visit to comfort the lady; and he waited to receive his kinsman on his return. It was he that brought the news of the sad event of the battle to Lady Lovel.

She fainted away at the relation; but, when she revived, exerted the utmost resolution; saying, it was her duty to bear this dreadful stroke with Christian fortitude and patience, especially in regard to the child she went with, the last remains of her beloved husband, and the undoubted heir of a noble house. For several days she seemed an example of patience and resignation; but then, all at once, she renounced them, and broke out into

passionate and frantic exclamations; she said, that her dear lord was basely murdered; that his ghost had appeared to her, and revealed his fate: she called upon heaven and earth to revenge her wrongs; saying, she would never cease complaining to God, and the king, for vengeance and justice.

Upon this Sir Walter told the servants, that Lady Lovel was distracted, from grief, for the death of her lord; that his regard for her was as strong as ever; and that if she recovered, he would himself be her comforter, and marry her. In the mean time she was confined in this very apartment, and in less than a month the poor lady died. She lies buried in the family vault in St. Austin's church in the village. Sir Walter took possession of the castle, and all the other estates, and assumed the title of Lord Lovel.

Soon after, it was reported, that the castle was haunted, and that the ghosts of Lord and Lady Lovel had been seen by several of the servants. Whoever went into this apartment were terrified by uncommon noises, and strange appearances; at length this apartment was wholly shut up, and the servants were forbid to enter it, or to talk of any thing relating to it: however, the story did not stop here; it was whispered about, that the new Lord Lovel was so disturbed every night, that he could not sleep in quiet; and, being at last tired of the place, he sold the castle and estate of his ancestors, to his brother-in-law, the Lord Fitz-Owen, who now enjoys it, and has left this country.

All this is news to me, said Edmund: but, father, tell me what grounds there were for the lady's suspicion that her lord died unfairly?—Alas! said Oswald, that is only known to God. There were strange thoughts in the minds of many at that time; I had mine; but I will not disclose them, not even to you. I will not injure those who may be innocent; and I leave it to Providence, who will, doubtless, in its own best time and manner, punish the guilty. But, let what I have told you be as if you had never heard it.

I thank you for these marks of your esteem and confidence, said Edmund: be assured that I will not abuse them; nor do I desire to pry into secrets not proper to be revealed: I entirely approve your discretion, and acquiesce in your conclusion, that Providence will in its own time vindicate its ways to man: if it were not for that trust, my situation would be insupportable. I strive earnestly to deserve the esteem and favour of good men; I endeavour to regulate my conduct so as to avoid giving offence to any man; but I see, with infinite pain, that it is impossible for me to gain these points.—I see it too, with great concern, said Oswald; and every thing that I can say or do in your favour, is misconstrued: and, by seeking to do you service, I lose my own influence: but I will never give my sanction to acts of injustice, nor join to oppress innocence. My dear child, put your trust in God: he who brought light out of darkness, can bring good out of evil.—I hope and trust so, said Edmund; but, father, if my enemies should prevail, if my lord should believe their stories against me, and I should be put out of the house with disgrace, what will become of me? I have nothing but my character to depend upon: if I lose that, I lose every thing; and I see they

seek no less than my ruin.—Trust in my lord's honour and justice, replied Oswald; he knows your virtue, and he is not ignorant of their ill-will towards you.—I know my lord's justice too well to doubt it, said Edmund; but would it not be better to rid him of this trouble, and his family of an incumbrance? I would gladly do something for myself, but cannot without my lord's recommendation; and, such is my situation, that I fear the asking for a dismissal would be accounted base ingratitude: beside, when I think of leaving this house, my heart saddens at the thought, and tells me I cannot be happy out of it: yet, I think, I could return to a peasant's life with cheerfulness, rather than live in a palace under disdain and contempt.—Have patience a little longer, my son, said Oswald; I will think of some way to serve you, and to represent your grievances to my lord, without offence to either: perhaps the causes may be removed. Continue to observe the same irreproachable conduct; and be assured, that Heaven will defend your innocence, and defeat the unjust designs of your enemies. Let us now return home.

About a week after this conference, Edmund walked out in the fields, ruminating on the disagreeable circumstances of his situation. Insensible of the time, he had been out several hours, without perceiving how the day wore away, when he heard himself called by name several times; looking backward, he saw his friend, Mr. William, and hallooed to him. He came running towards him; and leaping over the stile, stood still a while to recover his breath.—What is the matter, Sir? said Edmund; your looks bespeak some tidings of importance. With a look of tender concern and affection, the youth pressed his hand and spoke:—My dear Edmund, you must come home with me directly; your old enemies have united to ruin you with my father; my brother Robert has declared, that he thinks there will be no peace in our family till you are dismissed from it, and told my father he hoped he would not break with his kinsmen rather than give up Edmund.—But what do they lay to my charge? said Edmund.—I cannot rightly understand, answered William, for they make a great mystery of it; something of great consequence, they say; but they will not tell me what: however, my father has told them, that they must bring their accusation before your face, and he will have you answer them publicly. I have been seeking you this hour, to inform you of this, that you might be prepared to defend yourself against your accusers.—God reward you, sir, said Edmund, for all your goodness to me! I see they are determined to ruin me, if possible: I shall be compelled to leave the castle; but whatever becomes of me, be assured you shall have no cause to blush for your kindness and partiality to your Edmund.—I know it, I am sure of it, said William; and here I swear to you, as Jonathan did to David, I beseech Heaven to bless me, as my friendship to you shall be steady and inviolable!—Only so long as I shall deserve so great a blessing, interrupted Edmund.—I know your worth and honour, continued William: and such is my confidence in your merit, that I firmly believe Heaven designs you for something extraordinary; and I expect that some great and unforeseen event will raise you to the rank and

station to which you appear to belong: promise me, therefore, that whatever may be your fate, you will preserve the same friendship for me that I bear to you.—Edmund was so much affected, that he could not answer but in broken sentences.—Oh, my friend, my master! I vow, I promise, my heart promises! He kneeled down with clasped hands and uplifted eyes: William kneeled by him, and they invoked the Supreme to witness to their friendship, and implored his blessing upon it: they then rose up, and embraced each other, while tears of cordial affection bedewed their cheeks.

As soon as they were able to speak, Edmund conjured his friend not to expose himself to the displeasure of his family, out of kindness to him. I submit to the will of Heaven, said he, I wait with patience its disposal of me: if I leave the castle, I will find means to inform you of my fate and fortunes.—I hope, said William, that things may yet be accommodated; but do not take any resolution; let us act as occasions arise.

In this manner these amiable youths conferred, till they arrived at the castle. The baron was sitting in the great hall, on a high chair, with a footstep before, with the state and dignity of a judge: before him stood Father Oswald, as pleading the cause for himself and Edmund. Round the baron's chair stood his eldest son, and his kinsmen, with their principal domestics. The old servant, Joseph, at some distance, with his head leaning forward, as listening with the utmost attention to what passed. Mr. William approached the chair.—My lord, I have found Edmund, and brought him to answer for himself.—You have done well, said the baron. Edmund, come hither; you are charged with some indiscretions, for I cannot properly call them crimes: I am resolved to do justice between you and your accusers; I shall therefore hear you as well as them; for no man ought to be condemned unheard.—My lord, said Edmund, with equal modesty and intrepidity, I demand my trial; if I shall be found guilty of any crimes against my benefactor, let me be punished with the utmost rigour: but if, as I trust, no such charge can be proved against me, I know your goodness too well to doubt that you will do justice to me, as well as to others; and, if it should so happen, that by the misrepresentations of my enemies (who have long sought my ruin privately, and now avow it publicly), if by their artifices your lordship should be induced to think me guilty, I would submit to your sentence in silence, and appeal to another tribunal.—See, said Mr. Wenlock, the confidence of the fellow! he already supposes that my lord must be in the wrong if he condemns him; and then this meek creature will appeal to another tribunal: To whose will he appeal? I desire he may be made to explain himself.—That I will immediately, said Edmund, without being compelled; I only meant to appeal to Heaven, that best knows my innocence.—'Tis true, said the baron, and no offence to any one; man can only judge by appearances, but Heaven knows the heart: let every one of you bear this in mind, that you may not bring a false accusation, nor justify yourselves by concealing the truth. Edmund, I am informed that Oswald and you have made very free with me and my family, in some of your conversations; you were heard to censure me for the absurdity of building a new apartment on the west side of the

castle, when there was one on the east side uninhabited: Oswald said, that apartment was shut up, because it was haunted; that some shocking murder had been committed there; adding many particulars concerning Lord Lovel's family, such as he could not know the truth of, and, if he had known, was imprudent to reveal. But further, you complained of ill treatment here; and mentioned an intention to leave the castle, and seek your fortune elsewhere. I shall examine into all these particulars in turn. At present, I desire you, Edmund, to relate all that you can remember of the conversation that passed between you and Oswald in the wood last Monday.—Good God! said Edmund, is it possible that any person could put such a construction upon so innocent a conversation?

Tell me, then, said the baron, the particulars of it. I will, my lord, as nearly as my memory will allow me. Accordingly he related most of the conversation that passed in the wood; but in the part that concerned the family of Lovel, he abbreviated as much as possible. Oswald's countenance cleared up, for he had done the same before Edmund came. The baron called to his eldest son,—You hear, Sir Robert, what both parties say: I have questioned them separately; neither of them knew what the other would answer, yet their accounts agree almost to a word.—I confess they do so, answered Sir Robert; but, sir, it is very bold and presuming for them to speak of our family affairs in such a manner; if my uncle, Lord Lovel, should come to know it, he would punish them severely; and if his honour is reflected upon, it becomes us to resent, and to punish it. Here Mr. Wenlock broke out into passion, and offered to swear to the truth of his accusation. Be silent, Dick, said the baron; I shall judge for myself.—I protest, said he to Sir Robert, I never heard so much as Oswald has now told me, concerning the deaths of Lord and Lady Lovel; I think it is best to let such stories alone, till they die away of themselves. I had, indeed, heard of an idle story of the east apartment's being haunted, when first I came hither, and my brother advised me to shut it up till it should be forgotten; but what has now been said, has suggested a thought that may make that apartment useful in future. I have thought of a punishment for Edmund, that will stop the mouth of his accusers for the present; and, as I hope, will establish his credit with every body. Edmund, will you undertake this adventure for me?—What adventure, my lord? said Edmund: there is nothing I would not undertake to shew my gratitude and fidelity to you. As to my courage, I would shew that at the expense of my malicious accusers, if respect to my lord's blood did not tie up my hands; as I am situated, I beg it may be put to the proof in whatever way is most for my master's service.—That is well said, cried the baron: as to your enemies, I am thinking how to separate you from them effectually; of that I shall speak hereafter. I am going to try Edmund's courage; he shall sleep three nights in the east apartment, that he may testify to all, whether it be haunted or not; afterwards I will have that apartment set in order, and my eldest son shall take it for his own; it will spare me some expense, and answer my purpose as well, or better; will you consent, Edmund?—With

all my heart, my lord, said Edmund, I have not wilfully offended God or man; I have, therefore, nothing to fear.—Brave boy! said my lord; I am not deceived in you, nor shall you be deceived in your reliance on me. You shall sleep in that apartment to-night, and to-morrow I will have some private talk with you. Do you, Oswald, go with me; I want to have some conversation with you. The rest of you retire to your studies and business; I will meet you at dinner.

Edmund retired to his own chamber, and Oswald was shut up with the baron; he defended Edmund's cause and his own, and laid open as much as he knew of the malice and designs of his enemies. The baron expressed much concern at the untimely deaths of Lord and Lady Lovel, and desired Oswald to be circumspect in regard to what he had to say of the circumstances attending them; adding that he was both innocent and ignorant of any treachery towards either of them. Oswald excused himself for his communications to Edmund, saying, they fell undesignedly into the subject, and that he mentioned it in confidence to him only.

The baron sent orders to the young men to come to dinner; but they refused to meet Edmund at table; accordingly he ate in the steward's apartment. After dinner the baron tried to reconcile his kinsmen to Edmund; but found it impossible. They saw their designs were laid open; and judging of him by themselves, thought it impossible to forgive or be forgiven. The baron ordered them to keep in separate apartments; he took his eldest son for his own companion, as being the most reasonable of the malcontents; and ordered his kinsmen to keep their own apartment, with a servant to watch their motions. Mr. William had Oswald for his companion. Old Joseph was bid to attend on Edmund; to serve him at supper; and at the hour of nine, to conduct him to the haunted apartment. Edmund desired that he might have a light and his sword, lest his enemies should endeavour to surprise him. The baron thought his request reasonable, and complied with it.

There was a great search to find the key of the apartment; at last it was discovered by Edmund himself, among a parcel of old rusty keys in a lumber room. The baron sent the young men their suppers to their respective apartments. Edmund declined eating, and desired to be conducted to his apartment. He was accompanied by most of the servants to the door of it, they wished him success, and prayed for him as if he had been going to execution.

The door was with great difficulty unlocked, and Joseph gave Edmund a lighted lamp, and wished him a good night; he returned his good wishes to them all with the utmost cheerfulness, took the key on the inside of the door, and then dismissed them.

He then took a survey of his chamber; the furniture, by long neglect, was decayed and dropping to pieces; the bed was devoured by the moths, and occupied by the rats, who had built their nests there with impunity for many generations. The bedding was very damp, for the rain had forced its way through the ceiling: he determined, therefore, to lie down in his

clothes. There were two doors on the further side of the room, with keys in them: being not at all sleepy, he resolved to examine them; he attempted one lock, and opened it with ease; he went into a large dining-room, the furniture of which was in the same tattered condition; out of this was a large closet with some books in it, and hung round with coats of arms, with genealogies and alliances of the house of Lovel: he amused himself here some minutes, and then returned into the bedchamber.

He recollected the other door, and resolved to see where it led to; the key was rusted into the lock, and resisted his attempts; he set the lamp on the ground, and, exerting all his strength, opened the door, and at the same instant the wind of it blew out the lamp, and left him in utter darkness. At the same moment he heard a hollow rustling noise, like that of a person coming through a narrow passage. Till this moment not one idea of fear had approached the mind of Edmund; but, just then, all the concurrent circumstances of his situation struck upon his heart, and gave him a new and disagreeable sensation. He paused a while; and recollecting himself, cried out aloud—What should I fear? I have not wilfully offended God or man; why then should I doubt protection? But I have not yet implored the divine assistance; how then can I expect it? Upon this he kneeled down and prayed earnestly, resigning himself wholly to the will of Heaven; while he was yet speaking, his courage returned, and he resumed his usual confidence; again he approached the door from whence the noise proceeded; he thought he saw a glimmering light upon a staircase before him. If, said he, this apartment is haunted, I will use my endeavours to discover the cause of it; and if the spirit appears visibly, I will speak to it.

He was preparing to descend the staircase, when he heard several knocks at the door by which he first entered the room; and, stepping backward, the door was clapped to with great violence. Again fear attacked him; but he resisted it, and boldly cried out—Who is there? A voice at the outer door answered—It's I; Joseph, your friend.—What do you want? said Edmund.—I have brought you some wood to make a fire, said Joseph.—I thank you kindly, said Edmund; but my lamp is gone out; I will try to find the door, however. After some trouble, he found, and opened it; and was not sorry to see his friend Joseph, with a light in one hand, and a flagon of beer in the other, and a faggot upon his shoulder.—I come, said the good old man, to bring you something to keep up your spirits; the evening is cold; I know this room wants airing; and beside that, my master, I think your present undertaking requires a little assistance.

My good friend, said Edmund, I never shall be able to deserve or requite your kindness to me.—My dear Sir, you always deserved more than I could do for you; and I think I shall yet live to see you defeat the designs of your enemies, and acknowledge the service of your friends.—Alas! said Edmund, I see little prospect of that!—I see, said Joseph, something that persuades me you are designed for great things: and I perceive that things are working about to some great end: Have courage, my master, my heart beats strangely

high upon your account!—You make me smile, said Edmund.—I am glad to see it, Sir; may you smile all the rest of your life.—I thank your honest affection, returned Edmund, though it is too partial to me. You had better go to bed, however; if it is known that you visit me here, it will be bad for us both.—So I will presently; but, please God, I will come here again to-morrow night, when all the family are a-bed; and I will tell you some things that you never yet heard.—But pray tell me, said Edmund, where does that door lead to?—Upon a passage, that ends in a staircase that leads to the lower rooms; and there is likewise a door out of that passage into the dining-room.—And what rooms are there below stairs? said Edmund.—The same as above, replied he.—Very well; then I wish you a good night, we will talk farther to-morrow.—Aye, to-morrow night; and in this place, my dear master? Why do you call me your master? I never was, nor ever can be, your master.—God only knows that, said the good old man; good night, and Heaven bless you!—Good night, my worthy friend.

Joseph withdrew, and Edmund returned to the other door, and attempted several times to open it in vain; his hands were benumbed and tired; at length he gave over. He made a fire in the chimney, placed the lamp on a table, and opened one of the window-shutters to admit the day-light: he then recommended himself to the divine protection, and threw himself upon the bed; he presently fell asleep, and continued in that state till the sun saluted him with his orient beams, through the window he had opened.

As soon as he was perfectly awake, he strove to recollect his dreams. He thought that he heard people coming up the staircase that he had a glimpse of; that the door opened, and there entered a warrior, leading a lady by the hand, who was young and beautiful, but pale and wan: the man was dressed in complete armour, and his helmet down. They approached the bed; they undrew the curtains. He thought the man said,—Is this our child? The woman replied,—It is; and the hour approaches that he shall be known for such. They then separated, and one stood on each side of the bed; their hands met over his head, and they gave him a solemn benediction. He strove to rise and pay them his respects, but they forbade him; and the lady said,—Sleep in peace, oh, my Edmund! for those who are the true possessors of this apartment are employed in thy preservation: sleep on, sweet hope of a house that is thought past hope!—Upon this they withdrew, and went out at the same door by which they entered, and he heard them descend the stairs.—After this he followed a funeral as chief mourner; he saw the whole procession, and heard the ceremonies performed. He was snatched away from this mournful scene to one of a contrary kind, a stately feast, at which he presided; and he heard himself congratulated as a husband and a father: his friend William sat by his side; and his happiness was complete. Every succeeding idea was happiness without alloy; and his mind was not idle a moment till the morning sun awakened him. He perfectly remembered his dreams, and meditated on what all these things should portend.—Am I then, said he, not Edmund Twyford, but somebody of con-

sequence, in whose fate so many people are interested? Vain thought, that must have arisen from the partial suggestions of my two friends, Mr. William and old Joseph.

He lay thus reflecting, when a servant knocked at the door, and told him it was past six o'clock, and that the baron expected him to breakfast in an hour. He rose immediately, paid his tribute of thanks to Heaven for its protection, and went from his chamber in high health and spirits.

He walked in the garden till the hour of breakfast, and then attended the baron.—Good-morrow, Edmund! said he; how have you rested in your new apartment?—Extremely well, my lord, answered he.—I am glad to hear it, said the baron; but I did not know your accommodations were so bad, as Joseph tells me they are.—'Tis of no consequence, said Edmund; if they were much worse, I could dispense with them for three nights.—Very well, said the baron; you are a brave lad: I am satisfied with you, and will excuse the other two nights.—But, my lord, I will not be excused; no one shall have reason to suspect my courage; I am determined to go through the remaining nights upon many accounts.—That shall be as you please, said my lord. I think of you as you deserve; so well, that I shall ask your advice by and by in some affairs of consequence.—My life and services are yours, my lord; command them freely.—Let Oswald be called in, said my lord; he shall be one of our consultation. He came; the servants were dismissed, and the baron spoke as follows:—Edmund, when first I took you into my family, it was at the request of my sons and kinsmen; I bear witness to your good behaviour: you have not deserved to lose their esteem; but, nevertheless, I have observed, for some years past, that all but my son William have set their faces against you: I see their meanness, and I perceive their motives: but they are, and must be my relations; and I would rather govern them by love, than fear. I love and esteem your virtues: I cannot give you up to gratify their humours. My son William has lost the affections of the rest, for that he bears to you; but he has increased my regard to him: I think myself bound in honour to him and you to provide for you. I cannot do it, as I wished, under my own roof. If you stay here, I see nothing but confusion in my family; yet I cannot put you out of it disgracefully. I want to think of some way to prefer you, that you may leave this house with honour; and I desire both of you to give me your advice in this matter. If Edmund will tell me in what way I can employ him to his own honour and my advantage, I am ready to do it; let him propose it, and Oswald shall moderate between us.

Here he stopped; and Edmund, whose sighs almost choked him, threw himself at the baron's feet, and wet his hands with his tears. O, my noble, generous benefactor! do you condescend to consult such a one as me upon the state of your family? Does your most amiable and beloved son incur the ill will of his brothers and kinsmen for my sake? What am I, that I should disturb the peace of this noble family? O, my lord, send me away directly! I should be unworthy to live, if I did not earnestly endeavour to restore your happiness. You have given me a noble education, and I trust I shall not

disgrace it. If you will recommend me and give me a character, I fear not to make my own fortune. The baron wiped his eyes;—I wish to do this, my child, but in what way?—My lord, said Edmund, I will open my heart to you. I have served with credit in the army, and I should prefer a soldier's life.—You please me well, said the baron: I will send you to France, and give you a recommendation to the regent; he knows you personally, and will prefer you, for my sake, and for your own merit.—My lord, you overwhelm me with your goodness! I am but your creature, and my life shall be devoted to your service.—But, said the baron, how to dispose of you till the spring?—That, said Oswald, may be thought of at leisure; I am glad that you have resolved, and I congratulate you both. The baron put an end to the conversation by desiring Edmund to go with him into the menage, to see his horses. He ordered Oswald to acquaint his son William with all that had passed, and to try to persuade the young men to meet Edmund and William at dinner.

The baron took Edmund with him into his menage to see some horses he had lately purchased. While they were examining the beauties and defects of these noble and useful animals, Edmund declared, that he preferred Carodoc, a horse he had broke himself, to any other in my lord's stables.—Then, said the baron, I will give him to you; and you shall go upon him to seek your fortune. He made new acknowledgments for this gift, and declared he would prize it highly for the giver's sake. But I shall not part with you yet, said my lord; I will first carry all my points with these satcy boys, and oblige them to do you justice.—You have already done that, said Edmund, and I will not suffer any of your lordship's blood to undergo any further humiliation upon my account. I think, with humble submission to your better judgment, the sooner I go hence the better.

While they were speaking, Oswald came to them, and said, that the young men had absolutely refused to dine at the table if Edmund was present.—'Tis well, said the baron; I shall find a way to punish their contumacy hereafter: I will make them know that I am the master here. Edmund, and you, Oswald, shall spend the day in my apartment above stairs. William shall dine with me alone; and I will acquaint him with our determination: my son Robert and his cabal, shall be prisoners in the great parlour. Edmund shall, according to his own desire, spend this and the following night in the haunted apartment; and this, for his sake, and my own; for if I should now contradict my former order, it would subject us both to their impertinent reflections.

He then took Oswald aside, and charged him not to let Edmund go out of his sight; for if he should come in the way of those implacable enemies, he trembled for the consequences. He then walked back to the stables, and the two friends returned into the house.

They had a long conversation on various subjects; in the course of it, Edmund acquainted Oswald with all that had passed between him and Joseph the preceding night, the curiosity he had raised in him, and his promise to gratify it the night following.—I wish, said Oswald, you would

permit me to be of your party.—How can that be? said Edmund; we shall be watched, perhaps; and, if discovered, what excuse can you make for coming there? beside, if it were known, I shall be branded with the imputation of cowardice; and though I have borne much, I will not promise to bear that patiently.—Never fear, replied Oswald, I will speak to Joseph about it; and, after prayers are over, and the family gone to bed, I will steal away from my own chamber, and come to you. I am strongly interested in your affairs; and I cannot be easy unless you will receive me into your company; I will bind myself to secrecy in any manner you shall enjoin.—Your word is sufficient, said Edmund; I have as much reason to trust you, father, as any man living; I should be ungrateful to refuse you any thing in my power to grant: but suppose the apartment should really be haunted, would you have resolution enough to pursue the adventure to a discovery?—I hope so, said Oswald: but have you any reason to believe it is?—I have, said Edmund; but I have not opened my lips upon this subject to any creature but yourself. This night I purpose, if Heaven permit, to go all over the rooms; and, though I had formed this design, I will confess that your company will strengthen my resolution. I will have no reserves to you in any respect; but I must put a seal upon your lips. Oswald swore secrecy till he should be permitted to disclose the mysteries of that apartment; and both of them waited, in solemn expectation, the event of the approaching night.

In the afternoon Mr. William was allowed to visit his friend: An affecting interview passed between them: he lamented the necessity of Edmund's departure, and they took a solemn leave of each other, as if they foreboded it would be long ere they should meet again.

About the same hour as the preceding evening, Joseph came to conduct Edmund to his apartment.—You will find better accommodations than you had last night, said he, and all by my lord's own order.—I every hour receive some new proof of his goodness, said Edmund. When they arrived, he found a good fire in the chamber, and a table covered with cold meats, and a flagon of strong beer.—Sit down and get your supper, my dear master, said Joseph; I must attend my lord; but as soon as the family are gone to bed, I will visit you again.—Do so, said Edmund; but first see father Oswald; he has something to say to you: you may trust him, for I have no reserves to him.—Well, sir, I will see him if you desire it; and I will come to you as soon as possible. So saying, he went his way; and Edmund sat down to supper.

After a moderate refreshment, he knelt down, and prayed with the greatest fervency; he resigned himself to the disposal of Heaven: I am nothing, said he, I desire to be nothing but what thou, O Lord, pleasest to make me: if it is thy will that I should return to my former obscurity, be it obeyed with cheerfulness; and, if thou art pleased to exalt me, I will look up to thee, as the only fountain of honour and dignity. While he prayed, he felt an enlargement of heart beyond what he had ever experienced before; all idle fears were dispensed, and his heart glowed with divine love

and affiance; he seemed raised above the world and all its pursuits. He continued wrapt up in mental devotion, till a knocking at the door obliged him to rise, and let in his two friends, who came without shoes, and on tiptoe, to visit him.

Save you, my son! said the friar; you look cheerful and happy.—I am so, father, said Edmund; I have resigned myself to the disposal of Heaven, and I find my heart strengthened above what I can express.—Heaven be praised! said Oswald: I believe you are designed for great things, my son.—What! do you too encourage my ambition? says Edmund; strange concurrence of circumstances! Sit down, my friends, and do you, my good Joseph, tell me the particulars you promised last night. They drew their chairs round the fire, and Joseph began as follows.—

You have heard of the untimely death of the late Lord Lovel, my noble and worthy master; perhaps you may have also heard, that, from that time, this apartment was haunted. What passed the other day, when my lord questioned you both on this head, brought all the circumstances fresh into my mind. You then said, there were suspicions that he came not fairly to his end. I trust you both, and will speak what I know of it. There was a person suspected of this murder: and who do you think it was?—You must speak out, said Oswald.—Why then, said Joseph, it was the present Lord Lovel.—You speak my thoughts, said Oswald; but proceed to the proofs.—I will, said Joseph. From the time that my lord's death was reported, there were strange whisperings and consultations between the new lord and some of his servants; there was a deal of private business carried on in this apartment: Soon after they gave out that my poor lady was distracted; but she threw out strong expressions that savoured nothing of madness: she said that the ghost of her departed lord had appeared to her, and revealed the circumstances of this murder. None of the servants, but one, were permitted to see her. At this very time, Sir Walter, the new lord, had the cruelty to offer love to her; he urged her to marry him; and one of her women overheard her say, she would sooner die than give her hand to the man who caused the death of her lord: soon after this we were told my lady was dead. The Lord Lovel made a public and sumptuous funeral for her.—That is true, said Oswald; for I was a novice, and assisted at it.

Well, says Joseph, now comes my part of the story. As I was coming home from the burial, I overtook Roger, our ploughman. Said he, What think you of this burying? What should I think? said I, but we have lost the best master and lady that we shall ever know? God he knows, quoth Roger, whether they be living or dead; but if ever I saw my lady in my life, I saw her alive the night they say she died. I tried to convince him that he was mistaken; but he offered to take his oath, that the very night they said she died, he saw her come out at the garden-gate into the fields; that she often stopped, like a person in pain, and then went forward again, until he had lost sight of her. Now it is certain that her time was out, and she expected to lie down every day; and they did not pretend that she

died in childbed. I thought upon what I heard; but nothing I said. Roger told the same story to another servant; so he was called to an account; the story was hushed up, and the foolish fellow said, he was verily persuaded it was her ghost that he saw. Now you must take notice that, from this time, they began to talk about, that this apartment was troubled; and not only this, but at last the new lord could not sleep in quiet in his own room; and this induced him to sell the castle to his brother-in-law, and get out of this country as fast as possible. He took most of the servants away with him, and Roger among the rest. As for me, they thought I knew nothing, and so they left me behind; but I was neither blind nor deaf, though I could hear, and see, and say nothing.

This is a dark story, said Oswald.—It is so, said Edmund; but why should Joseph think it concerns me in particular?—Ah, dear Sir, said Joseph, I must tell you, though I never uttered it to mortal man before; the striking resemblance this young man bears to my dear lord, the strange dislike his reputed father took to him, his gentle manners, his generous heart, his noble qualities, so uncommon in those of his birth and breeding, the sound of his voice—You may smile at the strength of my fancy, but I cannot put it out of my mind but that he is my own master's son.

At these words Edmund changed colour, and trembled; he clapped his hand upon his breast, and looked up to Heaven in silence; his dream recurred to his memory, and struck upon his heart. He related it to his attentive auditors.—The ways of Providence are wonderful, said Oswald. If this be so, Heaven in its own time will make it appear.

Here a silence of several minutes ensued; when, suddenly, they were awakened from their reverie by a violent noise in the rooms underneath them. It seemed like the clashing of arms, and something seemed to fall down with violence.

They started, and Edmund rose up with a look full of resolution and intrepidity.—I am called, said he; I obey the call! He took up a lamp, and went to the door that he had opened the night before. Oswald followed with his rosary in his hand, and Joseph last, with trembling steps. The door opened with ease, and they descended the stairs in profound silence.

The lower rooms answered exactly to those above: there were two parlours and a large closet. They saw nothing remarkable in these rooms, except two pictures, that were turned with their faces to the wall. Joseph took the courage to turn them:—These, said he, are the portraits of my lord and lady. Father, look at this face; do you know who is like it?—I should think, said Oswald, it was done for Edmund!—I am, said Edmund, struck with the resemblance myself; but let us go on: I feel myself inspired with unusual courage. Let us open the closet-door. Oswald stopped him short:—Take heed, said he, lest the wind of the door put out the lamp. I will open this door. He attempted it, without success; Joseph did the same, but to no purpose; Edmund gave the lamp to Joseph; he approached the door, tried the key, and it gave way to his hand in a moment.—This adventure belongs, said he, to me only; that is plain; bring the lamp for

ward. Oswald repeated his paternoster, in which they all joined, and then entered the closet.

The first thing that presented itself to their view, was a complete suit of armour, that seemed to have fallen down on a heap.—Behold! said Edmund; this made the noise we heard above. They took it up, and examined it piece by piece; the inside of the breast-plate was stained with blood.—See here! said Edmund; what think you of this?—'Tis my lord's armour, said Joseph; I know it well: Here has been bloody work in this closet! Going forward he stumbled over something; it was a ring, with the arms of Lovel engraved upon it.—This is my lord's ring, said Joseph; I have seen him wear it: I give it to you, sir, as the right owner; and most religiously do I believe you his son.—Heaven only knows that, said Edmund; and, if it permits, I will know who was my father before I am a day older. While he was speaking he shifted his ground, and perceived that the boards rose up on the other side of the closet; upon further examination, they found that the whole floor was loose, and a table that stood over them concealed the circumstance from a casual observer.—I perceive, said Oswald, that some great discovery is at hand.—God defend us! said Edmund; but I verily believe that the person that owned this armour lies buried under us. Upon this a dismal hollow groan was heard, as if from underneath. A solemn silence ensued, and marks of fear were visible upon all three; the groan was thrice heard: Oswald made signs for them to kneel, and he prayed audibly, that Heaven would direct them how to act; he also prayed for the soul of the departed, that it might rest in peace. After this he arose; but Edmund continued kneeling: he vowed solemnly to devote himself to the discovery of this secret, and the avenging the death of the person there buried. He then rose up.—It would be to no purpose, said he, for us to examine further now; when I am properly authorized, I will have this place opened: I trust that time is not far off.—I believe it, said Oswald; you are designed by Heaven to be its instrument in bringing this deed of darkness to light. We are your creatures; only tell us what you would have us do, and we are ready to obey your commands.—I only demand your silence, said Edmund, till I call for your evidence; and then you must speak all you know, and all you suspect.—O, said Joseph, that I may but live to see that day, and I shall have lived long enough!—Come, said Edmund, let us return up stairs, and we will consult further how I shall proceed; so saying, he went out of the closet, and they followed him. He locked the door, and took the key out:—I will keep this, said he, till I have power to use it to purpose, lest any one should presume to pry into the secret of this closet: I will always carry it about me, to remind me of what I have undertaken.

Upon this they returned up stairs into the bed-chamber; all was still, and they heard nothing more to disturb them.—How, said Edmund, is it possible that I should be the son of Lord Lovel? for, however circumstances have seemed to encourage such a notion, what reason have I to believe it?—I am strangely puzzled about it, said Oswald. It seems unlikely

that so good a man as Lord Lovel should corrupt the wife of a peasant, his vassal: and, especially, being so lately married to a lady with whom he was passionately in love.—Hold there! said Joseph; my lord was incapable of such an action: if master Edmund is the son of my lord, he is also the son of my lady.—How can that be? said Edmund.—I don't know how, said Joseph; but there is a person who can tell if she will: I mean Margery Twyford, who calls herself your mother.—You meet my thoughts, said Edmund; I had resolved before you spoke to visit her, and to interrogate her on the subject: I will ask my lord's permission to go this very day.—That is right, said Oswald; but be cautious and prudent in your inquiries.—If you, said Edmund, would bear me company, I should do better: she might think herself obliged to answer your questions: and, being less interested in the event, you would be more discreet in your interrogations.—That I will most readily, said he; and I will ask my lord's permission for us both.—This point is well determined, said Joseph; I am impatient for the result; and I believe my feet will carry me to meet you whether I consent or not.—I am as impatient as you, said Oswald; but let us be silent as the grave, and let not a word or look indicate any thing unknown or mysterious.

The day-light began to dawn upon their conference; and Edmund observing it, begged his friends to withdraw in silence. They did so, and left Edmund to his own recollections. His thoughts were too much employed for sleep to approach him; he threw himself upon the bed, and lay meditating how he should proceed; a thousand schemes offered themselves, and were rejected; but he resolved at all events to leave Baron Fitz-Owen's family the first opportunity that presented itself.

He was summoned, as before, to attend my lord at breakfast; during which he was silent, absent, and reserved. My lord observed it, and rallied him: inquiring how he had spent the night?—In reflecting upon my situation, my lord; and in laying plans for my future conduct. Oswald took the hint, and asked permission to visit Edmund's mother in his company, and acquaint her with his intentions of leaving the country soon. He consented freely, but seemed unresolved about Edmund's departure.

They set out directly, and Edmund went hastily to old Twyford's cottage, declaring that every field seemed a mile to him.—Restrain your warmth, my son, said Oswald; compose your mind, and recover your breath, before you enter upon a business of such consequence. Margery met them at the door, and asked Edmund what wind blew him thither?—Is it so very surprising, said he, that I should visit my parents?—Yes, it is, said she, considering the treatment you have met with from us; but since Andrew is not in the house, I may say I am glad to see you: Lord bless you, what a fine youth you be grown! 'Tis a long time since I saw you; but that is not my fault: many a cross word, and many a blow, have I had on your account: but I may now venture to embrace my dear child. Edmund came forward and embraced her fervently; the starting tears, on both sides, evinced their affection.—And why, said he, should my father forbid you to

embrace your child? what have I done to deserve his hatred?—Nothing, my dear boy! you were always good and tender-hearted, and deserved the love of every body.—It is not common, said Edmund, for a parent to hate his first-born son without his having deserved it.—This is true, said Oswald; it is uncommon, it is unnatural; nay, I am of opinion it is almost impossible. I am so convinced of this truth, that I believe the man who thus hates and abuses Edmund cannot be his father. In saying this, he observed her countenance attentively: she changed colour apparently. Come, said he, let us sit down; and do you, Margery, answer to what I have said.—Blessed Virgin! said Margery, what does your reverence mean? what do you suspect?—I suspect, said he, that Edmund is not the son of Andrew your husband.—Lord bless me! said she, what is it you do suspect?—Do not evade my question, woman! I am come here by authority to examine you upon this point. The woman trembled every joint: Would to Heaven, said she, that Andrew was at home!—It is much better as it is, said Oswald: You are the person we are to examine.—O, father, said she, do you think that I—that—that I am to blame in this matter? what have I done?—Do you, Sir, said she, ask your own questions. Upon this Edmund threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees.—Oh, my mother! said he, for as such my heart owns you, tell me, for the love of Heaven! tell me, who was my father?—Gracious Heaven! said she, what will become of me?—Woman! said Oswald, confess the truth, or you shall be compelled to do it: by whom had you this youth?—Who, I? said she, I had him! No, father, I am not guilty of the black crime of adultery; God, he knows my innocence: I am not worthy to be the mother of such a sweet youth as that is.—You are not his mother, then, nor Andrew his father?—O, what shall I do? said Margery, Andrew will be the death of me!—No, he shall not, said Edmund; you shall be protected and rewarded for the discovery.—Goody, said Oswald, confess the whole truth, and I will protect you from harm and from blame; you may be the means of making Edmund's fortune, in which case he will certainly provide for you: on the other hand, by an obstinate silence, you will deprive yourself of all advantages you might receive from the discovery; and, beside, you will soon be examined in a different manner, and be obliged to confess all you know, and nobody will thank you for it.—Ah! said she, but Andrew beat me the last time I spoke to Edmund; and told me he would break every bone in my skin, if ever I spoke to him again.—He knows it then? said Oswald.—He know it! Lord help you, it was all his own doing.—Tell us then, said Oswald; for Andrew shall never know it; till it is out of his power to punish you.—'Tis a long story, said she, and cannot be told in a few words. It will never be told at this rate, said he: sit down and begin it instantly.—My fate depends upon your words, said Edmund; my soul is impatient of the suspense! If ever you loved and cherished me, shew it now, and tell while I have breath to ask it.

He sat in extreme agitation of mind; his words and actions were equally expressive of his inward emotions.—I will, said she; but I must try to re-

collect all the circumstances. You must know, young man, that you are just one-and-twenty years of age.—On what day was he born? said Oswald.—The day before yesterday, said she; the 21st of September.—A remarkable era, said he.—'Tis so, indeed, said Edmund: Oh that night! that apartment!—Be silent, said Oswald; and do you, Margery, begin your story.

I will, said she. Just one-and-twenty years ago, on that very day, I lost my first-born son: I got a hurt by over-reaching myself, when I was near my time, and so the poor child died. And so, as I was sitting all alone, and very melancholy, Andrew came home from work: See, Margery, said he, I have brought you a child instead of that you have lost.—So he gave me a bundle, as I thought; but sure enough it was a child; a poor helpless babe, just born, and only rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet cloak, trimmed with gold lace. And where did you find this? said I.—Upon the foot-bridge, said he, just below the clay-field. This child, said he, belongs to some great folk, and perhaps it may be inquired after one day, and may make our fortunes; take care of it, said he, and bring it up as if it was your own. The poor infant was cold, and it cried, and looked up at me so pitifully, that I loved it; beside, my milk was troublesome to me, and I was glad to be eased of it; so I gave it the breast, and from that hour I loved the child as if it were my own, and so I do still, if I dared to own it.—And this is all you know of Edmund's birth? said Oswald.—No, not all, said Margery; but pray look out and see whether Andrew is coming, for I am all over in a twitter.—He is not, said Oswald; go on, I beseech you!—This happened, said she, as I told you, on the 21st. On the morrow, my Andrew went out early to work, along with one Robin Rouse, our neighbour; they had not been gone above an hour when they both came back, seemingly very much frightened: says Andrew, Go you, Robin, and borrow a pick-axe at neighbour Styles's.—What is the matter now? said I.—Matter enough! quoth Andrew; we may come to be hanged, perhaps, as many an innocent man has before us.—Tell me, what is the matter? said I.—I will, said he; but if ever you open your mouth about it, woe be to you!—I never will, said I: but he made me swear by all the blessed saints in the calendar; and then he told me, that, as Robin and he were going over the foot-bridge, where he found the child the evening before, they saw something floating upon the water; so they followed it, till it stuck against a stake, and found it to be the dead body of a woman; as sure as you are alive, Madge, said he, this was the mother of the child I brought home.—Merciful God! said Edmund; am I the child of that hapless mother?—Be composed, said Oswald: proceed, good woman, the time is precious.—And so, continued she, Andrew told me they dragged the body out of the river, and it was richly dressed, and must be somebody of consequence, I suppose, said he, when the poor lady had taken care of her child, she went to find some help; and the night being dark, her foot slipped, and she fell into the river and was drowned.

Lord have mercy! said Robin, what shall we do with the dead body? we may be taken up for the murder; what had we to do to meddle with

it?—Aye, but, says Andrew, we must have something to do with it now; and our wisest way is to bury it. Robin was sadly frightened, but at last they agreed to carry it into the wood, and bury it there: so they came home for a pick-axe and shovel.—Well, said I, Andrew, but will you bury all the rich clothes you speak of?—Why, said he, it would be both a sin and a shame to strip the dead.—So it would, said I; but I will give you a sheet to wrap the body in, and you may take off her upper garments, and any thing of value; but not strip her to the skin for any thing.—Well said, wench! said he; I will do as you say. So I fetched a sheet, and by that time Robin was come back, and away they went together.

They did not come back again till noon, and then they sat down and eat a morsel together. Says Andrew—Now we may sit down and eat in peace.—Aye, says Robin, and sleep in peace too, for we have done no harm.—No, to be sure, said I; but yet I am much concerned that the poor lady had not Christian burial.—Never trouble thyself about that, said Andrew; we have done the best we could for her; but let us see what we have got in our bags; we must divide them. So they opened their bags, and took a fine gown, and a pair of rich shoes; but, beside these, there was a fine necklace with a golden locket, and a pair of ear-rings. Says Andrew, and winked at me, I will have these, and you may take the rest. Robin said he was satisfied, and so he went his way. When he was gone,—Here, you fool, says Andrew, take these, and keep them as safe as the bud of your eye: if ever young master is found, these will make our fortune.—And have you them now? said Oswald.—Yes, that I have, answered she; Andrew would have sold them long ago, but I always put him off it.—Heaven be praised! said Edmund.—Hush, said Oswald, let us not lose time; proceed, Goody:—Nay, said Margery, I have not much more to say. We looked every day to hear some inquiries after the child, but nothing passed, nobody was missing.—Did nobody of note die about that time? said Oswald.—Why, yes, said Margery, the widow Lady Lovel died that same week; by the same token, Andrew went to the funeral, and brought home a scutcheon, which I keep unto this day.—Very well; go on.—My husband behaved well enough to the boy, till such time as he had two or three children of his own, and then he began to grumble, and say, it was hard to maintain other folk's children, when he found it hard enough to keep his own: I loved the boy quite as well as my own: often and often have I pacified Andrew, and made him to hope that he should one day or other be paid for his trouble; but at last he grew out of patience, and gave over all hopes of that kind.

As Edmund grew up, he grew sickly and tender, and could not bear hard labour; and that was another reason why my husband could not bear with him. If, quoth he, the boy could earn his living, I did not care; but I must bear all the expense. There came an old pilgrim into our parts; he was a scholar, and had been a soldier, and he taught Edmund to read, then he told him histories of wars, and knights, and lords, and great men; and Edmund took such delight in hearing him, that he would not take to any thing else.

OLD ENGLISH BARON.

Edmund on his way of the history of his
with parts of the days of Margaret Twyford

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To be sure Edwin was a pleasant companion ; he would tell old stories, and sing old songs, that one could have sat all night to hear him ; but, as I was saying, Edmund grew more and more fond of reading, and less of work ; however, he would run of errands, and do many handy turns for the neighbours ; and he was so courteous a lad, that people took notice of him. Andrew once caught him alone reading, and then told him that if he did not find some way to earn his bread, he would turn him out of doors in a very short time ; and so he would have done, sure enough, if my lord Fitz-Owen had not taken him into his service just in the nick.

Very well, Goody, said Oswald, you have told your story very well ; I am glad, for Edmund's sake, that you can do it so properly ; but now, can you keep a secret ?—Why, an't please your reverence, I think I have shewn you that I can.—But can you keep it from your husband ?—Aye, said she, surely I can ; for I dare not tell it him.—That is a good security, said he, but I must have a better : you must swear upon this book, not to disclose any thing that has passed between us three, till we desire you to do it. Be assured you will soon be called upon for this purpose ; Edmund's birth is near to a discovery ; he is the son of parents of high degree ; and it will be in his power to make your fortune, when he takes possession of his own.

Holy Virgin ! what is it you tell me ? How you rejoice me to hear that what I have so long prayed for, will come to pass ! She took the oath required, saying after Oswald.—Now, said he, go and fetch the tokens you have mentioned.

When she was gone, Edmund's passions, long suppressed, broke out in tears and exclamations ; he kneeled down, and, with his hands clasped together, returned thanks to Heaven for the discovery. Oswald begged him to be composed, lest Margery should perceive his agitation, and misconstrue the cause. She soon returned with the necklace and ear-rings : they were pearls of great value ; and the necklace had a locket, on which the cipher of Level was engraved.—This, said Oswald, is indeed a proof of consequence : keep it, sir, for it belongs to you.—Must he take it away ? said she.—Certainly, returned Oswald ; we can do nothing without it ; but if Andrew should ask for it, you must put him off for the present, and hereafter he will find his account in it. Margery consented reluctantly to part with the jewels ; and, after further conversation, they took leave of her. Edmund embraced her affectionately.—I thank you with my whole heart, said he, for all your goodness to me ! Though I confess I never felt much regard for your husband, yet for you I had always the tender affection of a son. You will, I trust, give your evidence in my behalf when called upon : and I hope it will one day be in my power to reward your kindness : in that case I will own you as my foster-mother, and you shall always be treated as such. Margery wept.—The Lord grant it ! said she, and I pray him to have you in his holy keeping. Farewell, my dear child !—Oswald desired them to separate for fear of intrusion ; and they returned to the castle. Margery stood at the door of her cottage, looking every way to see if the coast was clear.

Now, sir, said Oswald, I congratulate you as the son of Lord and Lady Lovel; the proofs are strong and indisputable.—To us they are so, said Edmund; but how shall we make them so to others? and what are we to think of the funeral of Lady Lovel?—As a fiction, said Oswald; the work of the present lord, to secure his title and fortune.—And what means can we use to dispossess him? said Edmund: he is not a man for a poor youth like me to contend with.—Doubt not, said Oswald, but Heaven, who has evidently conducted you by the hand thus far, will complete its own work: for my part I can only wonder and adore!—Give me your advice then, said Edmund; for Heaven assists us by natural means.

It seems to me, said Oswald, that your first step must be to make a friend of some great man, of consequence enough to espouse your cause, and to get this affair examined into by authority. Edmund started and crossed himself; he suddenly exclaimed—A friend; yes; I have a friend! a powerful one too, one sent by Heaven to be my protector, but whom I have too long neglected.—Who can that be? said Oswald.—Who should it be, said Edmund, but that good Sir Philip Harclay, the chosen friend of him, whom I shall henceforward call my father?—'Tis true, indeed, said Oswald; and this is a fresh proof of what I have before observed, that Heaven assists you and will complete its own work.—I think so myself, said Edmund, and rely upon its direction. I have already determined on my future conduct, which I will communicate to you. My first step shall be to leave the castle. My lord has this day given me a horse, upon which I propose to set out this very night, without the knowledge of any of the family. I will go to Sir Philip Harclay; I will throw myself at his feet, relate my strange story, and implore his protection: with him I will consult on the most proper way of bringing this murderer to public justice; and I will be guided by his advice and direction in every thing.—Nothing can be better, said Oswald, than what you propose: but give me leave to offer an addition to your scheme. You shall set off in the dead of the night, as you intend; Joseph and I will favour your departure in such a manner as to throw a mystery over the circumstances of it: your disappearing at such a time from the haunted apartment will terrify and confound all the family; they will puzzle themselves in vain to account for it, and they will be afraid to pry into the secrets of that place.

You say well, and I approve your addition, replied Edmund. Suppose, likewise, there was a letter written in a mysterious manner, and dropt in my lord's way, or sent to him afterwards; it would forward our design, and frighten them away from that apartment.—That shall be my care, said Oswald; and I will warrant you that they will not find themselves disposed to inhabit it presently.—But how shall I leave my dear friend Mr. William, without a word of notice of this separation?—I have thought of that too, said Oswald; and I will so manage as to acquaint him with it, in such a manner as he shall think out of the common course of things, and which shall make him wonder and be silent.—How will you do that? said Edmund.—I will tell you hereafter, said Oswald; for here comes old Joseph to meet us.

He came, indeed, as fast as his age would permit him. As soon as he was within hearing, he asked them what news? They related all that had passed at Twyford's cottage; he heard them with the greatest eagerness of attention, and as soon as they came to the great event—I knew it! I knew it! exclaimed Joseph, I was sure it would prove so! Thank God for it! But I will be the first to acknowledge my young lord, and I will live and die his faithful servant! Here Joseph attempted to kneel to him, but Edmund prevented him with a warm embrace:—My friend! my dear friend! said he, I cannot suffer a man of your age, to kneel to me! are you not one of my best and truest friends? I will ever remember your disinterested affection for me; and if Heaven restores me to my rights, it shall be one of my first cares to render your old age easy and happy. Joseph wept over him, and it was some time before he could utter a word.

Oswald gave them both time to recover their emotion, by acquainting Joseph with Edmund's scheme for his departure. Joseph wiped his eyes and spoke—I have thought, said he, of something that will be both agreeable and useful to my dear master. John Wyatt, Sir Philip Harclay's servant, is now upon a visit at his father's; I have heard that he goes home soon: now he would be both a guide and companion on the way.—That is, indeed, a happy circumstance, said Edmund; but how shall we know certainly the time of his departure?—Why, Sir, I will go to him, and inquire: and bring you word directly.—Do so, said Edmund, and you will oblige me greatly.—But, Sir, said Oswald, I think it will be best not to let John Wyatt know who is to be his companion; only let Joseph tell him, that a gentleman is going to visit his master: and, if possible, prevail upon him to set out this night.—Do so, my good friend, said Edmund, and tell him, further, that this person has business of great consequence to communicate to his master, and cannot delay his journey on any account.—I will do this, you may depend, said Joseph, and acquaint you with my success as soon as possible; but, Sir, you must not go without a guide, at any rate:—I trust I shall not, said Edmund, though I go alone; he that has received such a call as I have, can want no other, nor fear any danger.

They conversed on these points till they drew near the castle, when Joseph left them to go on his errand, and Edmund attended his lord at dinner. The baron observed that he was silent and reserved; the conversation languished on both sides. As soon as dinner was ended, Edmund asked permission to go up into his own apartment; where he packed up some necessaries, and made a hasty preparation for his departure.

Afterwards he walked into the garden, revolving in his mind the peculiarity of his situation, and the uncertainty of his future prospects; lost in thought, he walked to and fro in a covered walk, with his arms crossed and his eyes cast down, without perceiving that he was observed by two females, who stood at a distance watching his motions: it was the Lady Emma, and her attendant, who were thus engaged. At length he lifted up his eyes and saw them; he stood still, and was irresolute whether to advance or retire: they approached him, and as they drew near, fair Emma spoke.—

You have been so rapt in meditation, Edmund, that I am apprehensive of some new vexation that I am yet a stranger to: would it were in my power to lessen those you have already! but tell me if I guess truly? He stood still, irresolute, he answered with hesitation.—Oh, lady—I am—I am grieved, I am concerned, to be the cause of so much confusion in this noble family, to which I am so much indebted: I see no way to lessen these evils but to remove the cause of them.—Meaning yourself? said she.—Certainly, madam; and I was meditating on my departure.—But, said she, by your departure you will not remove the cause.—How so, madam?—Because you are not the cause, but those you will leave behind you.—Lady Emma!—How can you affect this ignorance, Edmund? You know well enough it is that odious Wenlock, your enemy, and my aversion, that has caused all this mischief among us, and will much more, if he is not removed.—This, madam, is a subject that it becomes me to be silent upon: Mr. Wenlock is your kinsman; he is not my friend; and for that reason I ought not to speak against him, nor you to hear it from me: if he has used me ill, I am recompensed by the generous treatment of my lord, your father, who is all that is great and good: he has allowed me to justify myself to him, and he has restored me to his good opinion, which I prize among the best gifts of Heaven: your amiable brother William thinks well of me, and his esteem is infinitely dear to me; and you, excellent lady, permit me to hope, that you honour me with your good opinion: are not these ample amends for the ill-will Mr. Wenlock bears me?—My opinion of you, Edmund, said she, is fixed and settled: it is not founded upon events of yesterday, but upon long knowledge and experience; upon your whole conduct and character.—You honour me, lady! Continue to think well of me, it will excite me to deserve it. When I am far distant from this place, the remembrance of your goodness will be a cordial to my heart.—But why will you leave us, Edmund? Stay and defeat the designs of your enemy; you shall have my wishes and assistance.—Pardon me, madam, that is among the things I cannot do, even if it were in my power, which it is not. Mr. Wenlock loves you, lady, and if he is so unhappy as to be your aversion, that is a punishment severe enough. For the rest, I may be unfortunate by the wickedness of others, but if I am unworthy, it must be my own fault.—So then you think it is an unworthy action to oppose Mr. Wenlock? Very well, sir: then I suppose you wish him success; you wish that I may be married to him?—I, madam? said Edmund, confused; what am I, that I should give my opinion on an affair of so much consequence? You distress me by the question. May you be happy; may you enjoy your own wishes! He sighed, he turned away. She called him back: he trembled, and kept silence.

She seemed to enjoy his confusion; she was cruel enough to repeat the question.—Tell me, Edmund, and truly, do you wish to see me give my hand to Wenlock? I insist upon your answer. All on a sudden he recovered both his voice and courage; he stepped forward, his person erect, his countenance assured, his voice resolute and intrepid.—Since Lady Emma insists upon my answer, since she avows a dislike to Wenlock, since she con-

descends to ask my opinion, I will tell her my thoughts, my wishes. The fair Emma now trembled in her turn; she blushed, looked down, and was ashamed, to have spoken so freely. Edmund went on—My most ardent wishes are, that the fair Emma may reserve her heart and hand till a certain person, a friend of mine, is at liberty to solicit them; whose utmost ambition is, first to deserve, and then obtain them.—Your friend, sir! said Lady Emma; her brow clouded, her eye disdainful. Edmund proceeded:—My friend is so particularly circumstanced, that he cannot, at present, with propriety, ask for Lady Emma's favour; but as soon as he has gained a cause that is yet in suspense, he will openly declare his pretensions, and if he is unsuccessful, he will then condemn himself to eternal silence. Lady Emma knew not what to think of this declaration; she hoped, she feared, she meditated: but her attention was too strongly excited to be satisfied without some gratification: after a pause, she pursued the subject.—And this friend of yours, sir, of what degree and fortune is he? Edmund smiled; but, commanding his emotion, he replied, His birth is noble, his degree and fortune uncertain. Her countenance fell, she sighed; he proceeded.—It is utterly impossible, said he, for any man of inferior degree, to aspire to Lady Emma's favour; her noble birth, the dignity of her beauty and virtues, must awe and keep at their proper distance all men of inferior degree and merit; they may admire, they may revere; but they must not presume to approach too near, lest their presumption should meet with its punishment.—Well, sir, said she, suddenly; and so this friend of yours has commissioned you to speak in his behalf?—He has, madam.—Then I must tell you, that I think his assurance is very great, and yours not much less.—I am sorry for that, madam.—Tell him, that I shall reserve my heart and hand for the man to whom my father shall bid me give them.—Very well, lady; I am certain my lord loves you too well to dispose of them against your inclination.—How do you know that, sir? But tell him, that the man that hopes for my favour, must apply to my lord for his.—That is my friend's intention, his resolution, I should say, as soon as he can do it with propriety; and I accept your permission for him to do so.—My permission, did you say? I am astonished at your assurance! Tell me no more of your friend: but, perhaps, you are pleading for Wenlock, all this time: it is all one to me; only say no more.—Are you offended with me, Madam?—No matter, sir.—Yes, it is.—I am surprised at you, Edmund.—I am surprised at my own temerity; but forgive me.—It does not signify; good bye t'ye, Sir.—Don't leave me in anger. Madam; I cannot bear that; perhaps I may not see you again for a long time. He looked afflicted; she turned back—I do forgive you, Edmund: I was concerned for you; but, it seems, you are more concerned for every body than yourself. She sighed: Farewell, said she. Edmund gazed on her with tenderness; he approached her, he just touched her hand; his heart was rising to his lips, but he recollected his situation; he checked himself immediately; he retired back, he sighed deeply, bowed low, and hastily quitted her.

The lady turning into another walk, he reached the house first, and went up again to his chamber; he threw himself upon his knees; prayed for a

thousand blessings upon every one of the family of his benefactor, and involuntarily wept at mentioning the name of the charming Emma, whom he was about to leave abruptly, and perhaps for ever. He then endeavoured to compose himself, and once more attended the baron; wished him a good night; and withdrew to his chamber, till he was called upon to go again to the haunted apartment.

He came down, equipped for his journey, and went hastily, for fear of observation; he paid his customary devotions, and soon after Oswald tapped at the door. They conferred together upon the interesting subject that engrossed their attention, until Joseph came to them; who brought the rest of Edmund's baggage, and some refreshment for him before he set out. Edmund promised to give them the earliest information of his situation and success. At the hour of twelve they heard the same groans as the night before, in the lower apartment; but being somewhat familiarized to it, they were not so strongly affected: Oswald crossed himself, and prayed for the departed soul; he also prayed for Edmund, and recommended him to the Divine protection: he then arose, and embraced that young man, who also took a tender leave of his friend Joseph. They then went, with silence and caution, through a long gallery; they descended the stairs in the same manner; they crossed the hall in profound silence, and hardly dared to breathe lest they should be overheard: they found some difficulty in opening one of the folding doors, which at last they accomplished; they were again in jeopardy at the outward gate; at length they conveyed him safely into the stables: there they again embraced him, and prayed for his prosperity.

He then mounted his horse, and set forward to Wyatt's cottage; he hallooed at the door, and was answered from within: in a few minutes John came out to him.—What, is it you, master Edmund?—Hush! said he; not a word of whom I am: I go upon private business, and would not wish to be known.—If you will go forward, Sir, I will soon overtake you. He did so, and they pursued their journey to the north. In the mean time Oswald and Joseph returned in silence into the house; they retired to their respective apartments without hearing or being heard by any one.

About the dawn of day Oswald intended to lay his packets in the way of those to whom they were addressed: after much contrivance he determined to take a bold step, and, if he were discovered, to frame some excuse. Encouraged by his late success, he went on tip-toe into Master William's chamber, placed a letter upon his pillow, and withdrew unheard. Exulting in his heart, he attempted the baron's apartment, but found it fastened within; finding this scheme frustrated, he waited till the hour the baron was expected down to breakfast, and laid the letter and the key of the haunted apartment upon the table. Soon after, he saw the baron enter the breakfast-room; he got out of sight, but staid within call, preparing himself for a summons. The baron sat down to breakfast; he saw a letter directed to himself; he opened it, and, to his great surprise, read as follows:

“The guardian of the haunted apartment to Baron Fitz-Owen, To thee

I remit the key of my charge, until the right owner shall come, who will both discover and avenge my wrongs; then, woe be to the guilty! But let the innocent rest in peace. In the mean time, let none presume to explore the secrets of my apartment, lest they suffer for their temerity."

The baron was struck with amazement at the letter: he took up the key, examined it, then laid it down, and took up the letter; he was in such confusion of thought, he knew not what to do or say for several minutes: at length he called his servants about him. The first question he asked was,—Where is Edmund?—They could not tell.—Has he been called?—Yes, my lord; but nobody answered, and the key was not in the door.—Where is Joseph?—Gone into the stables.—Where is father Oswald?—In his study.—Seek him, and desire him to come hither. By the time the baron had read the letter over again he came.

He had been framing a steady countenance to answer to all interrogatories. As he came in, he attentively observed the baron, whose features were in strong agitation. As soon as he saw Oswald, he spoke as one out of breath,—Take that key, and read this letter! He did so, shrugged up his shoulders, and remained silent.—Father, said my lord, what think you of this letter?—It is a very surprising one.—The contents are alarming! where is Edmund?—I do not know.—Has nobody seen him?—Not that I know of.—Call my sons, my kinsmen, my servants. The servants came in.—Have any of you seen or heard of Edmund?—No, was the answer. Father, step up stairs to my sons and kinsmen, and desire them to come down immediately,

Oswald withdrew, and went first to master William's chamber.—My dear Sir, you must come to my lord now directly: he has something extraordinary to communicate to you.—And so have I, father; see what I have found upon my pillow!—Pray, sir, read it to me before you shew it to any body; my lord is alarmed too much already, and wants nothing to increase his consternation. William read this letter, while Oswald looked as if he was an utter stranger to the contents, which were these:

"Whatever may be heard or seen, let the seal of friendship be upon thy lips. The peasant Edmund is no more: but there still lives a man who hopes to acknowledge, and repay, the Lord Fitz-Owen's generous care and protection; to return his beloved William's vowed affection, and to claim his friendship on terms of equality."

What, said William, can this mean?—It is not easy to say, replies Oswald,—Can you tell what is the cause of this alarm?—I can tell you nothing, but that my lord desires to see you directly; pray make haste down; I must go up to your brothers and kinsmen: Nobody knows what to think or believe.

Master William went down stairs, and father Oswald went to the malcontent: as soon as he entered the outward door of their apartments, Mr; Wenlock called out—Here comes the friend; now for some new proposal!—Gentlemen, said Oswald, my lord desires your company immediately in the breakfast-parlour!—What! to meet your favourite Edmund, I suppose? said Mr. Wenlock,—No, Sir,—What then is the matter? said Sir Robert,—

Something very extraordinary has happened, gentlemen: Edmund is not to be found: he disappeared from the haunted apartment, the key of which was conveyed to my lord in a strange manner, with a letter from an unknown hand: my lord is both surprised and concerned, and wishes to have your opinion and advice on the occasion.—Tell him, said Sir Robert, we will wait upon him immediately.

As Oswald went away, he heard Wenlock say,—So Edmund is gone, it is no matter how, or whither.—Another said, I hope the ghost has taken him out of the way. The rest laughed at the conceit, as they followed Oswald down stairs. They found the baron and his son William commenting upon the key and the letter. My lord gave them to Sir Robert, who looked on them with marks of surprise and confusion. The baron addressed him:—Is not this a very strange affair? Son Robert, lay aside your ill humours, and behave to your father with the respect and affection his tenderness deserves from you, and give me your advice and opinion of this alarming subject.—My lord, said Sir Robert, I am as much confounded as yourself: I can give no advice: let my cousins see the letter: let us have their opinion. They read it in turn; they were equally surprised: but when it came into Wenlock's hand, he paused and meditated some minutes; at length—I am indeed surprised, and still more concerned, to see my lord and uncle the dupe of an artful contrivance: and, if he will permit me, I shall endeavour to unriddle it, to the confusion of all that are concerned in it.—Do so, Dick, said my lord, and you shall have my thanks for it.—This letter, said he, I imagine to be the contrivance of Edmund, or some ingenious friend of his, to conceal some designs they have against the peace of this family, which has been too often disturbed upon that rascal's account.—But what end could be proposed by it? said the baron.—Why, one part of the scheme is to cover Edmund's departure, that is clear enough: for the rest we can only guess at it: perhaps he may be concealed somewhere in that apartment, from whence he may rush out in the night, and either rob or murder us; or, at least, alarm and terrify the family. The baron smiled! —You shoot beyond the mark, Sir, and overshoot yourself, as you have done before now! You shew only your inveteracy against that poor lad, whom you cannot mention with temper: to what purpose should he shut himself up there to be starved?—Starved? no! no! he has friends in this house (looking at Oswald) who will not suffer him to want any thing: those who have always magnified his virtues, and extenuated his faults, will lend a hand to help him in time of need; and perhaps to assist his ingenious contrivances. Oswald shrugged up his shoulders, and remained silent.—This is a strange fancy of yours, Dick, said my lord: but I am willing to pursue it; first, to discover what you drive at; and, secondly, to satisfy all that are here present of the truth or falsehood of it, that they may know what value to set upon your sagacity hereafter. Let us all go over that apartment together; and let Joseph be called to attend us thither. Oswald offered to call him, but Wenlock stopped him.—No, father, said he, you must stay with us; we want your ghostly counsel and advice:

Joseph shall have no private conference with you.—What mean you, said Oswald, to insinuate to my lord against me, or Joseph? But your ill-will spares nobody. It will one day be known who is the disturber of the peace of this family; I wait for that time, and am silent.

Joseph came; when he was told whither they were going, he looked hard at Oswald. Wenlock observed them:—Lead the way, father, said he; and Joseph shall follow us. Oswald smiled:—We will go where Heaven permits us, said he; alas! the wisdom of man can neither hasten, nor retard its decrees.

They followed the father up stairs, and went directly to the haunted apartment. The baron unlocked the door; he bid Joseph open the shutters, and admit the day-light, which had been excluded for many years. They went over the rooms above stairs, and then descended the staircase, and through the lower rooms in the same manner. However, they overlooked the closet in which the fatal secret was concealed; the door was covered with tapestry, the same as the room, and united so well, that it seemed but one piece. Wenlock tauntingly desired father Oswald to introduce them to the ghost. The father, in reply, asked them where they should find Edmund?—Do you think, said he, that he lies hid in my pocket, or in Joseph's?—'Tis no matter, answered he; thoughts are free.—My opinion of you, Sir, said Oswald is not founded upon thoughts; I judge of men by their actions; a rule, I believe, it will not suit you to be tried by.—None of your insolent admonitions, father! returned Wenlock: this is neither the time nor the place for them.—That is truer than you are aware of, Sir; I mean not to enter into the subject just now.—Be silent, said my lord. I shall enter into this subject with you hereafter; then look you be prepared for it! In the mean time, do you, Dick Wenlock, answer to my questions. Do you think Edmund is concealed in this apartment?—No, Sir.—Do you think there is any mystery in it?—No, my lord.—Is it haunted, think you?—No, I think not.—Should you be afraid to try?—In what manner, my lord?—Why, you have shewn your wit upon the subject, and I mean to shew your courage; you, and Jack Markham, your confidant, shall sleep here three nights, as Edmund has done before.—Sir, said Sir Robert, for what purpose? I should be glad to understand why.—I have my reasons, Sir, as well as your kinamen there. No, reply, Sirs! I insist upon being obeyed in this point. Joseph, let the beds be well aired, and every thing made agreeable to the gentlemen: if there is any contrivance to impose upon me, they, I am sure, will have pleasure in detecting it; and, if not, I shall obtain my end, in making these rooms habitable. Oswald, come with me; and the rest may go where they list till dinner-time.

The baron went with Oswald into the parlour. Now tell me, father, said he, do you disapprove what I have done?—Quite the contrary, my lord, said he; I entirely approve it.—But you do not know all my reasons for it. Yesterday Edmund's behaviour was different from what I have ever seen it; he is naturally frank and open in all his ways; but he was then silent, thoughtful, absent; he sighed deeply, and once I saw tears stand in

his eyes: now, I do suspect there is something uncommon in that apartment; that Edmund has discovered the secret: and, fearing to disclose it, he is fled away from the house. As to this letter, perhaps he may have written it to hint that there is more than he dares reveal; I tremble at the hints contained in it, though I shall appear to make light of it: but I and mine are innocent; and if Heaven discloses the guilt of others, I ought to adore and submit to its decrees.—That is prudently and piously resolved, my lord; let us do our duty, and leave the events to Heaven.—But father, I have a further view in obliging my kinsmen to sleep there: if any thing should appear to them, it is better that it should only be known to my own family; if there is nothing in it, I shall put to the proof the courage and veracity of my two kinsmen, of whom I think very indifferently. I mean shortly to inquire into many things I have heard lately to their disadvantage; and, if I find them guilty, they shall not escape with impunity.—My lord, said Oswald, you judge like yourself; I wish you to make inquiry concerning them, and believe the result will be to their confusion, and your lordship will be enabled to re-establish the peace of your family.

During this conversation, Oswald was upon his guard, lest any thing should escape that might create suspicion. He withdrew as soon as he could with decency, and left the baron meditating what all these things should mean: he feared there was some misfortune impending over his house, though he knew not from what cause.

He dined with his children and kinsmen, and strove to appear cheerful; but a gloom was perceivable through his deportment. Sir Robert was reserved and respectful; Mr. William was silent and attentive; the rest of the family dutifully assiduous to my lord: only Wenlock and Markham were sullen and chagrined. The baron detained the young men the whole afternoon; he strove to amuse and to be amused; he shewed the greatest affection and parental regard to his children, and endeavoured to conciliate their affections, and engage their gratitude by kindness. Wenlock and Markham felt their courage abate as the night approached: at the hour of nine, old Joseph came to conduct them to the haunted apartment; they took leave of their kinsmen, and went up stairs with heavy hearts.

They found the chamber set in order for them, and a table spread with provision and good liquor, to keep up their spirits.—It seems, said Wenlock, that your friend Edmund was obliged to you for his accommodations here.—Sir, said Joseph, his accommodations were bad enough the first night; but, afterwards, they were bettered by my lord's orders.—Owing to your officious cares, said Wenlock.—I own it, said Joseph, and I am not ashamed of it.—Are you not anxious to know what is become of him? said Markham.—Not at all, Sir; I trust he is in the best protection; so good a young man as he is, is safe every where.—You see, cousin Jack, said Wenlock, how this villain has stole the hearts of my uncle's servants: I suppose this canting old fellow knows where he is if the truth were known.—Have you any further commands for me, gentlemen? said the old man.—No, not we.—

Then I am ordered to attend my lord, when you have done with me.—Go, then, about your business. Joseph went away glad to be dismissed.

What shall we do, cousin Jack, said Wenlock, to pass away the time? it is plaguy dull sitting here.—Dull enough, said Markham; I think the best thing we can do, is to go to bed and sleep it away.—Faith, says Wenlock, I am in no disposition to sleep! Who would have thought the old man would have obliged us to spend the night here?—Don't say *us*, I beg of you; it was all your own doing, replied Markham.—I did not intend he should have taken me at my word.—Then you should have spoken more cautiously. I have always been governed by you, like a fool as I am; you play the braggart, and I suffer for it: but they begin to see through your fine-spun arts and contrivances, and I believe you will meet with your deserts one day or other.—What now, do you mean to affront me, Jack? Know, that some are born to plan, others to execute; I am one of the former, thou of the latter: Know your friend, or——Or what? replied Markham; do you mean to threaten me? If you do?—What then? said Wenlock.—Why, then I will try which of us two is the best man, Sir! Upon this, Markham arose, and put himself into a posture of defence. Wenlock perceiving he was serious in his anger, began to sooth him; he persuaded, he flattered, he promised great things, if he would be composed. Markham was sullen, uneasy, resentful; whenever he spoke, it was to upbraid Wenlock with his treachery and falsehood. Wenlock tried all his eloquence to get him into a good humour, but in vain; he threatened to acquaint his uncle with all that he knew, and to exculpate himself at the other's expense. Wenlock began to find his choler rise; they were both almost choked with rage; and, at length, they both rose with a resolution to fight.

As they stood with their fists clenched, on a sudden they were alarmed with a dismal groan from the room underneath. They stood like statues, petrified by fear; yet listening with trembling expectation: a second groan increased their consternation; and, soon after, a third completed it. They staggered to a seat, and sunk down upon it, ready to faint; presently all the doors flew open, a pale glimmering light appeared at the door, from the staircase, and a man in complete armour entered the room: he stood with one hand extended, pointing to the outward door; they took the hint, and crawled away as fast as fear would let them; they staggered along the gallery, and from thence to the baron's apartment, where Wenlock sunk down in a swoon, and Markham had just strength to knock at the door.

The servant who slept in the outer room alarmed his lord: Markham cried out—For Heaven's sake let us in! Upon hearing his voice, the door was opened, and Markham approached his uncle in such an attitude of fear, as excited a great degree of it in the baron. He pointed to Wenlock, who was with some difficulty recovered from the fit he was fallen into; the servant was terrified, he rung the alarm-bell; the servants came running from all parts to their lord's apartment. The young gentlemen came likewise, and presently all was confusion, and the terror was universal. Os-

wald, who guessed the business, was the only one that could question them. He asked several times,—What is the matter? Markham at last answered him:—We have seen the ghost!—All regard to secrecy was now at an end; the echo ran through the whole family:—They have seen the ghost!

The baron desired Oswald to talk to the young men, and endeavour to quiet the disturbance. He came forward; he comforted some, he rebuked others; he bade the servants retire into the outward room: the baron, with his sons and kinsmen, remained in the bed-chamber.—It is very unfortunate, said Oswald, that this affair should be made so public; surely these young men might have related what they had seen, without alarming the whole family; I am very much concerned upon my lord's account.—I thank you, father, said the baron, but prudence was quite overthrown here: Wenlock was half dead, and Markham half distracted; the family were alarmed without my being able to prevent it: but let us hear what these poor terrified creatures say. Oswald demanded,—What have you seen, gentlemen?—The ghost! said Markham.—In what form did it appear?—A man in armour.—Did it speak to you?—No.—What did it do to terrify you so much?—It stood at the furthest door, and pointed to the outward door, as if to have us leave the room; we did not wait for a second notice, but came away as fast as we could.—Did it follow you?—No.—Then you need not have raised such a disturbance. Wenlock lifted up his head, and spoke.—I believe, father, if you had been with us, you would not have stood upon ceremonies any more than we did. I wish my lord would send you to parley with the ghost; for, without doubt, you are better qualified than we.—My lord, said Oswald, I will go thither, with your permission; I will see that every thing is safe, and bring the key back to you: perhaps this may help to dispel the fears that have been raised; at least, I will try to do it.—I thank you, father, for your good offices; do as you please.

Oswald went into the outward room. I am going, said he, to shut up the apartment: the young gentlemen have been more frightened than they had occasion for; I will try to account for it. Which of you will go with me? They all drew back, except Joseph, who offered to bear him company. They went into the bed-room in the haunted apartment, and found every thing quiet there. They put out the fire, extinguished the lights, locked the door, and brought away the key. As they returned,—I thought how it would be, said Joseph.—Hush! not a word, said Oswald; you find we are suspected of something, though they know not what. Wait till you are called upon, and then we will both speak to purpose. They carried the key to the baron.

All is quiet in the apartment, said Oswald, as we can testify.—Did you ask Joseph to go with you, said the baron, or did he offer himself?—My lord, I asked if any body would go with me, and they all declined it but he; I thought proper to have a witness beside myself, for whatever might be seen or heard.—Joseph, you were servant to the late Lord Lovel; what kind of man was he?—A very comely man, please your lordship.—Should you know him if you were to see him?—I cannot say, my lord.—Would

you have any objection to sleep a night in that apartment?—I beg,—I hope,—I beseech your lordship not to command me to do it!—You are then afraid; why did you offer yourself to go thither?—Because I was not so much frightened as the rest.—I wish you would lie a night there; but I do not insist upon it.—My lord, I am a poor ignorant old man, not fit for such an undertaking: beside, if I should see the ghost, and if it should be the person of my master, and if it should tell me any thing, and bid me keep it secret, I should not dare to disclose it; and then what service should I do your lordship?—That is true, indeed, said the baron.

This speech, said Sir Robert, is both a simple and an artful one: you see, however, that Joseph is not a man for us to depend upon: he regards the Lord Lovel, though dead, more than Lord Fitz-Owen, living; he calls him his master, and promises to keep his secrets. What say you, father? Is the ghost your master, or your friend? are you under any obligation to keep his secrets?—Sir, said Oswald, I answer as Joseph does; I would sooner die than discover a secret revealed in that manner.—I thought as much, said Sir Robert; there is a mystery in father Oswald's behaviour, which I cannot comprehend.—Do not reflect upon the father, said the baron, I have no cause to complain of him; perhaps the mystery may be too soon explained; but let us not anticipate evils. Oswald and Joseph have spoken like good men; I am satisfied with their answers; let us, who are innocent, rest in peace; and let us endeavour to restore peace in the family; and do you, father, assist us.—With my best services, said Oswald. He called the servants in: Let nothing be mentioned out of doors, said he, of what has lately passed within, especially in the east apartment; the young gentlemen had not so much reason to be frightened as they apprehended; a piece of furniture fell down in the rooms underneath, which made the noise that alarmed them so much; but I can certify that all things in the rooms are in quiet, and there is nothing to fear. All of you attend me in the chapel in an hour; do your duties, put your trust in God, and obey your lord, and you will find every thing go right as it used to do.

They dispersed; the sun rose, the day came on, and every thing went on in the usual course: but the servants were not so easily satisfied; they whispered that something was wrong, and expected the time that should set all right. The mind of the baron was employed in meditating upon these circumstances, that seemed to him the forerunners of some great events: he sometimes thought of Edmund; he sighed for his expulsion, and lamented the uncertainty of his fate; but to his family he appeared easy and satisfied.

From the time of Edmund's departure, the fair Emma had many uneasy hours; she wished to inquire after him, but feared to shew any solicitude concerning him: the next day, when her brother William came into her apartment, she took courage to ask a question.—Pray, brother, can you give any guess what is become of Edmund?—No, said he, with a sigh; why do you ask me?—Because, my dear William, I should think if any body knew, it must be you; and I thought he loved you too well to leave you in ignorance: but don't you think he left the castle in a very strange manner?—I

do, my dear; there is a mystery in every circumstance of his departure: nevertheless (I will trust you with a secret) he did not leave the castle without making a distinction in my favour.—I thought so, said she; but you might tell me what you know about him.—Alas! my dear Emma, I know nothing: when I saw him last, he seemed a good deal affected, as if he were taking leave of me; and I had a foreboding that we parted for a longer time than usual.—Ah! so had I, said she, when he parted from me in the garden.—What leave did he take of you, Emma?—She blushed, and hesitated to tell him all that passed between them; but he begged, persuaded, insisted; and at length, under the strongest injunctions of secrecy, she told him all.—He said, that Edmund's behaviour on that occasion was as mysterious as the rest of his conduct; but now you have revealed your secret, you have a right to know mine. He then gave her the letter he found upon his pillow; she read it with great emotion. Saint Winifred assist me! said she: what can I think? 'The peasant Edmund is no more, but there lives one,'—that is, to my thinking, Edmund lives, but is no peasant.—Go on, my dear, said William; I like your explanation.—Nay, brother, I only guess; but what think you?—I believe we think alike in more than one respect; that he meant to recommend no other person than himself to your favour; and, if he were indeed of noble birth, I would prefer him to a prince for a husband to my Emma.—Bless me, said she, do you think it possible that he should be of either birth or fortune?—It is hard to say what is possible: we have proof that the east apartment is haunted: it was there that Edmund was made acquainted with many secrets, I doubt not; and, perhaps, his own fate may be involved in that of others. I am confident that what he saw and heard there was the cause of his departure. We must wait with patience the unravelling this intricate affair: I believe I need not enjoin your secrecy as to what I have said; your heart will be my security.—What mean you, brother?—Don't affect ignorance, my dear; you love Edmund, so do I: it is nothing to be ashamed of: it would have been strange, if a girl of your good sense had not distinguished a swan among a flock of geese.—Dear William, don't let a word of this escape you; but you have taken a weight off my heart. You may depend that I will not dispose of my hand or heart till I know the end of this affair. William smiled: Keep them for Edmund's friend: I shall rejoice to see him in a situation to ask them.—Hush! my brother; not a word more; I hear foot-steps. They were her eldest brother's, who came to ask Mr. William to ride out with him, which finished the conference.

The fair Emma from this time assumed an air of satisfaction; and William frequently stole away from his companions to talk with his sister upon their favourite subject.

While these things passed at the castle of Lovel, Edmund and his companion John Wyatt proceeded on their journey to Sir Philip Harclay's seat; they conversed together on the way, and Edmund found him a man of understanding, though not improved by education; he also discovered that John loved his master, and respected him even to veneration; from him he

learned many particulars concerning that worthy knight, Wyatt told him, that Sir Philip maintained twelve old soldiers, who had been maimed and disabled in the wars, and had no provision made for them; also six old officers, who had been unfortunate, and were grown grey without preferment; he likewise mentioned the Greek gentleman, his master's captive and friend, as a man eminent for valour and piety; but, beside these, said Wyatt, there are many others who eat of my master's bread and drink of his cup, and who join in blessings and prayers to Heaven for their noble benefactor; his ears are ever open to distress, his hand to relieve it, and he shares in every good man's joys and blessings.—Oh, what a glorious character! said Edmund; how my heart throbs with wishes to imitate such a man! Oh, that I might resemble him, though at ever so great a distance! Edmund was never weary of hearing the actions of this truly great man, nor Wyatt with relating them; and, during three days' journey, there were but few pauses in their conversation.

The fourth day, when they came within view of the house, Edmund's heart began to raise doubts of his reception. If, said he, Sir Philip should not receive me kindly, if he should resent my long neglect, and disown my acquaintance, it would be no more than justice,

He sent Wyatt before, to notify his arrival to Sir Philip, while he waited at the gate, full of doubt and anxieties concerning his reception. Wyatt was met and congratulated on his return by most of his fellow-servants; he asked,—Where is my master?—In the parlour.—Are any strangers with him?—No; only his own family.—Then I will shew myself to him. He presented himself before Sir Philip.—So, John; said he, you are welcome home! I hope you left your parents and relations well.—All well, thank God! and send their humble duty to your honour, and they pray for you every day of their lives; I hope your honour is in good health.—Very well.—Thank God for that! but, Sir, I have something further to tell you. I have had a companion all the way home, a person who comes to wait on your honour, on business of great consequence, as he says.—Who is that, John?—It is Master Edmund Twyford, from the castle of Lovel.—Young Edmund! says Sir Philip, surprised: where is he?—At the gate, Sir.—Why did you leave him there?—Because he bade me come before, and acquaint your honour that he waits your pleasure.—Bring him hither, said Sir Philip; tell him I shall be glad to see him.

John made haste to deliver his message, and Edmund followed in silence into Sir Philip's presence; he bowed low, and kept at a distance, Sir Philip held out his hand, and bade him approach. As he drew near he was seized with an universal trembling; he knelted down, took his hand, kissed it, and pressed it to his heart in silence,

You are welcome, young man! said Sir Philip! take courage and speak for yourself. Edmund sighed deeply: he at length broke silence with difficulty.—I am come thus far, noble sir, to throw myself at your feet, and implore your protection. You are, under God, my only reliance.—I receive you, said Sir Philip, with all my heart! Your person is greatly improved

since I saw you last, and I hope your mind is equally so ; I have heard a great character of you from some that knew you in France. I remember the promise I made you long ago, and am ready now to fulfil it, upon condition that you have done nothing to disgrace the good opinion I formerly entertained of you ; and am ready to serve you in any thing consistent with my own honour. Edmund kissed the hand that was extended to raise him.—I accept your favour, Sir, upon this condition only ; and if ever you find me to impose on your credulity, or encroach on your goodness, may you renounce me from that moment!—Enough, said Sir Philip ; rise, then, and let me embrace you : you are truly welcome!—Oh, noble Sir, said Edmund, I have a strange story to tell you : but it must be by ourselves, with only Heaven to bear witness to what passes between us.—Very well, said Sir Philip ; I am ready to hear you : but first go and get some refreshment after your journey, and then come to me again : John Wyatt will attend you.—I want no refreshment, said Edmund ; and I cannot eat or drink till I have told my business to your honour.—Well then, said Sir Philip, come along with me. He took the youth by the hand, and led him into another parlour, leaving his friends in great surprise, what this young man's errand could be : John Wyatt told them all that he knew relating to Edmund's birth, character, and situation.

When Sir Philip had seated his young friend, he listened in silence to the surprising tale he had to tell him. Edmund told him briefly the most remarkable circumstances of his life, from the time when he first saw and liked him, till his return from France ; but from that era, he related at large every thing that had happened, recounting every interesting particular, which was imprinted on his memory in strong and lasting characters. Sir Philip grew every moment more affected by the recital ; sometimes he clasped his hands together, he lifted them up to Heaven, he smote his breast, he sighed, he exclaimed aloud ; when Edmund related his dream, he breathed short, and seemed to devour him with attention ; when he described the fatal closet, he trembled, sighed, sobbed, and was almost suffocated with his agitations : but when he related all that had passed between his supposed mother and himself, and finally produced the jewels, the proofs of his birth, and the death of his unfortunate mother, he flew to him, he pressed him to his bosom, he strove to speak, but speech was for some minutes denied : he wept aloud ; and, at length, his words found their way in broken exclamations.—Son of my dearest friend ! dear and precious relic of a noble house ! child of Providence ! the beloved of Heaven ! welcome ! thrice welcome to my arms ! to my heart ! I will be thy parent from henceforward, and thou shalt be indeed my child, my heir ! my mind told me, from the first moment I beheld thee, that thou wert the image of my friend ! my heart then opened itself to receive thee, as his offspring. I had a strange foreboding that I was to be thy protector. I would then have made thee my own ; but Heaven orders things for the best ; it made thee the instrument of this discovery, and in its own time and manner conducted thee to my arms, Praise be to God for his wonderful doings towards the children of men !

every thing that has befallen thee is by his direction, and he will not leave his work unfinished; I trust that I shall be his instrument to do justice on the guilty, and to restore the orphan of my friend to his rights and title. I devote myself to this service, and will make it the business of my life to effect it.

Edmund gave vent to his emotions, in raptures of joy and gratitude. They spent several hours in this way without thinking of the time that passed; the one inquiring, the other explaining and repeating, every particular of the interesting story.

At length they were interrupted by the careful John Wyatt, who was anxious to know if any thing was likely to give trouble to his master. Sir, said John, it grows dark, do you want a light?—We want no light but what Heaven gives us, said Sir Philip; I knew not whether it was dark or light.—I hope, said John, nothing has happened: I hope your honour has heard no bad tidings; I—I—I hope no offence.—None at all, said the good knight; I am obliged to your solicitude for me; I have heard some things that grieve me, and others that give me great pleasure; but the sorrows are past, and the joys remain.—Thank God! said John; I was afraid something was the matter to give your honour trouble.—I thank you, my good servant. You see this young gentleman; I would have you, John, devote yourself to his service: I give you to him for an attendant on his person, and would have you shew your affection to me by your attachment to him.—Oh, Sir! said John, in a melancholy voice, what have I done to be turned out of your service?—No such matter, John, said Sir Philip; you will not leave my service.—Sir, said John, I would rather die than leave you.—And, my lad, I like you too well to part with you; but in serving my friend you will serve me: know that this young man is my son.—Your son, Sir! said John.—Not my natural son, but my relation; my son by adoption, my heir!—And will he live with you, Sir?—Yes, John; and I hope to die with him.—Oh, then, I will serve him with all my heart and soul: and I will do my best to please you both.—I thank you, John, and I will not forget your honest love and duty: I have so good an opinion of you, that I will tell you of some things concerning this gentleman that will entitle him to your respect.—'Tis enough for me, said John, to know that your honour respects him, to make me pay him as much duty as yourself.—But John, when you know him better, you will respect him still more; at present I shall only tell you what he is not, for you think him only the son of Andrew Twyford.—And is he not? said John.—No, but his wife nursed him, and he passed for her son.—And does old Twyford know it, Sir?—He does, and will bear witness to it: but he is the son of a near friend of mine, of quality superior to my own, and as such you must serve and respect him.—I shall, to be sure, Sir; but what name shall I call him?—You shall know that hereafter; in the mean time bring a light, and wait on us to the other parlour.

When John was withdrawn, Sir Philip said, That is a point to be considered and determined on immediately: it is proper that you should assume a name till you can take that of your father; for I choose you should drop

that of your foster-father; and I would have you be called by one that is respectable.—In that, and every other point, I will be wholly governed by you, Sir, said Edmund.—Well then, I will give you the name of Seagrave: I shall say that you are a relation of my own; and my mother was really of that family.

John soon returned, and attended them into the other parlour: Sir Philip entered with Edmund in his hand.—My friends, said he, this gentleman is Mr. Edmund Seagrave, the son of a dear friend and relation of mine: he was lost in his infancy, brought up by a good woman out of pure humanity, and is but lately restored to his own family. The circumstances shall be made known hereafter: in the mean time, I have taken him under my care and protection, and will use all my power and interest to see him restored to his fortune, which is enjoyed by the usurper who was the cause of his expulsion, and the death of his parents. Receive him as my relation and friend: Zadisky, do you embrace him first. Edmund, you and this gentleman must love each other for my sake; hereafter you will do it for your own. They all rose, each embraced and congratulated the young man. Zadisky said—Sir, whatever griefs and misfortunes you may have endured, you may reckon them at an end, from the hour you are beloved and protected by Sir Philip Harclay.—I firmly believe it, Sir, replied Edmund: and my heart enjoys already more happiness than I ever yet felt, and promises me all that I can wish in future: his friendship is the earnest Heaven gives me of its blessings hereafter.

They sat down to supper with mutual cheerfulness; and Edmund enjoyed the repast with more satisfaction than he had felt a long time. Sir Philip saw his countenance brighten up, and looked on him with heartfelt pleasure.—Every time I look on you, said he, reminds me of your father; you are the same person I loved twenty-three years ago: I rejoice to see you under my roof. Go to your repose early, and to-morrow we will consult further. Edmund withdrew, and enjoyed a night of sweet undisturbed repose.

The next morning Edmund arose in perfect health and spirits; he waited on his benefactor. They were soon after joined by Zadisky, who shewed great attention and respect to the youth, and offered him his best services without reserve. Edmund accepted them with equal respect and modesty; and, finding himself at ease, began to display his amiable qualities. They breakfasted together; afterwards Sir Philip desired Edmund to walk out with him.

As soon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip said.—I could not sleep last night for thinking of your affairs; I laid schemes for you and rejected them again. We must lay our plan before we begin to act. What shall be done with this treacherous kinsman! this inhuman monster! this assassin of his nearest relation? I will risk my life and fortune to bring him to justice. Shall I go to court, and demand justice of the king? or shall I accuse him of the murder, and make him stand a public trial? If I treat him as a baron of the realm, he must be tried by his peers; if as a commoner, he must be tried at the county assize: but we must shew reason why he

should be degraded from his title. Have you any thing to propose?—Nothing, Sir; I have only to wish that it might be as private as possible, for the sake of my noble benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, upon whom some part of the family disgrace would naturally fall; and that would be an ill return for all his kindness and generosity to me.—That is a generous and grateful consideration on your part; but you owe still more to the memory of your injured parents. However, there is yet another way that suits me better than any hitherto proposed: I will challenge the traitor to meet me in the field; and if he has spirit enough to answer my call, I will there bring him to justice; if not, I will bring him to a public trial.

No, Sir, said Edmund, that is my province. Should I stand by and see my noble, gallant friend, expose his life for me, I should be unworthy to bear the name of that friend whom you so much lament. It will become his son to vindicate his name, and revenge his death. I will be the challenger, and no other.—And do you think he will answer the challenge of an unknown youth, with nothing but his pretensions to his name and title? Certainly not. Leave this matter to me: I'll think of a way that will oblige him to meet me at the house of a third person, who is known to all the parties concerned, and where we will have authentic witnesses of all that passes between him and me. I will devise the time, place, and manner, and satisfy all your scruples. Edmund offered to reply; but Sir Philip bade him be silent, and let him proceed in his own way.

He then led him over his estate, and shewed him every thing deserving his notice: he told him all the particulars of his domestic economy; and they returned home in time to meet their friends at dinner.

They spent several days in consulting how to bring Sir Walter to account, and in improving their friendship and confidence in each other. Edmund endeared himself so much to his friend and patron, that he declared him his adopted son and heir before all his friends and servants, and ordered them to respect him as such. He every day improved their love and regard for him, and became the darling of the whole family.

After much consideration, Sir Philip fixed his resolutions, and began to execute his purposes. He set out for the seat of the Lord Clifford, attended by Edmund, M. Zadisky, and two servants. Lord Clifford received them with kindness and hospitality.

Sir Philip presented Edmund to Lord Clifford and his family, as his near relation and presumptive heir: they spent their evening in the pleasures of convivial mirth and hospitable entertainment. The next day Sir Philip began to open his mind to Lord Clifford, informing him that both his young friend and himself had received great injuries from the present Lord Lovel, for which they were resolved to call him to account; but that, for many reasons, they were desirous to have proper witnesses of all that should pass between them, begging the favour of his lordship to be the principal one. Lord Clifford acknowledged the confidence placed in him; and besought Sir Philip to let him be the arbitrator between them. Sir Philip assured him, that their wrongs would not admit of arbitration, as he should

hereafter judge; but that he was unwilling to explain them further till he knew certainly whether or not the Lord Lovel would meet him; for, if he refused, he must take another method with him.

Lord Clifford was desirous to know the grounds of the quarrel; but Sir Philip declined entering into particulars at present, assuring him of a full information hereafter. He then sent M. Zadisky, attended by John Wyatt, and a servant of Lord Clifford, with a letter to Lord Lovel: the contents were as follow:

“My Lord Lovel!

“Sir Philip Harclay earnestly desires to see you at the house of Lord Clifford, where he waits to call you to account for the injuries done by you to the late Arthur Lord Lovel, your kinsman: if you accept his demand, he will make the Lord Clifford a witness and a judge of the cause; if not, he will expose you publicly as a traitor and a coward. Please to answer this letter, and he will acquaint you with the time, place, and manner, of the meeting.

PHILIP HARCLAY.”

Zadisky presented the letter to Lord Lovel, informing him that he was the friend of Sir Philip Harclay. He seemed surprised and confounded at the contents, but, putting on a haughty air, I know nothing, said he, of the business this letter hints at: but wait a few hours, and I will give you an answer. He gave orders to treat Zadisky as a gentleman in every respect, except in avoiding his company; for the Greek had a shrewd and penetrating aspect, and he observed every turn of his countenance. The next day he came and apologised for his absence, and gave him the answer, sending his respects to the Lord Clifford. The messengers returned with all speed, and Sir Philip read the answer before all present.

“Lord Lovel knows not of any injuries done by him to the late Arthur Lord Lovel, whom he succeeded by just right of inheritance; nor of any right Sir Philip Harclay has to call to account a man to whom he is barely known, having seen him only once, many years ago, at the house of his uncle, the old Lord Lovel: nevertheless, Lord Lovel will not suffer any man to call his name and honour into question with impunity; for which reason he will meet Sir Philip Harclay at any time, place, and in what manner he shall appoint, bringing the same number of friends and dependents, that justice may be done to all parties.

LOVEL.”

“Tis well, said Sir Philip; I am glad to find he has the spirit to meet me, he is an enemy worthy of my sword. Lord Clifford then proposed, that all parties should pass the borders, and obtain leave of the warden of the Scottish marches to decide the quarrel in his jurisdiction, with a select number of friends on both sides. Sir Philip agreed to the proposal; and Lord Clifford wrote in his own name, to ask permission of the Lord Graham, that his friends might come there; and obtained it, on con-

dition that neither party should exceed a limited number of friends and followers.

Lord Clifford sent chosen messengers to Lord Lovel, acquainting him with the conditions, and appointing the time, place, and manner of their meeting, and that he had been desired to accept the office of judge of the field. Lord Lovel accepted the conditions, and promised to be there without fail. Lord Clifford notified the same to Lord Graham, warden of the marches, who caused a piece of ground to be enclosed for the lists, and made preparations against the day appointed.

In the interim, Sir Philip Harclay thought proper to settle his worldly affairs: he made Zadisky acquainted with every circumstance of Edmund's history, and the obligation that lay upon him to revenge the death of his friend, and see justice done to his heir. Zadisky entered in the cause with an ardour that bespoke the affection he bore to his friend.—Why, said he, would you not suffer me to engage this traitor? Your life is of too much consequence to be staked against his: but, though I trust that the justice of your cause must succeed, yet, if it should happen otherwise, I vow to revenge you; he shall never go back from us both: however, my hope and trust is, to see your arm the minister of justice. Sir Philip then sent for a lawyer, and made his will, by which he appointed Edmund his chief heir, by the name of Lovel, alias Seagrave, alias Twyford: he ordered that all his old friends, soldiers, and servants, should be maintained in the same manner during their lives: he left to Zadisky an annuity of an hundred a year, and a legacy of two hundred pounds; one hundred pounds to a certain monastery; the same sum to be distributed among disbanded soldiers, and the same to the poor and needy in his neighbourhood.

He appointed Lord Clifford joint executor with Edmund, and gave his will into that nobleman's care, recommending Edmund to his favour and protection. If I live, said he, I will make him appear to be worthy of it: if I die, he will want a friend. I am desirous your lordship, as a judge of the field, should be unprejudiced on either side, that you may judge impartially. If I die, Edmund's pretensions die with me; but my friend Zadisky will acquaint you with the foundation of them. I take these precautions, because I ought to be prepared for every thing; but my heart is warm with better hopes, and I trust I shall live to justify my own cause, as well as that of my friend, who is a person of more consequence than he appears to be. Lord Clifford accepted the trust, and expressed the greatest reliance upon Sir Philip's honour and veracity.

While these preparations were making for the great event that was to decide the pretensions of Edmund, his enemies at the castle of Lovel were brought to shame for their behaviour to him.

The disagreement between Wenlock and Markham had by degrees brought on an explanation of some parts of their conduct. Father Oswald had often hinted to the baron, Wenlock's envy of Edmund's superior qualities, and the artifices by which he had obtained such an influence with Sir Robert, as to make him take his part on all occasions. Oswald now took

advantage of the breach between these two incendiaries, to persuade Markham to justify himself at Wenlock's expense, and to tell all he knew of his wickedness; at length he promised to declare all he knew of Wenlock's conduct, as well in France as since their return, when he should be called upon; and, by him, Oswald was enabled to unravel the whole of his contrivances against the honour, interest, and even life of Edmund.

He prevailed on Hewson, and Kemp his associate, to add their testimony to the others. Hewson confessed that he was touched in his conscience, when he reflected on the cruelty and injustice of his behaviour to Edmund; whose behaviour towards him, after he had laid a snare for his life, was so noble and generous, that he was cut to the heart by it, and had suffered so much pain and remorse, that he longed for nothing so much as an opportunity to unburden his mind: but the dread of Mr. Wenlock's anger, and the effects of his resentment, had hitherto kept him silent, always hoping there would come a time, when he might have leave to declare the whole truth.

Oswald conveyed this information to the baron's ear, who waited for an opportunity to make the proper use of it. Not long after, the two principal incendiaries came to an open rupture, and Markham threatened Wenlock that he would shew his uncle what a serpent he had harboured in his bosom. The baron arrested his words, and insisted upon his telling all he knew: adding, If you speak the truth, I will support you; but if you prove false, I will punish you severely. As to Mr. Wenlock, he shall have a fair trial; and, if all the accusations I have heard are made good, it is high time that I should put him out of my family. The baron, with a stern aspect, bade them follow him into the great hall; and sent for all the rest of the family together.

He then, with great solemnity, told them he was ready to hear all sides of the question. He declared the whole substance of his informations, and called upon the accusers to support the charge. Hewson and Kemp gave the same account they had done to Oswald, offering to swear to the truth of their testimony; several of the other servants related such circumstances as had come to their knowledge. Markham then spoke of every thing, and gave a particular account of all that had passed on the night they spent in the east apartment; he accused himself of being privy to Wenlock's villany, called himself fool and blockhead, for being the instrument of his malignant disposition, and asked pardon of his uncle for concealing it so long.

The baron called upon Wenlock to reply to the charge; who, instead of answering, flew into a passion, raged, swore, threatened, and finally denied every thing. The witnesses persisted in their assertions. Markham desired leave to make known the reason why they were all afraid of him. He gives it out, said he, that he is to be my lord's son-in-law, and they, supposing him to stand first in his favour, are afraid of his displeasure,—I hope, said the baron, I shall not be at such a loss for a son-in-law, as to make choice of such a one as him; he never but once hinted at such a thing, and then

I gave him no encouragement. I have long seen there was something very wrong in him; but I did not believe he was of so wicked a disposition: it is no wonder that princes should be so frequently deceived, when I, a private man, could be so much imposed upon within the circle of my own family. What think you, son Robert?—I, Sir, have been much more imposed upon; and I take shame to myself on the occasion.—Enough, my son, said the baron; a generous confession is only a proof of growing wisdom. You are now sensible, that the best of us all are liable to imposition. The artifices of this unworthy kinsman have set us at variance with each other, and driven away an excellent youth from this house, to go I know not whither; but he shall no longer triumph in his wickedness; he shall feel what it is to be banished from the house of his protector. He shall set out for his mother's this very day; I will write to her in such a manner as shall inform her that he has offended me, without particularizing the nature of his faults: I will give him an opportunity of recovering his credit with his own family, and this shall be my security against his doing further mischief. May he repent, and be forgiven.

Markham deserves punishment, but not in the same degree.—I confess it, said he, and will submit to whatever your lordship shall enjoin.—You shall only be banished for a time, but he for ever. I will send you abroad, on a business that shall put you in a way to do credit to yourself, and service to me. Son Robert, have you any objection to my sentence?—My lord, said he, I have great reason to distrust myself; I am sensible of my own weakness, and your superior wisdom, as well as goodness; and I will henceforward submit to you in all things.

The baron ordered two of his servants to pack up Wenlock's clothes and necessaries, and to set out with him that very day; he bade some others keep an eye upon him lest he should escape. As soon as they were ready, my lord wished him a good journey, and gave him a letter for his mother. He departed without saying a word, in a sullen kind of resentment; but his countenance shewed the inward agitations of his mind.

As soon as he was gone, every mouth was opened against him; a thousand stories came out that they never heard before: the baron and his sons were astonished that he should go on so long without detection. My lord sighed deeply at the thoughts of Edmund's expulsion, and ardently wished to know what was become of him.

Sir Robert took the opportunity of coming to an explanation with his brother William; he took shame to himself for some part of his past behaviour. Mr. William owned his affection to Edmund, and justified it by his merit and attachment to him, which were such that he was certain no time or distance could alter them. He accepted his brother's acknowledgment, as a full amends for all that had passed, and begged that henceforward an entire love and confidence might ever subsist between them. These new regulations restored peace, confidence, and harmony, in the castle of Lovel.

At length the day arrived for the combatants to meet. The Lord

Graham, with twelve followers, gentlemen, and twelve servants, was ready at the dawn of day to receive them.

The first that entered the field was Sir Philip Harclay, knight, armed completely, excepting his head-piece; Hugh Rugby, his esquire, bearing his lance; John Barnard, his page, carrying his helmet and spurs; and two servants in his proper livery. The next came Edmund, the heir of Lovel, followed by his servant, John Wyatt; Zadiaky, followed by his servant.

At a short distance came the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field, with his esquire, two pages, and two livery servants; followed by his eldest son, his nephew, and a gentleman his friend, each attended by one servant: he also brought a surgeon of note to take care of the wounded.

The Lord Graham saluted them; and by his order they took their places without the lists, and the trumpet sounded for the challenger. It was answered by the defendant, who soon after appeared, attended by three gentlemen his friends, with each once servant, beside his own proper attendants.

A place was erected for the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field; he desired Lord Graham would share the office, who accepted it, on condition that the combatants should make no objection; and they agreed to it with the greatest courtesy and respect. They consulted together on many points of honour and ceremony between the two combatants.

They appointed a marshal of the field, and other inferior officers, usually employed on these occasions. The Lord Graham sent the marshal for the challenger, desiring him to declare the cause of his quarrel before his enemy. Sir Philip Harclay then advanced, and thus spoke:

"I, Philip Harclay, knight, challenge Walter, commonly called Lord Lovel, as a base, treacherous, and bloody man, who, by his wicked arts and devices, did kill, or cause to be killed, his kinsman, Arthur Lord Lovel, my dear and noble friend. I am called upon in an extraordinary manner, to revenge his death; and I will prove the truth of what I have affirmed at the peril of my life."

Lord Graham then bade the defendant answer to the charge. Lord Lovel stood forth before his followers, and thus replied:

"I, Walter, Baron of Lovel, do deny the charge against me, and affirm it to be a base, false, and malicious accusation of this Sir Philip Harclay, which I believe to be invented by himself, or else framed by some enemy, and told to him for wicked ends; but be that as it may, I will maintain my own honour, and prove him to be a false traitor at the hazard of my own life, and to the punishment of his presumption."

Then said the Lord Graham,—Will not this quarrel admit of arbitration?—No, replied Sir Philip; when I have justified this charge, I have more to bring against him. I trust in God and the justice of my cause, and defy that traitor to the death! Lord Clifford then spoke a few words to Lord Graham, who immediately called to the marshal, and bade him open the lists, and deliver their weapons to the combatants.

While the marshal was arranging the combatants and their followers,

Edmund approached his friend and patron; he put one knee to the ground, he embraced his knees with the strongest emotions of grief and anxiety. He was dressed in complete armour, with his vizor down; his device was a hawthorn, with a graft of the rose upon it, the motto—*This is not my true parent*; but Sir Philip bade him take these words—*E fructus arbor cognoscitur*.

Sir Philip embraced the youth with strong marks of affection: Be composed, my child! said he; I have neither guilt, fear, nor doubt in me; I am so certain of success, that I bid you be prepared for the consequence. Zadisky embraced his friend, he comforted Edmund, he suggested every thing that could confirm his hopes of success.

The marshal waited to deliver the spear to Sir Philip; he now presented it with the usual form.—Sir, receive your lance, and God defend the right! —Sir Philip answered, Amen! in a voice that was heard by all present.

He next presented his weapon to Lord Lovel, with the same sentence, who likewise answered, Amen! with a good courage. Immediately the lists were cleared, and the combatants began to fight.

They contended a long time with equal skill and courage; at length Sir Philip unhorsed his antagonist. The judges ordered, that either he should alight, or suffer his enemy to remount; he chose the former, and a short combat on foot ensued. The sweat ran off their bodies with the violence of the exercise. Sir Philip watched every motion of his enemy, and strove to weary him out, intending to wound, but not to kill him, unless obliged for his own safety.

He thrust his sword through his left arm, and demanded whether he would confess the fact? Lord Lovel enraged, answered, he would die sooner. Sir Philip then passed the sword through his body twice, and Lord Lovel fell, crying out that he was slain.

I hope not, said Sir Philip, for I have a great deal of business for you to do before you die: confess your sins, and endeavour to atone for them, as the only ground to hope for pardon. Lord Lovel replied,—You are the victor, use your good fortune generously!

Sir Philip took away his sword, and then waved it over his head, and beckoned for assistance. The judges sent to beg Sir Philip to spare the life of his enemy.—I will, said he, upon condition, that he will make an honest confession.

Lord Lovel desired a surgeon and a confessor.—You shall have both, said Sir Philip; but you must first answer me a question or two. Did you kill your kinsman or not?—It was not my hand that killed him, answered the wounded man.—It was done by your own order, however? You shall have no assistance till you answer this point.—It was, said he, and Heaven is just!—Bear witness, all present, said Sir Philip, he confesses the fact!

He then beckoned Edmund, who approached.—Take off your helmet, said he: look on that youth, he is the son of your injured kinsman.—It is himself, said the Lord Lovel, and fainted away.

Sir Philip then called for a surgeon and a priest, both of which Lord

Graham had provided; the former began to bind up his wounds, and his assistants poured a cordial into his mouth.—Preserve his life, if it be possible, said Sir Philip; for much depends upon it.

He then took Edmund by the hand, and presented him to all the company.—In this young man, said he, you see the true heir of the house of Lovel! Heaven has, in its own way, made him the instrument to discover the death of his parents. His father was assassinated by order of that wicked man, who now receives his punishment; his mother was, by his cruel treatment, compelled to leave her own house; she was delivered in the fields, and perished herself in seeking a shelter for her infant. I have sufficient proofs of every thing I say, which I am ready to communicate to every person who desires to know the particulars: Heaven, by my hand, has chastised him; he has confessed the fact I accused him of, and it remains that he make restitution of the fortune and honours he hath usurped so long.

Edmund kneeled, and with uplifted hands returned thanks to Heaven, that his noble friend and champion was crowned with victory! The lords and gentlemen gathered round them; they congratulated them both; while Lord Lovel's friends and followers were employed in taking care of him. Lord Clifford took Sir Philip's hand.—You have acted with so much honour and prudence, that it is presumptuous to offer you advice; but what mean you to do with the wounded man?—I have not determined, said he; I thank you for the hint, and beg your advice how to proceed.—Let us consult Lord Graham, replied he. Lord Graham insisted upon their going all to his castle; there, said he, you will have impartial witnesses of all that passes. Sir Philip was unwilling to give so much trouble. The Lord Graham protested he should be proud to do any service to so noble a gentleman. Lord Clifford enforced his request, saying, it was better upon all accounts to keep their prisoner on this side the borders, till they saw what turn his health would take, and to keep him safely, till he had settled his worldly affairs.

This resolution being taken, Lord Graham invited the wounded man and his friends to his castle, as being the nearest place where he could be lodged, and taken proper care of, it being dangerous to carry him further. They accepted the proposal with many acknowledgments; and, having made a kind of litter of boughs, they all proceeded to Lord Graham's castle, where they put Lord Lovel to bed, and the surgeon dressed his wounds, and desired he might be kept quiet, not knowing at present whether they were dangerous or not.

About an hour after, the wounded man complained of thirst; he asked for the surgeon, and inquired if his life was in danger? The surgeon answered him doubtfully. He asked,—Where is Sir Philip Harclay?—In the castle.—Where is that young man whom he calls the heir of Lovel?—He is here too,—Then I am surrounded with my enemies. I want to speak to one of my own servants, without witnesses; let one be sent to me.

The surgeon withdrew, and acquainted the gentlemen below.—He shall

not speak to any man, said Sir Philip; but in my presence. He went with him into the sick man's room. Upon the sight of Sir Philip, he seemed in great agitation.—Am I not allowed to speak with my own servant? said he.—Yes, sir, you may; but not without witnesses.—Then I am a prisoner, it seems?—No, not so, sir; but some caution is necessary at present: but compose yourself, I do not wish for your death.—Then why did you seek it? I never injured you.—Yea, you have, in the person of my friend, and I am only the instrument of justice in the hand of Heaven; endeavour to make atonement while life is spared to you. Shall I send the priest to you? perhaps he may convince you of the necessity of restitution, in order to obtain forgiveness of your sins.

Sir Philip sent for the priest and the surgeon, and obliged the servant to retire with him.—I leave you, sir, to the care of these gentlemen; and whenever a third person is admitted I will be his attendant: I will visit you again within an hour. He then retired, and consulted his friends below; they were of opinion that no time should be lost.—You will then, said he, accompany me into the sick man's apartment in an hour's time.

Within the hour, Sir Philip, attended by Lord Clifford and Lord Graham, entered the chamber. Lord Lovel was in great emotion; the priest stood on one side of the bed, the surgeon on the other; the former exhorted him to confess his sins, the other desired he might be left to his repose. Lord Lovel seemed in great anguish of mind; he trembled, and was in the utmost confusion. Sir Philip entreated him, with the piety of a confessor, to consider his soul's health before that of his body. He then asked Sir Philip, by what means he knew that he was concerned in the death of his kinsman?—Sir, replied he, it was not merely by human means this fact was discovered. There is a certain apartment in the castle of Lovel, that has been shut up these one-and-twenty years, but has lately been opened and examined into.

Oh, Heaven! exclaimed he, then Geoffrey must have betrayed me!—No, sir, he has not; it was revealed in a very extraordinary manner to that youth, whom it most concerns.—How can he be the heir of Lovel?—By being the son of that unfortunate woman, whom you cruelly obliged to leave her own house, to avoid being compelled to wed the murderer of her husband: we are not ignorant, moreover, of the fictitious funeral you made for her. All is discovered, and you will not tell us any more than we know already; but we desire to have it confirmed by your confession.—The judgments of Heaven are falling upon me! said Lord Lovel. I am childless, and one is arisen from the grave to claim my inheritance.—Nothing then hinders you to do justice, and make restitution; it is for the ease of your conscience; and you have no other way of making atonement for all the mischief you have done.—You know too much, said the criminal, and I will relate what you do not know.

You may remember, proceeded he, that I saw you once at my uncle's house?—I well remember it.—At that time my mind was disturbed by the baneful passion of envy; it was from that root all my bad actions sprung.—Praise be to God! said the good priest; he hath touched your heart with

true contrition, and you shew the effect of his mercies; you will do justice, and you will be rewarded by the gift of repentance unto salvation. Sir Philip desired the penitent to proceed.

My kinsman excelled me in every kind of merit, in the graces of person and mind, in all his exercises, and in every accomplishment. I was totally eclipsed by him, and I hated to be in his company; but what finished my aversion, was, his addressing the lady upon whom I had fixed my affections: I strove to rival him there, but she gave him the preference: that, indeed, was only his due; but I could not bear to see, or acknowledge it.

The most bitter hatred took possession of my breast, and I vowed to revenge the supposed injury as soon as opportunity should offer. I buried my resentment deep in my heart, and outwardly appeared to rejoice at his success; I made a merit of resigning my pretensions to him, but I could not bear to be present at his nuptials: I retired to my father's seat, and brooded over my revenge in secret. My father died this year, and soon after my uncle followed him; within another year my kinsman was summoned to attend the king on his Welsh expedition.

As soon as I heard he was gone from home, I resolved to prevent his return, exulting in the prospect of possessing his title, fortune, and his lady. I hired messengers, who were constantly going and coming, to give me intelligence of all that passed at the castle; I went there soon after, under pretence of visiting my kinsman. My spies brought me an account of all that happened; one informed me of the event of the battle, but could not tell whether my rival was living or dead; I hoped the latter, that I might avoid the crime I meditated: I reported his death to his lady, who took it very heavily.

Soon after a messenger arrived with tidings, that he was alive and well, and had obtained leave to return home immediately.

I instantly despatched me two emissaries to intercept him on the way. He made so much haste to return, that he was met within a mile of his own castle: he had out-rode his servants, and was alone: they killed him, and drew him aside out of the highway. They then came to me with all speed, and desired my orders; it was then about sun-set: I sent them back to fetch the dead body, which they brought privately into the castle. They tied it neck and heels, and put it into a trunk, which they buried under the floor in the closet you mentioned. The sight of the body stung me to the heart; I then felt the pangs of remorse, but it was too late: I took every precaution that prudence suggested to prevent the discovery; but nothing can be concealed from the eye of Heaven.

From that fatal hour I have never known peace, always in fear of something impending to discover my guilt, and to bring me to shame: at length I am overtaken by justice. I am brought to a severe reckoning here, and I dread to meet one more severe hereafter.

Enough, said the priest; you have done a good work, my son! trust in the Lord; and now this burden is off your mind, the rest will be made easy to you.

Lord Lovel took a minute's repose, and then went on.—I hope, by the hint you gave, Sir Philip, the poor lady is yet alive?—No, sir, she is not: but she died not till after she brought forth a son, whom Heaven made its instrument to discover and avenge the death of both his parents.—They are well avenged! said he. I have no children to lament for me; all mine have been taken from me in the bloom of youth; only one daughter lived to be twelve years old; I intended her for a wife for one of my nephews, but within three months I have buried her. He sighed, wept, and was silent.

The gentlemen present lifted up their hands and eyes to Heaven in silence.—The will of Heaven be obeyed! said the priest. My penitent has confessed all: what more would you require?—That he make atonement, said Sir Philip; that he surrender the title and estate to the right heir, and dispose of his own proper fortune to his nearest relations, and resign himself to penitence and preparation for a future state. For this time I leave him with you, father, and will join my prayers with yours for his repentance.

So saying, he left the room, and was followed by the barons and the surgeon: the priest alone remaining with him. As soon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip questioned the surgeon concerning his patient's situation; who answered, that at present he saw no signs of immediate danger, but he could not yet pronounce that there was none: if he were mortally wounded, said he, he could not be so well, nor speak so without faintness; and it is my opinion that he will soon recover, if nothing happens to retard the cure.—Then, said Sir Philip, keep this opinion from him; for I would suffer the fear of death to operate on him until he hath performed some necessary acts of justice: let it only be known to these noblemen, upon whose honour I can rely, and I trust they will approve my request to you, sir.—I join in it, said Lord Clifford, from the same motives.—I insist upon it, said Lord Graham; and I can answer for my surgeon's discretion.—My lords, said the surgeon, you may depend on my fidelity; and, after what I have just heard, my conscience is engaged in this noble gentleman's behalf, and I will do every thing in my power to second your intentions.—I thank you, sir, said Sir Philip, and you may depend on my gratitude in return. I presume you will sit up with him to-night; if any danger should arise, I desire to be called immediately; but, otherwise, I would suffer him to rest quietly, that he may be prepared for the business of the following day.—I shall obey your directions, sir; my necessary attendance will give me a pretence not to leave him, and thus I shall hear all that passes between him and all that visit him.—You will oblige me highly, said Sir Philip, and I shall go to rest with confidence in your care.

The surgeon returned to the sick man's chamber, Sir Philip and the barons returned to the company below: they supped in the great hall, with all the gentlemen that were present at the combat. Sir Philip and Edmund retired to their repose, being heartily fatigued; and the company stayed to a late hour, commenting upon the action of the day, praising the courage

and generosity of the noble knight, and wishing a good event to his undertaking.

Most of Lord Lovel's friends went away as soon as they saw him safely lodged, being ashamed of him, and of their appearance in his behalf; and the few that stayed were induced by their desire of further information of the base action he had committed, and to justify their own characters and conduct.

The next morning Sir Philip entered into consultation with the two barons, on the methods he should take to get Edmund received and acknowledged as heir of the house of Lovel. They were all of opinion that the criminal should be kept in fear till he had settled his worldly affairs, and they had resolved how to dispose of him. With this determination they entered his room, and inquired of the surgeon how he had passed the night? He shook his head and said but little.

Lord Lovel desired that he might be removed to his own house. Lord Graham said, he could not consent to that, as there was evident danger in removing him; and appealed to the surgeon, who confirmed his opinion. Lord Graham desired he would make himself easy, and that he should have every kind of assistance there.

Sir Philip then proposed to send for the Lord Fitz-Owen, who would see that all possible care was taken of his brother-in-law, and would assist him in settling his affairs. Lord Lovel was against it; he was peevish and uneasy, and desired to be left with only his own servants to attend him. Sir Philip quitted the room with a significant look; and the two lords endeavoured to reconcile him to his situation. He interrupted them.—It is easy for men in your situation to advise, but it is difficult for one in mine to practise; wounded in body and mind, it is natural that I should strive to avoid the extremes of shame and punishment: I thank you for your kind offices, and beg I may be left with my own servants.—With them, and the surgeon, you shall, said Lord Graham; and they both retired.

Sir Philip met them below.—My lords, said he, I am desirous that my Lord Fitz-Owen should be sent for, and that he may hear his brother's confession: for I suspect that he may hereafter deny, what only the fear of death has extorted from him: with your permission, I am determined to send messengers to-day. They both expressed approbation, and Lord Clifford proposed to write to him, saying, A letter from an impartial person will have the more weight: I will send one of my principal domestics with your own. This measure being resolved upon, Lord Clifford retired to write, and Sir Philip to prepare his servants for instant departure. Edmund desired leave to write to father Oswald, and John Wyatt was ordered to be the bearer of his letter. When the Lord Clifford had finished his letter, he read it to Sir Philip, and his chosen friends, as follows:

“ Right Honourable my good Lord,

“ I have taken upon me to acquaint your lordship, that there has been a solemn combat at arms between your brother-in-law, the Lord Lovel, and

Sir Philip Harclay, knight, of Yorkshire. It was fought in the jurisdiction of the Lord Graham, who, with myself, was appointed judge of the field; it was fairly won, and Sir Philip is the conqueror. After he had gained the victory, he declared at large the cause of the quarrel, and that he had revenged the death of Arthur Lord Lovel, his friend, whom the present Lord Lovel had assassinated, that he might enjoy his title and estate. The wounded man confessed the fact: and Sir Philip gave him his life, and only carried off his sword, as a trophy of his victory. Both the victor and the vanquished were conveyed to Lord Graham's castle, where the Lord Lovel now lies in great danger. He is desirous to settle his worldly affairs, and to make his peace with God and man. Sir Philip Harclay says, there is a male heir of the house of Lovel, for whom he claims the title and estate: but he is very desirous that your lordship should be present at the disposal of your brother's property, that of right belongs to him, of which your children are the undoubted heirs: he also wants to consult you in many other points of honour and equity. Let me entreat you, on the receipt of this letter, to set out immediately for Lord Graham's castle, where you will be received with the utmost respect and hospitality. You will hear things that will surprise you as much as they do me; you will judge of them with that justice and honour which speaks your character; and you will unite with us in wondering at the ways of Providence, and submitting to its decrees, in punishing the guilty, and doing justice to the innocent and oppressed. My best wishes and prayers attend you and your hopeful family. My Lord, I remain your humble servant,

“CLIFFORD.”

Every one present expressed the highest approbation of this letter. Sir Philip gave orders to John Wyatt to be very circumspect in his behaviour, to give Edmund's letter privately to father Oswald, and to make no mention of him, or his pretensions to Lovel castle.

Lord Clifford gave his servant the requisite precautions. Lord Graham added a note of invitation, and sent it by a servant of his own. As soon as all things were ready, the messengers set out with all speed for the castle of Lovel.

They stayed no longer by the way than to take some refreshment, but rode night and day till they arrived there.

Lord Fitz-Owen was in the parlour with his children; father Oswald was walking in the avenue before the house, when he saw three messengers, whose horses seemed jaded, and the riders fatigued, like men come a long journey. He came up, just as the first had delivered his message to the porter. John Wyatt knew him; he dismounted, and made signs that he had something to say to him; he retired back a few steps, and John, with great dexterity, slipped a letter into his hand. The father gave him his blessing, and a welcome.—Who do you come from? said he, aloud.—From the Lords Graham and Clifford, to the Lord Fitz-Owen; and we bring letters of consequence to the baron.

Oswald followed the messengers into the hall; a servant announced their arrival. Lord Fitz-Owen received them in the parlour: Lord Clifford's servant delivered his master's letter, Lord Graham's his, and they said they would retire and wait his lordship's answer. The baron ordered them some refreshment. They retired, and he opened his letters: he then read them with great agitations, he struck his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed—My fears are all verified! the blow is struck, and it has fallen upon the guilty.

Oswald came in a minute after.—You are come in good time, said the baron. Read that letter, that my children may know the contents. He read it with faltering voice, and trembling limbs. They were all in great surprise. William looked down, and kept a studied silence. Sir Robert exclaimed—Is it possible? can my uncle be guilty of such an action?—You hear, said the baron, he has confessed it!—But to whom? said Sir Robert.—His father replied, Lord Clifford's honour is unquestionable, and I cannot doubt what he affirms.

Sir Robert leaned his head upon his hand, as one lost in thought: at length he seemed to awake.—My lord, I have no doubt that Edmund is at the bottom of this business. Do you not remember that Sir Philip Harclay long ago promised him his friendship? Edmund disappears; and, soon after, this man challenges my uncle. You know what passed here before his departure; he has suggested this affair to Sir Philip, and instigated him to this action. This is the return he has made for the favours he has received from our family, to which he owes every thing.—Softly, my son, said the baron; let us be cautious of reflecting upon Edmund: there is a greater hand in this business. My conjecture was too true: it was in that fatal apartment that he was made acquainted with the circumstances of Lord Lovel's death; he was, perhaps, enjoined to reveal them to Sir Philip Harclay, the bosom friend of the deceased. The mystery of that apartment is disclosed, the woe to the guilty is accomplished. There is no reflection upon any one: Heaven effects its purposes in its own time and manner. I and mine are innocent; let us worship and be silent!

But what do you propose to do? said Sir Robert.—To return with the messengers, answered the baron. I think it highly proper that I should see your uncle, and hear what he has to say: my children are his heirs; in justice to them, I ought to be acquainted with every thing that concerns the disposal of his fortune.—Your lordship is in the right, answered Sir Robert, it concerns us all. I have only to ask your permission to bear you company.—With all my heart, said the baron: I have only to ask of you in return, that you will command yourself, and not speak your mind hastily; wait for the proofs before you give judgment, and take advice of your reason before you decide upon any thing: if you reflect upon the past, you will find reason to distrust yourself. Leave all to me, and be assured I will protect your honour and my own.—I will obey you in all things, my lord; and will make immediate preparation for our departure. So saying, he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. William broke silence.—My lord, said he,

if you have no great objection, I beg leave also to accompany you both.—You shall, my son, if you desire it; I think I can see your motives, and your brother's also; your coolness will be a good balance to his warmth: You shall go with us. My son Walter shall be his sister's protector in our absence, and he shall be master here till we return.—I hope, my dear father, that will not be long; I shall not be happy till you come home, said the fair Emma.—It shall be no longer, my dearest, than till this untoward affair is settled. The baron desired to know when the messengers were expected to return. Oswald took this opportunity to retire; he went to his own apartment, and read the letter, as follows:

“The heir of Lovel, to his dear and reverend friend, Father Oswald.

“Let my friends at the castle of Lovel know that I live in hopes one day to see them there. If you could, by any means, return with the messengers, your testimony would add weight to mine; perhaps you might obtain permission to attend the baron: I leave it to you to manage this. John Wyatt will inform you of all that has passed here, and that hitherto my success has outrun my expectation, and, almost, my wishes. I am in the high road to my inheritance; and trust that the Power who hath conducted me thus far, will not leave his work unfinished. Tell my beloved William that I live, and hope to embrace him before long. I recommend myself to your holy prayers and blessing, and remain your son and servant,

“EDMUND.”

Oswald then went to the messengers; he drew John Wyatt to a distance from the rest, and got the information he wanted: he stayed with him till he was sent for by the baron, to whom he went directly, and prevented his questions by saying,—I have been talking with the messengers: I find they have travelled night and day to bring the letters with all speed; they only require one night's rest, and will be ready to set out with you to-morrow.—Tis well, said the baron; we will set out as soon as they are ready.—My lord, said Oswald, I have a favour to beg of you; it is, that I may attend you; I have seen the progress of this wonderful discovery, and I have a great desire to see the conclusion of it; perhaps my presence may be of service in the course of your business.—Perhaps it may, said the baron; I have no objection, if you desire to go. They then separated, and went to prepare for their journey.

Oswald had a private interview with Joseph, whom he informed of all that he knew, and his resolution to attend the baron in his journey to the north.—I go, said he, to bear witness in behalf of injured innocence: if it be needful, I shall call upon you; therefore hold yourself in readiness, in case you should be sent for.—That I will, said Joseph, and spend my last remains of life and strength, to help my young lord to his right and title; but do they not begin to suspect who is the heir of Lovel?—Not in the least, said Oswald; they think him concerned in the discovery, but have no idea of his being interested in the event.—Oh, father! said Joseph, I shall think every

day a week till you return; but I will no longer keep you from your repose,—Good night, said Oswald; but I have another visit to pay before I go to rest.

He left Joseph, and went on tip-toe to Mr. William's room, and tapped at his door; he came and opened it.—What news, father?—Not much; I have only orders to tell you that Edmund is well, and as much your friend as ever.—I guessed, said William, that we should hear something of him: I have still another guess.—What is that, my child?—That we shall see or hear of him where we are going.—It is very likely, said Oswald; and I would have you be prepared for it; I am confident we shall hear nothing to his discredit.—I am certain of that, said William, and I shall rejoice to see him: I conclude that he is under the protection of Sir Philip Harclay.—He is so, said Oswald; I had my information from Sir Philip's servant, who is one of the messengers, and was guide to the others in their way hither. After some further conversation they separated, and each went to his repose.

The next morning the whole party set out on their journey; they travelled by easy stages on account of the baron's health, which began to be impaired, and arrived in health and spirits at the castle of Lord Graham, where they were received with the utmost respect and kindness by the noble master.

The Lord Lovel had recovered his health and strength as much as possible in the time, and was impatient to be gone from thence to his own house. He was surprised to hear of the arrival of his brother and nephews, and expressed no pleasure at the thoughts of seeing them. When Sir Philip Harclay came to pay his respects to Baron Fitz-Owen, the latter received him with civility, but with a coldness that was apparent. Sir Robert left the room, doubting his resolution. Sir Philip advanced, and took the baron by the hand.—My lord, said he, I rejoice to see you here. I cannot be satisfied with the bare civilities of such a man as you. I aspire to your esteem, to your friendship, and I shall not be happy till I obtain them. I will make you the judge of every part of my conduct, and where you shall condemn me, I will condemn myself.

The baron was softened, his noble heart felt its alliance with its counterpart, but he thought the situation of his brother demanded some reserve towards the man who sought his life; but, in spite of himself, it wore off every moment. Lord Clifford related all that had passed, with a due regard to Sir Philip's honour; he remarked how nobly he concealed the cause of his resentment against the Lord Lovel till the day of combat, that he might not prepossess the judges against him. He enlarged on his humanity to the vanquished, on the desire he expressed to have justice done to his heirs; finally, he mentioned his great respect for the Lord Fitz-Owen, and the solicitude he shewed to have him come to settle the estate of the sick man in favour of his children. Lord Clifford also employed his son to soften Sir Robert, and to explain to him every doubtful part of Sir Philip's behaviour.

After the travellers had taken some rest, the Lord Graham proposed that they should make a visit to the sick man's chamber. The lords sent to ac-

quaint him they were coming to visit him, and they followed the messenger. The Lord Fitz-Owen went up to the bed-side; he embraced his brother with strong emotions of concern; Sir Robert followed him; then Mr. William. Lord Lovel embraced them, but said nothing; his countenance shewed his inward agitations. Lord Fitz-Owen first broke silence.—I hope, said he, I see my brother better than I expected. Lord Lovel bit his fingers, he pulled the bed-clothes, he seemed almost distracted; at length he broke out—I owe no thanks to those who sent for my relations! Sir Philip Harclay, you have used ungenerously the advantage you have gained over me! you spared my life only to take away my reputation. You have exposed me to strangers; and what is worst, to my dearest friends: when I lay in a state of danger, you obliged me to say any thing, and now you take advantage of it to ruin me in my friend's affection: but, if I recover, you may repent it.

Sir Philip then came forward.—My lords, I shall take no notice of what this unhappy man has just now said; I shall appeal to you, as to the honourable witnesses of all that has passed: you see it was no more than necessary. I appeal to you for the motives of my treatment of him, before, at, and after, our meeting. I did not take his life, as I might have done; I wished him to repent of his sins, and to make restitution of what he unjustly possesses. I was called out to do an act of justice; I had taken the heir of Lovel under my protection, my chief view was to see justice done to him; what regarded this man was a secondary motive. This was my end, and I will never, never lose sight of it.

Lord Lovel seemed almost choked with passion, to see every one giving some marks of approbation and respect to Sir Philip. He called out,—I demand to know who is this pretended heir, whom he brings out to claim my title and fortune? My noble auditors, said Sir Philip, I shall appeal to your judgment, in regard to the proofs of my ward's birth and family; every circumstance shall be laid before you, and you shall decide upon them.

Here is a young man, supposed the son of a peasant, who, by a train of circumstances that could not have happened by human contrivances, discovers not only who were his real parents, but that they came to untimely deaths. He even discovers the different places where their bones are buried, both out of consecrated ground, and appeals to their ashes for the truth of his pretensions. He has also living proofs to offer, that will convince the most incredulous. I have deferred entering into particulars till the arrival of Baron Fitz-Owen; I know his noble heart, and honourable character, from one that has long been an eye-witness of his goodness; such is the opinion I have of his justice, that I will accept him as one of the judges in his brother's cause. I and my ward will bring our proofs before him, and the company here present; in the course of them it will appear, that he is the best qualified of any to judge of them, because he can ascertain many of the facts we shall have occasion to mention: I will rest our cause upon their decision.

Lord Graham applauded Sir Philip's appeal, affirming his own impartiality,

and calling upon Lord Clifford and his son, and also his own nephews, who were present. Lord Clifford said,—Sir Philip offers fairly, and like himself; there can be no place nor persons more impartial than the present, and I presume the Lord Lovel can have no objection.—No objection! answered he; what, to be tried like a criminal, to have judges appointed over me, to decide upon my right to my own estate and title? I will not submit to such a jurisdiction.—Then, said Sir Philip, you had rather be tried by the laws of the land, and have them pronounce sentence upon you? Take your choice, sir; if you refuse the one, you shall be certain of the other. Lord Clifford then said,—You will allow Lord Lovel to consider of the proposal; he will consult his friends, and be determined by their advice. Lord Fitz-Owen said,—I am very much surprised at what I have heard. I shall be glad to know all that Sir Philip Harclay has to say for his ward, that I may judge what my brother has to hope or fear; I will then give my best advice, or offer my mediation, as he may stand in need of them.—You say well, replied Lord Graham, and pray let us come directly to the point: Sir Philip, you will introduce your ward to this company, and enter upon your proofs.

Sir Philip bowed to the company; he went out, and brought in Edmund, encouraging him by the way; he presented him to Baron Fitz-Owen, who looked very serious.—Edmund Twyford, said he, are you the heir of the house of Lovel?—I am, my lord, said Edmund, bowing to the ground; the proofs will appear; but I am, at the same time, the most humble and grateful of all your servants, and the servant of your virtues. Sir Robert rose up, and was going to leave the room.—Son Robert, stay, said the baron: if there is any fraud, you will be pleased to detect it, and if all that is affirmed be true, you will not shut your eyes against the light: you are concerned in this business: hear it in silence, and let reason be arbiter in your cause. He bowed to his father, bit his lip, and retired to the window. William nodded to Edmund, and was silent. All the company had their eyes fixed on the young man, who stood in the midst, casting down his eyes with modest respect to the audience: while Sir Philip related all the material circumstances of his life, the wonderful gradation by which he came to the knowledge of his birth, the adventures of the haunted apartment, the discovery of the fatal closet, and the presumptive proofs that Lord Lovel was buried there. At this part of his narration, Lord Fitz-Owen interrupted him.—Where is the closet you talk of? for I and my sons went over the apartment since Edmund's departure, and found no such place as you describe.—My lord, said Edmund, I can account for it: the door is covered with tapestry, the same as the room, and you might easily overlook it; but I have a witness here, said he, and putting his hand into his bosom, he drew out the key. If this is not the key of that closet, let me be deemed an impostor, and all I say a falsehood; I will risk my pretensions upon this proof.

And for what purpose did you take it away? said the baron.—To prevent any person from going into it, replied Edmund; I have vowed to keep it.

till I shall open that closet before witnesses appointed for that purpose.—Proceed, sir, said the Baron Fitz-Owen. Sir Philip then related the conversation between Edmund and Margery Twyford, his supposed mother. Lord Fitz-Owen seemed in the utmost surprise: he exclaimed—Can this be true? strange discovery! unfortunate child! Edmund's tears bore witness to his veracity; he was obliged to hide his face; he lifted up his clasped hands to Heaven, and was in great emotions during all this part of the relation; while Lord Lovel groaned, and seemed in great agitation.

Sir Philip then addressed himself to Lord Fitz-Owen.—My lord, there was another person present at the conversation between Edmund and his foster-mother, who can witness to all that passed: perhaps your lordship can tell who that was?—It was father Oswald, replied the baron; I well remember that he went with him at his request; let him be called in. He was sent for, and came immediately. The baron desired him to relate all that passed between Edmund and his mother.

Oswald then began.—Since I am now properly called upon to testify what I know concerning this young man, I will speak the truth, without fear or favour of any one; and I will swear by the rules of my holy order, to the truth of what I shall relate. He then gave a particular account of all that passed on that occasion, and mentioned the tokens found on both the infant and his mother.—Where are those tokens to be seen? said the Lord Clifford.—I have them here, my lord, said Edmund, and I keep them as my greatest treasures. He then produced them before all the company.—There is no appearance of any fraud or collusion, said Lord Graham; if any man thinks he sees any, let him speak.—Pray, my lord, suffer me to speak a word, said Sir Robert: do you remember that I hinted my suspicions concerning father Oswald, the night our kinsman lay in the east apartment?—I do, said the baron.—Well, sir, now it appears that he did know more than he would tell us; you find he is very deep in all Edmund's secrets, and you judge what were his motives for undertaking this journey.—I observe what you say, answered his father, but let us hear all that Oswald has to say: I will be as impartial as possible.—My lord, returned Oswald, I beg you also to recollect what I said, on the night your son speaks of, concerning secrecy in certain matters.—I remember that also, said the baron; but proceed.—My lord, continued Oswald, I knew more than I thought myself at liberty to disclose at that time; but I will now tell you every thing. I saw there was something more than common in the accidents that befel this young man, and in his being called out to sleep in the east apartment; I earnestly desired him to let me be with him on the second night, to which he consented reluctantly; we heard a great noise in the rooms underneath; we went down stairs together; I saw him open the fatal closet; I heard groans that pierced me to the heart; I knelt down and prayed for the repose of the spirit departed; I found a seal, with the arms of Lovel engraven upon it, which I gave to Edmund, and he now has it in his possession. He enjoined me to keep secret what I had seen and heard till the time should come to declare it. I conceived that I was

called to be a witness of these things ; besides my curiosity was excited to know the event ; I therefore desired to be present at the interview between him and his mother, which was affecting beyond expression ; I heard what I have now declared as nearly as my memory permits me. I hope no impartial person will blame me for any part of my conduct ; but if they should, I do not repent it. If I should forfeit the favour of the rich and great, I shall have acquitted myself to God and my conscience. I have no worldly ends to answer ; I plead the cause of the injured orphan ; and I think, also, that I second the designs of Providence.—You have well spoken, father, said the Lord Clifford ; your testimony is indeed of consequence.

It is amazing and convincing, said Lord Graham ; and the whole story is so well connected, that I can see nothing to make us doubt the truth of it ; but let us examine the proofs. Edmund gave into their hands the necklace and ear-rings ; he shewed them the locket, with the cipher of Lovel, and the seal with the arms ; he told them the cloak in which he was wrapped was in the custody of his foster-mother, who would produce it on demand. He begged that some proper persons might be commissioned to go with him, to examine whether or not the bodies of his parents were buried where he affirmed ; adding, that he put his pretensions into their hands with pleasure, relying entirely upon their honour and justice.

During this interesting scene, the criminal covered his face, and was silent ; but he sent forth bitter sighs and groans that denoted the anguish of his heart. At length, Lord Graham, in compassion to him, proposed that they should retire and consider of the proofs, adding, Lord Lovel must needs be fatigued ; we will resume the subject in his presence, when he is disposed to receive us. Sir Philip Harclay approached the bed : Sir, said he, I now leave you in the hands of your own relations ; they are men of strict honour, and I confide in them to take care of you, and of your concerns. They then went out of the room, leaving only the Lord Fitz-Owen and his sons with the criminal. They discoursed of the wonderful story of Edmund's birth, and the principal events of his life.

After dinner, Sir Philip requested another conference with the lords, and their principal friends. There were present, also, father Oswald, and Lord Graham's confessor, who had taken the Lord Lovel's confession, Edmund, and Zadisky. Now, gentlemen, said Sir Philip, I desire to know your opinion of our proofs, and your advice upon them.

Lord Graham replied, I am desired to speak for the rest : we think there are strong presumptive proofs that this young man is the true heir of Lovel ; but they ought to be confirmed and authenticated. Of the murder of the late lord there is no doubt ; the criminal hath confessed it, and the circumstances confirm it ; the proofs of his crime are so connected with those of the young man's birth, that one cannot be public without the other. We are desirous to do justice ; and yet are unwilling, for the Lord Fitz-Owen's sake, to bring the criminal to public shame and punishment. We wish to find out a medium ; we therefore desire Sir Philip to make proposals for his ward, and let Lord Fitz-Owen answer for himself and his brother,

and we will be moderators between them. Here every one expressed approbation, and called upon Sir Philip to make his demands.

If, said he, I were to demand strict justice, I should not be satisfied with any thing less than the life of the criminal; but I am a Christian soldier, the disciple of him who came into the world to save sinners: for his sake, continued he (crossing himself), I forego my revenge, I spare the guilty: if Heaven gives him time for repentance, man should not deny it. It is my ward's particular request, that I will not bring shame upon the house of his benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, for whom he hath a filial affection, and profound veneration. My proposals are these: First, that the criminal make restitution of the title and estate, obtained with so much injustice and cruelty, to the lawful heir, whom he shall acknowledge such before proper witnesses. Secondly, that he shall surrender his own lawful inheritance and personal estate into the hands of the Lord Fitz-Owen, in trust for his sons, who are his heirs of blood. Thirdly, that he shall retire into a religious house, or else quit the kingdom, in three months' time; and, in either case, those who enjoy his fortune shall allow him a decent annuity, that he may not want the comforts of life. By the last, I disable him from the means of doing further mischief, and enable him to devote the remainder of his days to penitence. These are my proposals, and I give him four-and-twenty hours to consider of them; if he refuses to comply with them, I shall be obliged to proceed to severer measures, and to a public prosecution: but the goodness of the Lord Fitz-Owen bids me expect, from his influence with his brother, a compliance with proposals made out of respect to his honourable character.

Lord Graham applauded the humanity, prudence, and piety, of Sir Philip's proposals. He enforced them with all his influence and eloquence. Lord Clifford seconded him; and the rest gave tokens of approbation. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen then rose up—I beg leave to observe to the company, who are going to dispose so generously of another man's property, that my father purchased the castle and estate of the house of Lovel: who is to repay him the money for it?

Sir Philip then said, I have also a question to ask. Who is to pay the arrears of my ward's estate, which he has unjustly been kept out of these one-and-twenty years? Let Lord Clifford answer to both points, for he is not interested in either.—Lord Clifford smiled—I think, returned he, the first question is answered by the second, and that the parties concerned should set one against the other, especially as Lord Fitz-Owen's children will inherit the fortune, which includes the purchase-money. Lord Graham said, This determination is both equitable and generous, and I hope will answer the expectations on all sides. I have another proposal to make to my Lord Fitz-Owen, said Sir Philip; but I first wait for the acceptance of those already made.—Lord Fitz-Owen replied, I shall report them to my brother, and acquaint the company with his resolutions to-morrow.

They then separated; and the baron, with his sons, returned to the sick man's chamber: there he exhorted his brother, with the piety of a confes-

ser, to repent of his sins, and make atonement for them. He made known Sir Philip's proposals, and observed on the wonderful discovery of his crime, and the punishment that followed it. Your repentance, continued he, may be accepted, and your crime may yet be pardoned: if you continue refractory, and refuse to make atonement, you will draw down upon you a severer punishment. The criminal would not confess, and yet could not deny, the truth and justice of his observations. The baron spent several hours in his brother's chamber: he sent for a priest, who took his confession; and they both sat up with him all night, advising, persuading, and exhorting him to do justice, and to comply with the proposals. He was unwilling to give up the world, and yet more so to become the object of public shame, disgrace, and punishment.

The next day Lord Fitz-Owen summoned the company into his brother's chamber, and there declared, in his name, that he accepted Sir Philip Harclay's proposals; that, if the young man could, as he promised, direct them to the places where his parents were buried, and if his birth should be authenticated by his foster-parents, he should be acknowledged the heir of the house of Lovel. That, to be certified of these things, they must commission persons to go with him for this purpose; and, in case the truth should be made plain, they should immediately put him in possession of the castle and estate, in the state it was. He desired Lord Graham and Lord Clifford to choose the commissioners, and gave Sir Philip and Edmund a right to add to them, each, another person.

Lord Graham named the eldest son of Lord Clifford, and the other, in return, named his nephew; they also chose the priest, Lord Graham's confessor, and the eldest son of Baron Fitz-Owen, to his great mortification. Sir Philip appointed Mr. William Fitz-Owen, and Edmund named father Oswald; they chose out the servants to attend them, who were also to be witnesses of all that should pass. Lord Clifford proposed to Baron Fitz-Owen, that, as soon as the commissioners were set out, the remainder of the company should adjourn to his seat in Cumberland, whither Lord Graham should be invited to accompany them, and to stay till this affair was decided. After some debate, this was agreed to; and, at the same time, that the criminal should be kept with them till every thing was properly settled.

Lord Fitz-Owen gave his son William the charge to receive and entertain the commissioners at the castle: but, before they set out, Sir Philip had a conference with Lord Fitz-Owen, concerning the surrender of the castle; in which he insisted on the furniture and stock of the farm, in consideration of the arrears. Lord Fitz-Owen slightly mentioned the young man's education and expenses. Sir Philip answered, You are right, my lord, I had not thought of this point; we owe you, in this respect, more than we can ever repay: but you know not half the respect and affection Edmund bears for you. When restitution of his title and fortune is fully made, his happiness will still depend on you. How on me? said the baron.—Why, he will not be happy, unless you honour him with your notice and esteem;

but this is not all, I must hope that you will still do more for him.—Indeed, said the baron, he has put my regard for him to a severe proof; what further can he expect from me?—My dear lord, be not offended, I have only one more proposal to make to you; if you refuse it, I can allow for you; and I confess it requires a greatness of mind, but not more than you possess, to grant it.—Well, Sir, speak your demand.—Say rather my request; it is in this case: Cease to look upon Edmund as the enemy of your house; look upon him as a son, and make him so indeed.—How say you, Sir Philip? my son!—Yes, my lord, give him your daughter: he is already your son in filial affection; your son William and he are sworn brothers, what remains but to make him yours? He deserves such a parent, you such a son; and you will, by this means, ingraft into your family, the name, title, and estate of Lovel, which will be entailed on your posterity for ever.—This offer requires much consideration, returned the baron.—Suffer me to suggest some hints to you, said Sir Philip. This match is, I think, verily pointed out by Providence, which hath conducted the dear boy through so many dangers, and brought him within view of his happiness; look on him as the precious relic of a noble house, the son of my dearest friend! or look on him as my son and heir, and let me, as his father, implore you to consent to his marriage with your daughter. The baron's heart was touched; he turned away his face.—Oh, Sir Philip Harsley, what a friend are you! Why should such a man be our enemy?—My lord, said Sir Philip, we are not, cannot be enemies; our hearts are already allied; and I am certain we shall one day be dear friends. The baron suppressed his emotions, but Sir Philip saw into his heart. I must consult my eldest son, returned he.—Then, replied Sir Philip, I foresee much difficulty; he is prejudiced against Edmund; and thinks the restitution of his inheritance an injury to your family: hereafter he will see this alliance in a different light, and will rejoice that such a brother is added to the family; but, at present, he will set his face against it. However, we will not despair; virtue and resolution will surmount all obstacles. Let me call in young Lovel.

He brought Edmund to the baron, and acquainted him with the proposal he had been making in his name, my lord's answers, and the objections he feared on the part of Sir Robert. Edmund knelt to the baron; he took his hand and pressed it to his lips. Best of men! of parents! of patrons! said he, I will ever be your son in filial affection, whether I have the honour to be legally so or not; not one of your own children can feel a stronger sense of love and duty. Tell me, said the baron, do you love my daughter? I do, my lord, with the most ardent affection; I never loved any woman but her; and, if I am so unfortunate as to be refused her, I will not marry at all. Oh, my lord, reject not my honest suit! Your alliance will give me consequence with myself; it will excite me to act worthy of the station to which I am exalted; if you refuse me, I shall seem an object wretch, disdained by those whom my heart claims relation to: your family are the whole world to me. Give me your lovely daughter; give me also your son, my beloved William; and let me share with them the fortune Providence bestows upon

me: but what is title or fortune, if I am deprived of the society of those I love?

Edmund, said the baron, you have a noble friend: but you have a stronger in my heart, which I think was implanted there by Heaven to aid its own purposes: I feel a variety of emotions of different kinds, and am afraid to trust my own heart with you. But answer me a question; Are you assured of my daughter's consent? Have you solicited her favour? have you gained her affections?—Never, my lord! I am incapable of so base an action: I have loved her at an humble distance; but, in my situation, I should have thought it a violation of the laws of gratitude and hospitality to have presumed to speak the sentiments of my heart.—Then you have acted with unquestionable honour on this, and I must say on all other occasions.—Your approbation, my lord, is the first wish of my life: it is the seal of my honour and happiness.

Sir Philip smiled: my Lord Fitz-Owen, I am jealous of Edmund's preferable regard for you; it is just the same now as formerly. Edmund came to Sir Philip, he threw himself into his arms, he wept, he was overpowered with the feelings of his heart, he prayed to Heaven to strengthen his mind, to support his inexpressible sensations. I am overwhelmed with obligation! said he; oh, best of friends, teach me, like you, to make my actions speak for me!—Enough, Edmund, I know your heart, and that is my security. My lord, speak to him, and bring him to himself, by behaving coldly to him, if you can. The baron said, I must not trust myself with you, you make a child of me! I will only add, gain my son Robert's favour, and be assured of mine: I owe some respect to the heir of my family; he is brave, honest, and sincere; your enemies are separated from him, you have William's influence in your behalf; make one effort, and let me know the result. Edmund kissed his hand in transports of joy and gratitude. I will not lose a moment, said he; I fly to obey your commands.

Edmund went immediately to his friend William, and related all that had passed between the baron, Sir Philip, and himself. William promised him his interest in the warmest manner: he recapitulated all that had passed in the castle since his departure; but he guarded his sister's delicacy, till it should be resolved to give way to his address. They both consulted young Clifford, who had conceived an affection to Edmund for his amiable qualities, and to William for his generous friendship for him. He promised them his assistance, as Sir Robert seemed desirous to cultivate his friendship. Accordingly, they both attacked him with the whole artillery of friendship and persuasion. Clifford urged the merits of Edmund, and the advantages of his alliance: William enforced his arguments by a retrospect of Edmund's past life: and observed, that every obstacle thrown in his way had brought his enemies to shame, and increase of honour to himself. I say nothing, continued he, of his noble qualities, and affectionate heart; those who have been so many years his companions, can want no proofs of it. We know your attachment to him, sir, said Sir Robert; and, in consequence, your partiality. Nay, replied William, you are sensible of the truth of my as-

OLD ENGLISH BARON.

Mr Wilham & his Servant advance to Lovel Castle to prepare
for the reception of the Commissioners

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assertions; and, I am confident, would have loved him yourself, but for the insinuations of his enemies: but if he should make good his assertions, even you must be convinced of his veracity. And you would have my father give him your sister upon this uncertainty? No, sir, but upon these conditions. But suppose he does not make them good? Then I will be of your party, and give up his interest. Very well, sir: my father may do as he pleases; but I cannot agree to give my sister to one who has always stood in the way of our family, and now turns us out of our own house.

I am sorry, brother, you see his pretensions in so wrong a light; but if you think there is any imposture in the case, go with us, and be a witness of all that passes. No, not I; if Edmund is to be master of the castle, I will never more set my foot in it. This matter, said Mr. Clifford, must be left to time, which has brought strange things to pass. Sir Robert's honour and good sense will enable him to subdue his prejudices, and to judge impartially. They took leave, and went to make preparations for their journey. Edmund made his report of Sir Robert's inflexibility to his father, in presence of Sir Philip; who, again, ventured to urge the baron on his favourite subject. It becomes me to wait for the further proofs, said he; but, if they are as clear as I expect, I will not be inexorable to your wishes: say nothing more on this subject till the return of the commissioners. They were profuse in their acknowledgments of his goodness.

Edmund took a tender leave of his two paternal friends:—When, said he, I take possession of my inheritance, I must hope for the company of you both to complete my happiness. Of me, said Sir Philip, you may be certain; and, as far as my influence reaches, of the baron.—He was silent. Edmund assured them of his constant prayers for their happiness.

Soon after, the commissioners, with Edmund, set out for Lovel castle; and the following day the Lord Clifford set out for his own house, with Baron Fitz-Owen and his son. The nominal baron was carried with them, very much against his will. Sir Philip Harclay was invited to go with them by Lord Clifford, who declared his presence necessary to bring things to a conclusion. They all joined in acknowledging their obligations to Lord Graham's generous hospitality, and besought him to accompany them; at length he consented, on condition they would allow him to go to and fro, as his duty should call him.

Lord Clifford received them with the greatest hospitality, and presented them to his lady, and three daughters, who were in the bloom of youth and beauty. They spent their time very pleasantly, excepting the criminal, who continued gloomy and reserved, and declined company.

In the mean time, the commissioners proceeded on their journey. When they were within a day's distance from the castle, Mr. William and his servant put forward, and arrived several hours before the rest, to make preparations for their reception. His sister and brother received them with open arms, and inquired eagerly after the event of the journey to the north. He gave them a brief account of every thing that had happened to their uncle; adding, But this is not all: Sir Philip Harclay has brought a young

man who he pretends is the son of the late Lord Lovel, and claims his estate and title. This person is on his journey hither, with several others, who are commissioned to inquire into certain particulars, to confirm his pretensions:—If he make good his claim, my father will surrender the castle and estate into his hand. Sir Philip and my lord have many points to settle: and he has proposed a compromise, that you, my sister, ought to know, because it nearly concerns you. Me! brother William; pray explain yourself. Why, he proposes that, in lieu of arrears and other expectations, my father shall give his dear Emma to the heir of Lovel, in full of all demands. She changed colour:—Holy Mary! said she, and does my father agree to his proposal?—He is not very averse to it; but Sir Robert refuses his consent: however, I have given him my interest with you. Have you indeed? What! a stranger, perhaps an impostor, who comes to turn us out of our dwelling?—Have patience, my Emma! see this young man without prejudice, and perhaps you will like him as well as I do.—I am surprised at you, William!—Dear Emma, I cannot bear to see you uneasy. Think of the man who, of all others, you would wish to see in a situation to ask you of your father, and expect to see your wishes realized.—Impossible! said she.—Nothing is impossible, my dear; let us be prudent, and all will end happily. You must help me to receive and entertain these commissioners. I expect a very solemn scene; but when that is once got over, happier hours than the past will succeed. We shall first visit the haunted apartment; you, my sister, will keep in your own till I shall send for you. I go now to give orders to the servants. He went and ordered them to be in waiting, and himself and his youngest brother stood in readiness to receive them.

The sound of the horn announced the arrival of the commissioners; at the same instant a sudden gust of wind arose, and the outward gates flew open. They entered the court-yard, and the great folding-doors in the hall were opened without any assistance. The moment Edmund entered the hall, every door in the house flew open; the servants all rushed into the hall, and fear was written on their countenances: Joseph only was undaunted.—These doors, said he, open of their own account to receive their master! this is he indeed! Edmund was soon apprised of what had happened.—I accept the omen! said he. Gentlemen, let us go forward to the apartment! let us finish the work of fate! I will lead the way. He went on to the apartment, followed by all present. Open the shutters, said he, the daylight shall no longer be excluded here; the deeds of darkness shall now be brought to light.

They descended the staircase; every door was open, till they came to the fatal closet. Edmund called to Mr. William.—Approach, my friend, and behold the door your family overlooked! They came forward: he drew the key out of his bosom, and unlocked the door; he made them observe that the boards were all loose; he then called to the servants, and bid them remove every thing out of the closet. While they were doing that, Edmund shewed them the breast-plate all stained with blood; he then called to Joseph: do you know whose was this suit of armour?—

It was my lord's, said Joseph; the late Lord Lovel; I have seen him wear it.

Edmund bade them bring shovels and remove the earth. While they were gone, he desired Oswald to repeat all that passed the night they sat up together in that apartment, which he did till the servants returned. They threw out the earth, while the by-standers in solemn silence waited the event. After some time and labour they struck against something. They proceeded till they discovered a large trunk, which, with great difficulty, they drew out. It had been corded round, but the cords were rotted to dust. They opened it, and found a skeleton, which appeared to have been tied neck and heels together, and forced into the trunk. Behold, said Edmund, the bones of him to whom I owe my birth! The priest from Lord Graham's advanced.—This is undoubtedly the body of the Lord Lovel; I heard his kinsman confess the manner in which he was interred. Let this awful spectacle be a lesson to all present, that though wickedness may triumph for a season, a day of retribution will come! Oswald exclaimed,—Behold the day of retribution! of triumph to the innocent, of shame and confusion to the wicked.

The young gentlemen declared that Edmund had made good his assertions; what then, said they, remains? I propose, said Lord Graham's priest, that an account be written of this discovery, and signed by all the witnesses present; that an attested copy be left in the hands of this gentleman, and the original be sent to the barons and Sir Philip Harclay, to convince them of the truth of it.*

Mr. Clifford then desired Edmund to proceed in his own way.—The first thing I propose to do, said he, is to have a coffin made for these honoured remains; I trust to find the bones of my other parent, and to inter them all together in consecrated ground. Unfortunate pair! you shall at last rest together! your son shall pay the last duties to your ashes! He stopped to shed tears, and none present but paid this tribute to their misfortunes. Edmund recovered his voice, and proceeded—My next request is, that father Oswald and this reverend father, with whoever else the gentlemen shall appoint, will send for Andrew and Margery Twyford, and examine them concerning the circumstances of my birth, and the death and burial of my unfortunate mother.—It shall be done, said Mr. William; but first let me entreat you to come with me and take some refreshment after your journey, for you must be fatigued; after dinner we will proceed in the inquiry.

They all followed him into the great hall, where they were entertained with great hospitality, and Mr. William did the honours in his father's name. Edmund's heart was deeply affected, and the solemnity of his deportment bore witness to his sincerity; but it was a manly sorrow, that did not make him neglect his duty to his friends, or himself. He inquired after the health of the Lady Emma.—She is well, said William, and as much your friend as ever. Edmund bowed in silence.

After dinner the commissioners sent for Andrew and his wife. They examined them separately, and found their accounts agreed together, and

were in substance the same as Oswald and Edmund had before related, separately also. The commissioners observed, that there could be no collusion between them, and that the proofs were indisputable. They kept the foster parents all night; and the next day Andrew directed them to the place where the Lady Lovel was buried, between two trees, which he had marked for a memorial. They collected the bones, and carried them to the castle, where Edmund caused a stately coffin to be made for the remains of the unfortunate pair. The two priests obtained leave to look into the coffin buried in the church, and found nothing but stones and earth in it. The commissioners then declared they were fully satisfied of the reality of Edmund's pretensions.

The two priests were employed in drawing up a circumstantial account of these discoveries, in order to make their report to the barons at their return. In the mean time Mr. William took an opportunity to introduce Edmund to his sister.—My Emma, said he, the heir of Lovel is desirous to pay his respects to you. They were both in apparent confusion; but Edmund's wore off, and Emma's increased.—I have been long desirous, said he, to pay my respects to the lady whom I most honour, but unavoidable duties have detained me; when these are fully paid, it is my wish to devote the remainder of my life to Lady Emma!—Are you, then, the heir of Lovel?—I am, Madam; and am also the man in whose behalf I once presumed to speak.—'Tis very strange indeed!—It is so, Madam, to myself; but time, that reconciles us to all things, will, I hope, render this change in my situation familiar to you. William said,—You are both well acquainted with the wishes of my heart; but my advice is, that you do not encourage a further intimacy till my lord's determination be fully known.—You may dispose of me as you please, said Edmund; but I cannot help declaring my wishes; yet I will submit to my lord's sentence, though he should doom me to despair.

From this period the young pair behaved with solemn respect to each other, but with apparent reserve. The young lady sometimes appeared in company, but oftener chose to be in her own apartment, where she began to believe and hope for the completion of her wishes. The uncertainty of the baron's determination threw an air of anxiety over Edmund's face: his friend William, by the most tender care and attention, strove to dispel his fears, and encourage his hopes; but he waited with impatience for the return of the commissioners, and the decision of his fate.

While these things passed at the castle of Lovel, the nominal baron recovered his health and strength at the house of Lord Clifford: in the same proportion he grew more and more shy and reserved, avoided the company of his brother and nephew, and was frequently shut up with his two servants. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen made several attempts to gain his confidence, but in vain; he was equally shy to him as the rest. M. Zadisky observed his motions, with the penetration for which his countrymen have been distinguished in all ages: he communicated his suspicions to Sir Philip and the barons, giving it as his opinion, that the criminal was meditating an

escape. They asked what he thought was to be done? Zadisky offered to watch him in turn with another person, and to lie in wait for him; he also proposed, that horses should be kept in readiness, and men to mount them, without knowledge of the service they were to be employed in. The barons agreed to leave the whole management of this affair to Zadisky. He took his measures so well, that he intercepted the three fugitives in the fields adjoining the house, and brought them all back prisoners. They confined them separately, while the lords and gentlemen consulted how to dispose of them.

Sir Philip applied to Lord Fitz-Owen, who begged leave to be silent: I have nothing, said he, to offer in favour of this bad man: and I cannot propose harsher measures with so near a relation. Zadisky then begged to be heard. You can no longer have any reliance upon the word of a man who has forfeited all pretensions to honour and sincerity. I have long wished to revisit once more my native country, and to inquire after some very dear friends I left there; I will undertake to convey this man to a very distant part of the world, where it will be out of his power to do further mischief, and free his relations from an ungrateful charge, unless you should rather choose to bring him to punishment here. Lord Clifford approved of the proposal; Lord Fitz-Owen remained silent, but shewed no marks of disapprobation.

Sir Philip objected to parting with his friend; but Zadisky assured him he had particular reasons for returning to the Holy Land, of which he should be judge hereafter. Sir Philip desired the Lord Fitz-Owen to give him his company to the criminal's apartment, saying, We will have one more conversation with him, and that shall decide his fate. They found him silent and sullen, and he refused to answer their questions. Sir Philip then bespoke him—After the proofs you have given of your falsehood and insincerity, we can no longer have any reliance upon you, nor faith in your fulfilling the conditions of our agreement; I will, therefore, once more make you a proposal that shall still leave you indebted to our clemency. You shall banish yourself from England for ever, and go in pilgrimage to the Holy Land, with such companions as we shall appoint; or, secondly, you shall enter directly into a monastery, and there be shut up for life; or, thirdly, if you refuse both these offers, I will go directly to court, throw myself at the feet of my sovereign, relate the whole story of your wicked life and actions, and demand vengeance on your head. The king is too good and pious to let such villany go unpunished; he will bring you to public shame and punishment: and be you assured, if I begin this prosecution, I will pursue it to the utmost. I appeal to your worthy brother for the justice of my proceeding. I reason no more with you, I only declare my resolution. I wait your answer one hour, and the next I put in execution whatever you shall oblige me to determine. So saying, they retired, and left him to reflect and to resolve. At the expiration of the hour they sent Zadisky to receive his answer; he insinuated to him the generosity and charity of Sir Philip and the lords, and the certainty of their resolutions, and begged him to take care what answer

he returned, for that his fate depended on it. He kept silent several minutes, resentment and despair were painted on his visage: at length he spoke:

Tell my proud enemies that I prefer banishment to death, infamy, or a life of solitude.—You have chosen well, said Zadiaky. To a wise man all countries are alike; it shall be my care to make mine agreeable to you.—Are you then the person chosen for my companion?—I am, Sir; and you may judge by that circumstance, that those whom you call your enemies, are not so in effect. Farewell, Sir; I go to prepare for our departure.

Zadisky went and made his report, and then set immediately about his preparations. He chose two active young men for his attendants; and gave them directions to keep a strict eye upon their charge, for that they should be accountable if he should escape them.

In the mean time the baron Fitz-Owen had several conferences with his brother: he endeavoured to make him sensible of his crimes, and of the justice and clemency of his conqueror; but he was moody and reserved to him as to the rest. Sir Philip Harclay obliged him to surrender his worldly estates into the hands of Lord Fitz-Owen: a writing was drawn up for that purpose, and executed in the presence of them all. Lord Fitz-Owen engaged to allow him an annual sum, and to advance money for the expenses of his voyage. He spoke to him in the most affectionate manner, but he refused his embrace:—You will have nothing to regret, said he, haughtily; for the gain is yours. Sir Philip conjured Zadiaky to return to him again; who answered,—I will either return, or give such reasons for my stay, as you shall approve. I will send a messenger to acquaint you with my arrival in Syria, and with such other particulars as I shall judge interesting to you and yours. In the mean time remember me in your prayers, and preserve for me those sentiments of friendship and esteem, that I have always deemed one of the chief honours and blessings of my life. Commend my love and duty to your adopted son; he will more than supply my absence, and be the comfort of your old age. Adieu, best and noblest of friends! They took a tender leave of each other, not without tears on both sides.

The travellers set out directly for a distant seaport, where they heard of a ship bound for the Levant, in which they embarked, and proceeded on their voyage.

The commissioners arrived at Lord Clifford's a few days after the departure of the adventurers. They gave a minute account of their commission, and expressed themselves entirely satisfied of the justice of Edmund's pretensions; they gave an account in writing of all that they had been eyewitnesses to, and ventured to urge the Baron Fitz-Owen on the subject of Edmund's wishes. The baron was already disposed in his favour; his mind was employed in the future establishment of his family. During their residence at Lord Clifford's, his eldest son, Sir Robert, had cast his eye upon the eldest daughter of that nobleman, and he besought his father to ask her in marriage for him. The baron was pleased with the alliance, and took the first opportunity to mention it to Lord Clifford; who answered him pleasantly—I will give my daughter to your son, upon condition that you

will give yours to the heir of Lovel. The baron looked serious: Lord Clifford went on—I like that young man so well, that I would accept him for a son-in-law, if he asked me for my daughter; and if I have any influence with you, I will use it in his behalf.—A powerful solicitor, indeed! said the baron; but you know my eldest son's reluctance to it; if he consents, so will I.—He shall consent, said Lord Clifford, or he shall have no daughter of mine. Let him subdue his prejudices, and then I will lay aside my scruples.—But, my lord, replied the baron, if I can obtain his free consent, it will be the best for all: I will try once more, and if he will not, I will leave it wholly to your management.

When the noble company were all assembled, Sir Philip Harclay revived the subject, and besought the Lord Fitz-Owen to put an end to the work he had begun, by confirming Edmund's happiness. The baron rose up, and thus spoke:—The proofs of Edmund's noble birth, the still stronger ones of his excellent endowments and qualities, the solicitations of so many noble friends in his behalf, have altogether determined me in his favour; and I hope to do justice to his merit, without detriment to my other children: I am resolved to make them all as happy as my power will allow me to do. Lord Clifford has been so gracious as to promise his fair daughter to my son Robert, upon certain conditions, that I will take upon me to ratify, and which will render my son worthy of the happiness that awaits him. My children are the undoubted heirs of my unhappy brother, Lovel: you, my son, shall therefore immediately take possession of your uncle's house and estate, only obliging you to pay to each of your younger brothers the sum of one thousand pounds; on this condition, I will secure that estate to you and your heirs for ever. I will, by my own act and deed, surrender the castle and estate of Lovel to the right owner, and at the same time marry him to my daughter. I will settle a proper allowance upon my two younger sons, and dispose of what remains by a will and testament; and then I shall have done all my business in this world, and shall have nothing to do but prepare for the next.

Oh, my father! said Sir Robert, I cannot bear your generosity: you would give away all to others, and reserve nothing for yourself.—Not so, my son, said the baron: I will repair my old castle in Wales, and reside there. I will visit my children, and be visited by them: I will enjoy their happiness, and by that means increase my own; whether I look backwards or forwards, I shall have nothing to do but rejoice, and be thankful to Heaven, that has given me so many blessings: I shall have the comfortable reflection of having discharged my duties as a citizen, a husband, a father, a friend; and, whenever I am summoned away from this world, I shall die content.

Sir Robert came forward with tears on his cheeks, he kneeled to his father,—Best of parents, and of men! said he; you have subdued a heart that has been too refractory to your will: you have this day made me sensible how much I owe to your goodness and forbearance with me. Forgive me all that is past, and from henceforward dispose of me, I will have no will but yours, no ambition but to be worthy of the name of your son.—

And this day, said the baron, do I enjoy the true happiness of a father! Rise, my son, and take possession of the first place in my affection, without reserve. They embraced with tears on both sides: the company rose, and congratulated both father and son. The baron presented his son to Lord Clifford, who embraced him, and said—You shall have my daughter, for I see that you deserve her.

Sir Philip Harclay approached; the baron gave his son's hand to the knight: Love and respect that good man, said he; deserve his friendship, and you will obtain it. Nothing but congratulations were heard on all sides.

When the joy was in some degree reduced to composure, Sir Philip proposed that they should begin to execute the schemes of happiness they had planned. He proposed that the Lord Fitz-Owen should go with him to the castle of Lovel, and settle the family there. The baron consented; and both together invited such of the company as liked it to accompany them thither. It was agreed that a nephew of Lord Graham's, another of Lord Clifford's, two gentlemen, friends of Sir Philip Harclay, and father Oswald, should be of the party; together with several of Sir Philip's dependants and domestics, and the attendants on the rest. Lord Fitz-Owen gave orders for their speedy departure. Lord Graham and his friends took leave of them, in order to return to his own home; but, before he went, he engaged his eldest nephew and heir to the second daughter of the Lord Clifford: Sir Robert offered himself to the eldest, who modestly received his address, and made no objection to his proposal. The fathers confirmed their engagement.

Lord Fitz-Owen promised to return to the celebration of the marriage; in the mean time he ordered his son to go and take possession of his uncle's house, and to settle his household: he invited young Clifford, and some other gentlemen, to go with him. The company separated with regret, and with many promises of friendship on all sides; and the gentlemen of the north were to cultivate the good neighbourhood on both sides of the borders.

Sir Philip Harclay and the Baron Fitz-Owen, with their friends and attendants, set forwards for the castle of Lovel; a servant went before, at full speed, to acquaint the family of their approach. Edmund was in great anxiety of mind, now the crisis of his fate was near at hand: he inquired of the messenger, who were of the party? and finding that Sir Philip Harclay was there, and that Sir Robert Fitz-Owen stayed in the north, his hopes rose above his fears. Mr. William, attended by a servant, rode forward to meet them; he desired Edmund to stay and receive them. Edmund was under some difficulty, with regard to his behaviour to the lovely Emma: a thousand times his heart rose to his lips, as often he suppressed his emotions; they both sighed frequently, said little, thought much, and wished for the event. Master William was too young to partake of their anxieties, but he wished for the arrival of his father to end them.

Mr. William's impatience spurred him on to meet his father: as soon as he saw him, he rode up directly to him:—My dear father, you are welcome

home! said he.—I think not, sir, said the baron, and looked serious. Why so, my lord? said William.—Because it is no longer mine, but another man's home, answered he, and I must receive my welcome from him.—Meaning Edmund? said William.—Whom else can it be?—Ah, my lord! he is your creature, your servant: he puts his fate into your hands, and will submit to your pleasure in all things!—Why comes he not to meet us? said the baron.—His fears prevent him, said William; but speak the word, and I will fetch him.—No, said the baron, we will wait on him.—William looked confused. Is Edmund so unfortunate, said he, as to have incurred your displeasure? Sir Philip Harclay advanced and laid his hand on William's saddle.—Generous impatience! noble youth! said he; look round you, and see if you can discover in this company one enemy of your friend! Leave to your excellent father the time and manner of explaining himself: he only can do justice to his own sentiments. The baron smiled on Sir Philip: William's countenance cleared up; they went forward, and soon arrived at the castle of Lovel.

Edmund was walking to and fro in the hall, when he heard the horn that announced their arrival; his emotions were so great that he could hardly support them. The baron and Sir Philip entered the hall hand in hand; Edmund threw himself at their feet, and embraced their knees, but could not utter a word. They raised him between them, and strove to encourage him: but he threw himself into the arms of Sir Philip Harclay, deprived of strength and almost of life. They supported him to a seat, where he recovered by degrees, but had no power to speak his feelings: he looked up to his benefactors in the most affecting manner; he laid his hand upon his bosom, but was still silent.—Compose yourself, my dear son, said Sir Philip; you are in the arms of your best friends. Look up to the happiness that awaits you; enjoy the blessings that Heaven sends you; lift up your heart in gratitude to the Creator, and think less of what you owe to the creature! You will have time enough to pay us your acknowledgments hereafter.

The company came round them; the servants flocked into the hall; shouts of joy were heard on all sides: the baron came and took Edmund's hand:—Rise, sir, said he, and do the honours of your house! it is yours from this day: we are your guests, and expect from you our welcome! Edmund kneeled to the baron; he spoke with a faltering voice—My lord, I am yours! all that I have is at your devotion! dispose of me as it pleases you best. The baron embraced him with the greatest affection:—Look round you, said he, and salute your friends; these gentlemen came hither to do you honour. Edmund revived; he embraced and welcomed the gentlemen. Father Oswald received his embrace with peculiar affection, and gave him his benediction in a most affecting manner. Edmund exclaimed—Pray for me, father! that I may bear all these blessings with gratitude and moderation! He then saluted and shook hands with all the servants, not omitting the meanest; he distinguished Joseph by a cordial embrace; he called him his dear friend:—Now, said he, I can return your friendship, and I am proud to acknowledge it! The old man, with a faltering voice,

cried out—Now I have lived long enough; I have seen my master's son acknowledged for the heir of Lovel! The hall echoed with his words: Long live the heir of Lovel!

The baron took Edmund's hands in his own:—Let us retire from this crowd, said he; we have business of a more private nature to transact. He led to the parlour, followed by Sir Philip and the other gentlemen. Where are my other children? said he. William retired, and presently returned with his brother and sister. They kneeled to their father, who raised and embraced them. He then called out,—William! Edmund! come and receive my blessing also. They approached hand in hand; they kneeled, and he gave them a solemn benediction.—Your friendship deserves our praise, my children; love each other always! and may Heaven pour down its choicest blessings upon your heads! They rose, and embraced in silent raptures of joy. Edmund presented his friend to Sir Philip.—I understand you, said he; this gentleman was my first acquaintance of this family; he has a title to the second place in my heart: I shall tell him at more leisure, how much I love and honour him for his own sake, as well as yours. He embraced the youth, and desired his friendship.

Come hither, my Emma, said the baron. She approached, with tears on her cheek, sweetly blushing, like the damask rose wet with the dew of the morning. I must ask you a serious question, my child; answer me with the same sincerity you would to Heaven. You see this young man, the heir of Lovel! you have known him long; consult your own heart, and tell me whether you have any objection to receive him for your husband? I have promised to all this company to give you to him; but upon condition that you approve him: I think him worthy of you; and, whether you accept him or not, he shall ever be to me a son; but Heaven forbid that I should compel my child to give her hand where she cannot bestow her heart! Speak freely, and decide this point for me and yourself. The fair Emma blushed, and was under some confusion; her virgin modesty prevented her speaking for some moments. Edmund trembled; he leaned upon William's shoulder to support himself. Emma cast her eye upon him, she saw his emotion, and hastened to relieve him; she thus spoke, in a soft voice, which gathered strength as she proceeded—My lord and father's goodness has always prevented my wishes; I am the happiest of all children, in being able to obey his commands, without offering violence to my own inclinations: as I am called upon in this public manner, it is but justice to this gentleman's merit to declare, that, were I at liberty to choose a husband from all the world, he only should be my choice, who, I can say, with joy, is my father's also. Edmund bowed low, he advanced towards her; the baron took his daughter's hand, and presented it to him: he kneeled upon one knee, he took her hand, kissed it, and pressed it to his bosom: the baron embraced and blessed them; he presented them to Sir Philip Harclay—Receive and acknowledge your children! said he.—I do receive them as the gift of Heaven! said the noble knight; they are as much mine as if I had begotten them: all that I have is theirs, and shall descend to their children for ever. A fresh scene of congratulation ensued: and the hearts of all

the auditors were too much engaged to be able soon to return to the ease and tranquillity of common life.

After they had refreshed themselves, and recovered from the emotions they had sustained on this interesting occasion, Edmund thus addressed the baron: On the brink of happiness I must claim your attention to a melancholy subject. The bones of both my parents lie unburied in this house; permit me, my honoured lord, to perform my last duties to them, and the remainder of my life shall be devoted to you and yours.—Certainly, said the baron; why have you not interred them?—My lord, I waited for your arrival, that you might be certified of the reality, and that no doubts might remain.—I have no doubts, said the baron. Alas! both the crime and punishment of the offender leave no room for them! He sighed. Let us now put an end to this affair; and, if possible, forget it for ever.

If it will not be too painful to you, my lord, I would entreat you, with these gentlemen, our friends, to follow me into the east apartment, the scene of my parents' woes, and yet the dawning of my better hopes.

They rose to attend him; he committed the Lady Emma to the care of her youngest brother, observing that the scene was too solemn for a lady to be present at it. They proceeded to the apartment; he shewed the baron the fatal closet, and the place where the bones were found, also the trunk that contained them: he recapitulated all that passed before their arrival; he shewed them the coffin where the bones of the unfortunate pair were deposited: he then desired the baron to give orders for their interment.—No, replied he, it belongs to you to order, and every one here is ready to perform it. Edmund then desired father Oswald to give notice to the friars of the monastery of St. Austin, that, with their permission, the funeral should be solemnized there, and their bones interred in the church. He also gave orders that the closet should be floored, the apartment repaired and put in order. He then returned to the other side of the castle.

Preparations being made for the funeral, it was performed a few days after. Edmund attended in person as chief mourner, Sir Philip Harclay as the second; Joseph desired he might assist as servant to the deceased: they were followed by most people of the village. The story was now become public, and every one blessed Edmund for the piety and devotion with which he performed the last duties to his parents.—Edmund appeared in deep mourning; the week after he assisted at a mass for the repose of the deceased.

Sir Philip Harclay ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of his friends, with the following inscription:

"Pray for the soules of Arthur Lord Lovele and Marie his wife, who were cut off in the flowere of their youthe, by the treacherye and crueltie of their neare kinnermanne. Edmund their onlie sonne, one and twentie yeares after their deathe, by the direction of Heavene, made the discoverye of the mannere of their deathe, and at the same time proved his own birthe. He collected their bones together, and interred them in this place: A warning and prooffe to late posteritie, of the justice of Providence, and the certaintie of retribution."

The Sunday after the funeral, Edmund threw off his mourning, and appeared in a dress suitable to his condition. He received the compliments of his friends with ease and cheerfulness, and began to enjoy his happiness. He asked an audience of his fair mistress, and was permitted to declare the passion he had so long stifled in his own bosom. She gave him a favourable hearing, and in a short time confessed that she had suffered equally in that suspense that was so grievous to him. They engaged themselves by mutual vows to each other, and only waited the baron's pleasure to complete their happiness; every cloud was banished from their brows, and sweet tranquillity took possession of their bosoms. Their friends shared their happiness; William and Edmund renewed their vows of everlasting friendship, and promised to be as much together as William's other duties would permit.

The baron once more summoned all his company together; he told Edmund all that had passed relating to his brother-in-law, his exile, and the pilgrimage of Zadisky; he then related the circumstances of Sir Robert's engagement to Lord Clifford's daughter, his establishment in his uncle's seat, and his own obligations to return time enough to be present at the marriage: but before I go, said he, I will give my daughter to the heir of Lovel, and then I shall have discharged my duty to him, and my promise to Sir Philip Harclay.

You have nobly performed both, said Sir Philip, and whenever you depart I shall be your companion.—What, said Edmund, am I to be deprived of both my fathers at once? My honoured lord, you have given away two houses, where do you intend to reside?—No matter, said the baron: I know I shall be welcome to both.—My dear lord, said Edmund, stay here, and be still the master; I shall be proud to be under your command, and to be your servant as well as your son!—No, Edmund, said the baron, that would not now be proper; this is your castle, you are its lord and master, and it is incumbent on you to shew yourself worthy of the great things Providence hath done for you.—How shall I, a young man, acquit myself of so many duties as will be upon me, without the advice and assistance of my two paternal friends? Oh, Sir Philip! will you too leave me? once you gave me hopes; he stopped, greatly affected. Sir Philip said,—Tell me truly, Edmund, do you really desire that I should live with you?—As truly, sir, as I desire life and happiness;—Then, my dear child, I will live and die with you!—They embraced each other with tears of affection, and Edmund was all joy and gratitude.—My good lord, said Sir Philip, you have disposed of two houses, and have none ready to receive you; will you accept of mine? It is much at your service, and its being in the same county with your eldest son, will be an inducement to you to reside there. The baron caught Sir Philip's hand—Noble sir, I thank you, and I will embrace your kind offer; I will be your tenant for the present; my castle in Wales shall be put in repair in the mean time; if I do not reside there, it will be an establishment for one of my youngest sons: but what will you do with your old soldiers and dependants?—My lord, I will never cast them off. There is another house on my estate that has been shut up many years; I will have it repaired and furnished properly for the

reception of my old men: I will endow it with a certain sum, to be paid annually, and will appoint a steward to manage their revenue; I will continue it during the lives of the first inhabitants, and after that I shall leave it to my son here, to do as he pleases.—Your son, said Edmund, will make it the business of his life to act worthy of such a father.—Enough, said Sir Philip, I am satisfied that you will. I purpose to reside myself in that very apartment which my dread friend your father inhabited; I will tread in his footsteps, and think he sees me acting his part in his son's family. I will be attended by my own servants: and whenever you desire it, I will give you my company: your joys, your griefs, shall be mine; I shall hold your children in my arms, and their prattle shall amuse my old age: and, as my last earthly wish, your hands shall close my eyes.—Long, very long, said Edmund (with eyes and hands lifted up) may it be ere I perform so sad a duty!—Long and happily may you live together, said the baron! I will hope to see you sometimes, and to claim a share in your blessings. But let us give no more tears to sorrow, the rest shall be those of joy and transport. The first step we take shall be to marry our Edmund: I will give orders for the celebration, and they shall be the last orders I shall give in this house. They then separated, and went to prepare for the approaching solemnity.

Sir Philip and the baron had a private conference concerning Edmund's assuming the name and title of Lovel. I am resolved, said Sir Philip, to go to the king; to acquaint him briefly with Edmund's history; I will request that he may be called up to parliament by a writ, for there is no need of a new patent, he being the true inheritor; in the mean time he shall assume the name, arms, and title, and I will answer any one that shall dispute his right to them. Sir Philip then declared his resolution to set out with the baron at his departure, and to settle all his other affairs before he returned to take up his residence at the castle.

A few days after, the marriage was celebrated, to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The baron ordered the doors to be thrown open, and the house free for all comers; with every other token of joy and festivity. Edmund appeared full of joy without levity, of mirth without extravagance; he received the congratulations of his friends with ease, freedom, and vivacity. He sent for his foster-father and mother, who began to think themselves neglected, as he had been so deeply engaged in affairs of more consequence, that he had not been particularly attentive to them; he made them come into the great hall, and presented them to his lady.

These, said he, are the good people to whom I am, under God, indebted for my present happiness; they were my first benefactors; I was obliged to them for food and sustenance in my childhood, and this good woman nourished my infancy at her own breast. The lady received them graciously, and saluted Margery. Andrew kneeled down, and, with great humility, begged Edmund's pardon for his treatment of him in his childhood.—I heartily forgive you, said he, and I will excuse you to yourself; it was natural for you to look upon me as an intruder, that was eating your children's bread; you saved my life, and afterwards you sustained it by your

food and raiment: I ought to have maintained myself, and to have contributed to your maintenance. But, besides this, your treatment of me was the first of my preferment; it recommended me to the notice of this noble family: every thing that happened to me since, has been a step to my present state of honour and happiness. Never man had so many benefactors as myself; but both they, and myself, have been only instruments in the hands of Providence, to bring about its own purposes: let us praise God for all! I shared your poverty, and you will share my riches; I will give you the cottage where you dwell, and the ground about it; I will also pay you the annual sum of ten pounds for the lives of you both; I will put out your children to manual trades; and assist you to provide for them in their own station; and you are to look upon this as paying a debt, and not bestowing a gift: I owe you more than I can ever pay: and, if there be any thing further in my power, that will contribute to your happiness, you can ask nothing in reason that I will deny you.

Andrew hid his face: I cannot bear it! said he; oh what a brute was I to abuse such a child as this! I shall never forgive myself!—You must, indeed, my friend! for I forgive, and thank you. Andrew retired back, but Margery came forward; she looked earnestly on Edmund, she then threw her arms about his neck, and wept aloud—My precious child! my lovely babe! thank God, I have lived to see this day! I will rejoice in your good fortune, and your bounty to us, but I must ask one more favour yet; that I may sometimes come hither and behold that gracious countenance, and thank God that I was honoured so far as to give thee food from my own breast, and to bring thee up to be a blessing to me, and to all that know thee! Edmund was affected, he returned her embrace; he bade her come to the castle as often as she pleased, and she should always be received as his mother; the bride saluted her, and told her, the oftener she came, the more welcome she should be. Margery and her husband retired, full of blessings and prayers for their happiness; she gave vent to her joy, by relating to the servants and neighbours every circumstance of Edmund's birth, infancy, and childhood: many a tear was dropped by the auditors, and many a prayer wafted to Heaven for his happiness. Joseph took up the story where she left it; he told the rising dawn of youth and virtue, darting its rays through the clouds of obscurity, and how every stroke of envy and malignity brushed away some part of the darkness that veiled its lustre: he told the story of the haunted apartment, and all the consequences of it; how he and Oswald conveyed the youth away from the castle, no more to return till he came as master of it: he closed the tale with praise to Heaven for the happy discovery, that gave such an heir to the house of Lovel; to his dependants such a lord and master; to mankind a friend and benefactor. There was truly a house of joy; not that false kind, in the midst of which there is heaviness, but that of rational creatures, grateful to the Supreme Benefactor, raising their minds by a due enjoyment of earthly blessings, to a preparation for a more perfect state hereafter.

A few days after the wedding, the Lord Fitz-Owen began to prepare for his journey to the north. He gave to Edmund the plate, linen, and furni-

ture of the castle, the farming stock and utensils; he would have added a sum of money, but Sir Philip stopped his hand.—We do not forget, said he, that you have other children, we will not suffer you to injure them; give us your blessing, and paternal affection, and we have nothing more to ask: I told you, my lord, that you and I should one day be sincere friends.—We must be so, answered the baron; it is impossible to be long your enemy: we are brothers, and shall be to our lives' end.

They regulated the young man's household; the baron gave leave to his servants to choose their master; the elder ones followed him (except Joseph, who desired to live with Edmund, as the chief happiness of his life); most of the younger ones chose the service of the youthful pair. There was a tender and affectionate parting on all sides. Edmund besought his beloved William not to leave him. The baron said, he must insist on his being at his brother's wedding, as a due attention to him; but after that he should return to the castle for some time.

The baron and Sir Philip Harclay, with their train, set forward. Sir Philip went to London, and obtained all he desired for his Edmund; from thence he went into Yorkshire, and settled his affairs there, removing his pensioners to his other house, and putting Lord Fitz-Owen in possession of his own. They had a generous contention about the terms; but Sir Philip insisted on the baron's accepting the use of every thing there: You hold it in trust for a future grandchild, said he, whom I hope to live to endow with it.

During Sir Philip's absence, the young Lord Lovel caused the haunted apartment to be repaired and furnished for the reception of his father by adoption. He placed his friend Joseph over all his men servants, and ordered him to forbear his attendance: but the old man would always stand at the side-board, and feast his eyes with the countenance of his own master's son, surrounded with honour and happiness. John Wyatt waited upon the person of his lord, and enjoyed his favour without abatement. Mr. William Fitz-Owen accompanied Sir Philip Harclay from the north country, when he returned to take up his residence at the castle of Lovel.

Edmund, in the arms of love and friendship, enjoyed with true relish the blessings that surrounded him, with an heart overflowing with benevolence to his fellow-creatures, and raptures of gratitude to his Creator. His lady and himself were examples of conjugal affection and happiness. Within a year from his marriage she brought him a son and heir, whose birth renewed the joy and congratulations of all his friends: the Baron Fitz-Owen came to the baptism, and partook of his children's blessings. The child was called Arthur, after the name of its grandfather.

The year following was born a second son, who was called Philip Harclay; upon him the noble knight of that name settled his estate in Yorkshire; and, by the king's permission, he took the name and arms of that family.

The third son was called William; he inherited the fortune of his uncle of that name, who adopted him, and he made the castle of Lovel his residence, and died a bachelor.

The fourth son was called Edmund; the fifth Owen; and there was also a daughter called Emma.

When time had worn out the prejudices of Sir Robert Fitz-Owen, the good old baron of that name proposed a marriage between his eldest son and heir, and the daughter of Edmund Lord Lovel, which was happily concluded. The nuptials were honoured with the presence of both families; and the old baron was so elevated with this happy union of his descendants, that he cried out—Now I am ready to die! I have lived long enough! this is the band of love that unites all my children to me, and to each other. He did not long survive this happy event; he died full of years and honours, and his name was never mentioned but with the deepest marks of gratitude, love, and veneration. Sweet is the remembrance of the virtuous, and happy are the descendants of such a father! they will think on him, and emulate his virtues; they will remember him, and be ashamed to degenerate from their ancestor.

Many years after Sir Philip Harclay settled at the castle, he received tidings from his friend Zadisky, by one of the two servants who attended him to the Holy Land. From him he learned that his friend had discovered, by private advices, that he had a son living in Palestine, which was the chief motive of his leaving England; that he had met with various adventures in pursuit of him; that at length he found him, converted him to the Christian religion, and then persuaded him to retire from the world into a monastery by the side of Mount Libanus, where he intended to end his days.

That Walter, commonly called Lord Lovel, had entered into the service of the Greek Emperor, John Paleologus, not bearing to undergo a life of solitude and retirement; that he made up a story of his being compelled to leave his native country by his relations, for having accidentally killed one of them, and that he was treated with great cruelty and injustice; that he had accepted a post in the emperor's army, and was soon after married to the daughter of one of the chief officers of it.

Zadisky foresaw, and lamented the downfall of that empire, and withdrew from the storm he saw approaching. Finally, he bade the messenger tell Sir Philip Harclay and his adopted son, that he should not cease to pray for them, and desired their prayers in return.

Sir Philip desired Lord Lovel to entertain this messenger in his service. That good knight lived to extreme old age, in honour and happiness, and died in the arms of his beloved Edmund; who also performed the last duties to his faithful Joseph.

Father Oswald lived many years in the family as chaplain; he retired from thence at length, and died in his own monastery.

Edmund Lord Lovel lived to old age, in peace, honour, and happiness; and died in the arms of his children.

Sir Philip Harclay caused the papers relating to his son's history to be collected together; the first part of it was written under his own eye in Yorkshire, the subsequent parts by father Oswald, at the castle of Lovel. All these, when together, furnish a striking lesson to posterity, of the overruling hand of Providence, and the certainty of RETRIBUTION.

END OF THE OLD ENGLISH BARON.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.



IN TWO VOLUMES.



BY DR. SMOLLETT.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

In which certain personages of this delightful history are introduced to the reader's acquaintance.

IT was on the great northern road from York to London, about the beginning of the month of October, and the hour of eight in the evening, that four travellers were, by a violent shower of rain, driven for shelter into a little public-house on the side of the highway, distinguished by a sign which was said to exhibit the figure of a Black Lion. The kitchen, in which they assembled, was the only room for entertainment in the house, paved with red bricks, remarkably clean, furnished with three or four Windsor chairs, adorned with shining plates of pewter, and copper saucepans nicely scoured, that even dazzled the eyes of the beholder, while a cheerful fire of seacoal blazed in the chimney. Three of the travellers, who arrived on horseback, having seen their cattle properly accommodated in the stable, agreed to pass the time, until the weather should clear up, over a bowl of rumbo, which was accordingly prepared; but the fourth, refusing to join their company, took his station at the opposite side of the chimney, and called for a pint of twopenny, with which he indulged himself apart. At a little distance, on his left-hand, there was another group, consisting of the landlady, a decent widow; her two daughters, the eldest of whom seemed to be about the age of fifteen; and a country lad, who served both as waiter and ostler.

The social triumvirate was composed of Mr. Fillet, a country practitioner in surgery and midwifery, Captain Crowe, and his nephew, Mr. Thomas Clarke, an attorney. Fillet was a man of some education, and a great deal of experience; shrewd, sly, and sensible. Captain Crowe had commanded

a merchant ship in the Mediterranean trade for many years, and saved some money by dint of frugality and traffic. He was an excellent seaman, brave, active, friendly in his way, and scrupulously honest, but as little acquainted with the world as a sucking child; whimsical, impatient, and so impetuous, that he could not help breaking in upon the conversation, whatever it might be, with repeated interruptions, that seemed to burst from him by involuntary impulse: when he himself attempted to speak, he never finished his period, but made such a number of abrupt transitions, that his discourse seemed to be an unconnected series of unfinished sentences, the meaning of which it was not easy to decipher.

His nephew, Tom Clarke, was a young fellow, whose goodness of heart even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt. Before strangers he never owned himself an attorney without blushing; though he had no reason to blush for his own practice, for he constantly refused to engage in the cause of any client whose character was equivocal; and was never known to act with such industry as when concerned for the widow and orphan, or any other object that sued in *forma pauperis*. Indeed, he was so replete with human kindness, that as often as an affecting story or circumstance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very susceptible of passion, and somewhat libertine in his amours. In other respects, he piqued himself on understanding the practice of the courts, and, in private company, he took pleasure in laying down the law, but he was an indifferent orator, and tediously circumstantial in his explanations: his stature was rather diminutive; but, upon the whole, he had some title to the character of a pretty, dapper, little fellow.

The solitary guest had something very forbidding in his aspect, which was contracted by an habitual frown. His eyes were small and red, and so deep set in the sockets, that each appeared like the unextinguished snuff of a farthing candle gleaming through the horn of a dark lantern. His nostrils were elevated in scorn, as if his sense of smelling had been perpetually offended by some unsavoury odour; and he looked as if he wanted to shrink within himself from the impertinence of society. He wore a black periwig, as straight as the pinions of a raven, and this was covered with a hat flapped, and fastened to his head by a speckled handkerchief tied under his chin. He was wrapped in a great coat of brown frieze, under which he seemed to conceal a small bundle. His name was Ferret, and his character distinguished by three peculiarities. He was never seen to smile; he was never heard to speak in praise of any person whatsoever; and he was never known to give a direct answer to any question that was asked; but seemed, on all occasions, to be actuated by the most perverse spirit of contradiction.

Captain Crowe, having remarked that it was squally weather, asked how far it was to the next market-town; and understanding that the distance was not less than six miles, said he had a good mind to come to an anchor for the night, if so be as he could have a tolerable berth in this here harbour.

Mr. Fillet, perceiving by his style that he was a seafaring gentleman, observed that their landlady was not used to lodge such company; and expressed some surprise, that he, who had, no doubt, endured so many storms and hardships at sea, should think much of travelling five or six miles a horseback by moonlight. "For my part," said he, "I ride in all weathers, and all hours, without minding cold, wet, wind, or darkness. My constitution is so case-hardened, that I believe I could live all the year at Spitzbergen. With respect to this road, I know every foot of it so exactly, that I'll engage to travel forty miles upon it blindfold, without making one false step; and, if you have faith enough to put yourselves under my auspices, I will conduct you safe to an elegant inn, where you will meet with the best accommodation."—"Thank you, brother," replied the captain; "we are much beholden to you for your courteous offer; but howsomever, you must not think I mind foul weather more than my neighbours. I have worked hard aloft and alow in many a taught gale—but this here is the case, d'ye see; we have run down a long day's reckoning; our beasts have had a hard spell; and as for my own hap, brother, I doubt my bottom planks have lost some of their sheathing, being as how I a'n't used to that kind of scrubbing."

The doctor, who had practised on board a man-of-war in his youth, and was perfectly well acquainted with the captain's dialect, assured him, that if his bottom was damaged, he would *new-pay* it with an excellent salve, which he always carried about him, to guard against such accidents on the road: but Tom Clarke, who seemed to have cast the eyes of affection upon the landlady's eldest daughter, Dolly, objected to their proceeding further without rest and refreshment, as they had already travelled fifty miles since morning, and he was sure his uncle must be fatigued both in mind and body, from vexation, as well as from a hard exercise to which he had not been accustomed. Fillet then desisted, saying, he was sorry to find the captain had any cause for vexation; but he hoped it was not an incurable evil. This expression was accompanied with a look of curiosity, which Mr. Clarke was glad of an occasion to gratify; for, as we have hinted above, he was a very communicative gentleman, and the affair which now lay upon his stomach interested him nearly.

"I'll assure you, sir," said he, "this here gentleman, Captain Crowe, who is my mother's own brother, has been cruelly used by some of his relations. He bears as good a character as any captain of a ship on the Royal Exchange, and has undergone a variety of hardships at sea. What d'ye think, now, of his bursting all his sinews, and making his eyes start out of his head, in pulling his ship off a rock, whereby he saved to his owners——" Here he was interrupted by the captain, who exclaimed, "Belay, Tom, belay—pr'ythee, don't veer out such a deal of jaw. Clap a stopper on thy cable, and bring thyself up, my lad; what a deal of stuff thou hast pumped up concerning bursting, and starting, and pulling ships: Lord have mercy upon us! Look ye here, brother—look ye here—mind these poor crippled joints; two fingers on the starboard, and three on the larboard

hand; crooked, d'ye see, like the knees of a blunder. I'll tell you what, brother, you seem to be a—ship deep laden—rich cargo—current setting into the bay—hard gale—lee-shore—all hands in the boat—tow round the headland—self pulling for dear blood, against the whole crew. Snap go the finger-braces—crack went the eye-blocks.—Bounce day-night—flash star-light—down I foundered, dark as hell—whizz went my ears, and my head spun like a whirlingigig.—That don't signify—I'm a Yorkshire boy, as the saying is; all my life at sea, brother, by reason of an old grandmother and maiden aunt, a couple of old stinking——, kept me these forty years out of my grandfather's estate.—Hearing as how they had taken their departure, came ashore, hired horses, and clapped on all my canvass, steering to the northward, to take possession of my——But it don't signify talking—these two old piratical——had held a palaver with a lawyer—an attorney, Tom, d'ye mind me, an attorney—and by his assistance, hove me out of my inheritance—that is all, brother, hove me out of five hundred pounds a-year; that's all—what signifies—but such windfalls we don't every day pick up along shore.—Fill about, brother——Yes, by the Lord! those two smuggling haridans, with the assistance of an attorney—an attorney, Tom—hove me out of five hundred a-year.”—“Yes, indeed, sir,” added Mr. Clarke, “those two malicious old women docked the entail, and left the estate to an alien.”

Here Mr. Ferret thought proper to intermingle in the conversation with a “*Poh*, what do'st talk of docking the entail? Do'st not know that by the Statute Westm. 2. 13 Ed. the will and intention of the donor must be fulfilled, and the tenant in *tail* shall not alien after issue had, or before.”—“Give me leave, sir,” replied Tom; “I presume you are a practitioner in the law. Now you know, that in the case of a contingent *remainder*, the entail may be destroyed by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery; or, otherwise destroying the particular estate, before the contingency happens. If *feoffees*, who possess an estate only during the life of a son, where divers *remainders* are limited over, make a *feoffment* in fee to him, by the *feoffment* all the future *remainders* are destroyed. Indeed, a person in *remainder* may have a writ of intrusion, if any do intrude after the death of a tenant for life; and the writ *ex gravi querela* lies to execute a devise in *remainder*, after the death of a tenant in *tail* without issue.”—“Spoke like a true disciple of Geber!” cries Ferret. “No, sir,” replied Mr. Clarke, “Counseller Caper is in the conveyancing way—I was clerk to Serjeant Croaker.”—“Aye, and now you may set up for yourself,” resumed the other, “for you can prate as unintelligibly as the best of them.”

“Perhaps,” said Tom, “I do not make myself understood: if so be as how that is the case, let us change the position; and suppose that this here case is a *tail* after a possibility of issue extinct. If a tenant in *tail*, after a possibility, make a *feoffment* of his land, the in reversion may enter for the forfeiture. Then we must make a distinction between *general tail* and *special tail*. It is the word *body* that makes the *entail*; there must be a *body* in the *tail*, devised to heirs male or female, otherwise, it is a fee-simple,

SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

The astonishment of the Travellers at the Black Lion on the
arrival of Sir Launcelot with his half-drowned Squire

because, it is not limited of what body. Thus a corporation cannot be seized in tail. For example; here is a young woman—What is your name, my dear?”—“Dolly,” answered the daughter, with a courtesy. “Here’s Dolly—I seize Dolly in tail—Dolly, I seize you in tail.”—“Sha’t then!” cried Dolly, pouting. I am seized of land in fee—I settle on Dolly in tail——.”

Dolly, who did not comprehend the nature of the illustration, understood him in a literal sense, and in a whimpering tone, exclaimed, “Sha’t then, I tell thee, cursed tuoad!” Tom, however, was so transported with his subject, that he took no notice of poor Dolly’s mistake; but proceeded in his harangue upon the different kinds of *tails*, *remainders*, and *seisins*, when he was interrupted by a noise that alarmed the whole company. The rain had been succeeded by a storm of wind, that howled around the house with the most savage impetuosity; and the Heavens were overcast in such a manner that not one star appeared, so that all without was darkness and uproar. This aggravated the horrors of divers loud screams, which even the noise of the blast could not exclude from the astonished ears of our travellers. Captain Crowe called out, “Avast, avast!” Tom Clarke sat silent, staring wildly, with his mouth still open; the surgeon himself seemed startled, and Ferret’s countenance betrayed evident marks of confusion. The ostler moved nearer the chimney; and the good woman of the house, with her two daughters, crept close to the company.

After some pause, the captain starting up, “These,” said he, “be signals of distress. Some poor souls in danger of foundering; let us bear up a-head, and see if we can give them any assistance.” The landlady begged him for Christ’s sake, not to think of going out, for it was a spirit that would lead him astray into fens and rivers, and certainly do him a mischief. Crowe seemed to be staggered by this remonstrance, which his nephew reinforced, observing, that it might be a stratagem of rogues to decoy them into the fields, that they might rob them under the cloud of night. Thus exhorted, he resumed his seat; and Mr. Ferret began to make very severe strictures upon the folly and fear of those who believed and trembled at the visitation of spirits, ghosts, and goblins. He said he would engage, with twelve pennyworth of phosphorus, to frighten a whole parish out of their senses: then, he expatiated on the pusillanimity of the nation in general, ridiculed the militia, censured the government, and dropped some hints about a change of hands, which the captain could not, and the doctor would not, comprehend.

Tom Clarke, from the freedom of his discourse, concluded he was a ministerial spy, and communicated his opinion to his uncle, in a whisper, while this misanthrope continued to pour forth his invectives with a fluency peculiar to himself. The truth is, Mr. Ferret had been a party-writer, not from principle, but employment, and had felt the rod of power, in order to avoid a second exertion of which, he now found it convenient to skulk about in the country; for he had received intimation of a warrant from the secretary of state, who wanted to be better acquainted with his person.

Notwithstanding the ticklish nature of his situation, it was become so habitual to him to think and speak in a certain manner, that even before strangers, whose principles and connexions he could not possibly know, he hardly ever opened his mouth without uttering some direct or implied sarcasm against the government.

He had already proceeded a considerable way in demonstrating that the nation was bankrupt and beggared, and that those who stood at the helm were steering full into the gulf of inevitable destruction, when his lecture was suddenly suspended by a violent knocking at the door, which threatened the whole house with immediate demolition. Captain Crowe, believing they should be instantly boarded, unsheathed his hanger, and stood in a posture of defence. Mr. Fillet armed himself with the poker, which happened to be red-hot; the ostler pulled down a rusty firelock, that hung by the roof over a fitch of bacon. Tom Clarke, perceiving the landlady and her children distracted with terror, conducted them, out of mere compassion, below stairs into the cellar; and as for Mr. Ferret, he prudently withdrew into an adjoining pantry.

But, as a personage of great importance in this entertaining history was forced to remain some time at the door before he could gain admittance, so must the reader wait with patience for the next chapter, in which he will see the cause of this disturbance explained much to his comfort and edification.

CHAPTER II.

In which the hero of these adventures makes his first appearance on the stage of action.

THE outward door of the Black Lion had already sustained two dreadful shocks; but, at the third, it flew open, and in stalked an apparition, that smote the hearts of our travellers with fear and trepidation. It was the figure of a man, armed cap-a-pie, bearing on his shoulder a bundle dropping with water, which, afterwards appeared to be the body of a man that seemed to have been drowned, and fished up from the bottom of the neighbouring river.

Having deposited his burden carefully on the floor, he addressed himself to the company in these words: "Be not surprised, good people, at this unusual appearance, which I shall take an opportunity to explain, and forgive the rude and boisterous manner in which I have demanded, and indeed forced, admittance; the violence of my intrusion was the effect of necessity. In crossing the river, my squire and his horse were swept away by the stream, and with some difficulty I have been able to drag him ashore, though I am afraid my assistance reached him too late; for, since I brought him to land, he has given no signs of life."

Here he was interrupted by a groan which issued from the chest of the squire, and terrified the spectators as much as it comforted the master.

After some recollection, Mr. Fillet began to undress the body, which was laid in a blanket on the floor, and rolled from side to side by his direction. A considerable quantity of water being discharged from the mouth of this unfortunate squire, he uttered a hideous roar, and, opening his eyes, stared wildly around: then the surgeon undertook for his recovery, and his master went forth with the ostler in quest of the horses, which he had left by the side of the river. His back was no sooner turned, than Ferret, who had been peeping from behind the pantry-door, ventured to rejoin the company; pronouncing with a smile, or rather grin of contempt, "Hey-day! what precious mummery is this? What! are we to have the farce of Hamlet's ghost?"—"Adzooks," cried the captain, "my kinsman Tom has dropped a-stern; hope in God a-has not bulged to, and gone to bottom!"—"Pish," exclaimed the misanthrope, "there's no danger; the young lawyer is only seizing Dolly in tail."

Certain it is, Dolly squeaked at that instant in the cellar; and Clarke appearing soon after in some confusion, declared she had been frightened by a flash of lightning; but this assertion was not confirmed by the young lady herself, who eyed him with a sullen regard, indicating displeasure, though not indifference; and, when questioned by her mother, replied, "A-doen't maind what a-says, so a-doen't, vor all his goalden jacket, then."

In the mean time, the surgeon had performed the operation of phlebotomy on the squire, who was lifted into a chair, and supported by the landlady for that purpose; but he had not as yet given any sign of having retrieved the use of his senses. And here Mr. Fillet could not help contemplating, with surprise, the strange figure and accoutrements of his patient, who seemed in age to be turned of fifty. His stature was below the middle size; he was thick, squat, and brawny, with a small protuberance on one shoulder, and a prominent belly, which, in consequence of the water he had swallowed, now strutted beyond its usual dimensions. His forehead was remarkably convex, and so very low, that his black bushy hair descended within an inch of his nose; but this did not conceal the wrinkles of his front, which were manifold. His small glimmering eyes resembled those of the Hampshire porker, that turns up the soil with his projecting snout. His cheeks were shrivelled and puckered at the corners, like the seams of a regimental coat as it comes from the hands of the contractor; his nose bore a strong analogy, in shape, to a tennis-ball, and in colour, to a mulberry; for all the water in the river had not been able to quench the natural fire of that feature. His upper jaw was furnished with two long, white, sharp-pointed teeth or fangs, such as the reader may have observed in the chaps of a wolf, or full-grown mastiff, and an anatomist would describe as a preternatural elongation of the *dentes canini*. His chin was so long, so peaked, and incurvated, as to form, in profile, with his impending forehead, the exact resemblance of a moon in the first quarter. With respect to his equipage, he had a leathern cap upon his head, faced like those worn by marines, and exhibiting, in embroidery, the figure of a crescent. His

coat was of white cloth faced with black, and cut in a very antique fashion; and, in lieu of a waistcoat, he wore a buff jerkin. His feet were cased with loose buskins, which, though they rose almost to his knee, could not hide that curvature known by the appellation of bandy legs. A large string of bandaliers garnished a broad belt that graced his shoulders, from whence depended an instrument of war, which was something between a backsword and a cutlass; and a case of pistols were stuck in his girdle.

Such was the figure which the whole company now surveyed with admiration. After some pause, he seemed to recover his recollection. He rolled about his eyes around, and, attentively surveying every individual, exclaimed, in a strange tone, "Bodikins! where's Gilbert?" This interrogation did not savour much of sanity, especially when accompanied with a wild stare, which is generally interpreted as a sure sign of a disturbed understanding; nevertheless, the surgeon endeavoured to assist his recollection. "Come," said he, "have a good heart. How dost do, friend?"—"Do!" replied the squire, "do as well as I can: that's a lie too; I might have done better. I had no business to be here."—"You ought to thank God and your master," resumed the surgeon, "for the providential escape you have had."—"Thank my master!" cried the squire, "thank the devil!—Go and teach your grannum to crack filberds. I know who I'm bound to pray for, and who I ought to curse the longest day I have to live."

Here the captain, interposing, "Nay, brother," said he, "you are bound to pray for this here gentleman as your sheet-anchor; for, if so be as he had not cleared your stowage of the water you had taken in at your upperworks, and lightened your veins, d'ye see, by taking away some of your blood, adad! you had driven before the gale, and never been brought up in this world again, d'ye see."—"What, then, you would persuade me," replied the patient, "that the only way to save my life, was to shed my precious blood? Look ye, friend, it shall not be lost blood to me. I take you all to witness, that there surgeon, or apothecary, or farrier, or dog doctor, or whatsoever he may be, has robbed me of the balsam of life; he has not left so much blood in my body as would fatten a starved flea. O! that there was a lawyer here to serve him with a *cicerari*."

Then fixing his eyes upon Ferret, he proceeded. "A'n't you a limb of the law, friend?—No, I cry you mercy, you look more like a showman or a conjuror." Ferret, nettled at this address, answered, "It would be well for you that I could conjure a little common sense into that numbscull of yours."—"If I want that commodity," rejoined the squire, "I must go to another market, I trow. You legerdemain men be more like to conjure the money from our pockets than sense into our skulls. Nor my own part, I was once cheated of forty good shillings by one of your brother cups and balls." In all probability he would have descended to particulars, had he not been seized with a return of his nausea, which obliged him to call for a bumper of brandy. This remedy being swallowed, the tumult in his

stomach subsided. He desired he might be put to bed without delay, and, that half a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon might, in a couple of hours, be decreed for his supper.

He was accordingly led off the scene by the landlady and her daughter; and Mr. Ferret had just time to observe the fellow was a composition, in which he did not know whether knave or fool most predominated, when the master returned from the stable. He had taken off his helmet, and now displayed a very engaging countenance. His age did not seem to exceed thirty; he was tall, and seemingly robust; his face long and oval, his nose aquiline, his mouth furnished with a set of elegant teeth, white as the drifted snow; his complexion clear, and his aspect noble. His chestnut hair loosely flowed in short natural curls; and his grey eyes shone with such vivacity, as plainly shewed that his reason was a little discomposed. Such an appearance prepossessed the greater part of the company in his favour. He bowed round with the most polite and affable address; inquired about his squire; and, being informed of the pains Mr. Fillet had taken for his recovery, insisted upon that gentleman's accepting a handsome gratuity: then, in consideration of the cold-bath he had undergone, he was prevailed upon to take the post of honour, namely, the great chair fronting the fire, which was reinforced with a billet of wood for his comfort and convenience.

Perceiving his fellow-travellers either overawed into silence by his presence, or struck dumb with admiration at his equipage, he accosted them in these words, while an agreeable smile dimpled on his cheek.

"The good company wonders, no doubt, to see a man cased in armour, such as hath been, for above a whole century, disused in this and every other country of Europe; and perhaps they will be still more surprised when they hear that man profess himself a novice of that military order which hath of old been distinguished in Great Britain, as well as through all Christendom, by the name of knights-errant. Yes, gentlemen, in that painful and thorny path of toil and danger I have begun my career, a candidate for honest fame; determined, as far as in me lies, to honour and assert the efforts of virtue, to combat vice in all her forms, redress injuries, chastise oppression, protect the helpless and forlorn, relieve the indigent, exert my best endeavours in the cause of innocence and beauty, and dedicate my talents, such as they are, to the service of my country."

"What!" said Ferret, "you set up for a modern Don Quixote?—The scheme is rather too stale and extravagant.—What was a humorous romance, and well-timed satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, and appear equally insipid and absurd, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in a country like England."

The knight, eyeing this censor with a look of disdain, replied, in a solemn lofty tone, "He that from affectation imitates the extravagancies recorded of Don Quixote, is an impostor equally wicked and contemptible. He that counterfeits madness, unless he dissembles, like the elder Brutus, for some virtuous purpose, not only debases his own soul, but acts as a traitor to Heaven, by denying the Divinity that is within him.—I am neither an

affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I trust in Heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy so admirably displayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I have not yet encountered a windmill for a giant, nor mistaken this public-house for a magnificent castle; neither do I believe this gentleman to be the constable, nor that worthy practitioner to be master Elizabat, the surgeon recorded in *Amadis de Gaul*, nor you to be the enchanter Alquife, nor any other sage of history or romance.—I see and distinguish objects as they are discerned and described by other men. I reason without prejudice; can endure contradiction; and, as the company perceives, even bear impertinent censure without passion or resentment. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, against whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will every where attack, as the natural enemies of mankind."

"But that war," said the cynic, "may soon be brought to a conclusion, and your adventures close in Bridewell, provided you meet with some determined constable, who will seize your worship as a vagrant, according to the statute."—"Heaven and earth!" cried the stranger, starting up, and laying his hand on his sword, "do I live to hear myself insulted with such an opprobrious epithet, and refrain from trampling into dust the insolent calumniator!"

The tone in which these words were pronounced, and the indignation that flashed from the eyes of the speaker, intimidated every individual of the society, and reduced Ferret to a temporary privation of all his faculties. His eyes retired within their sockets; his complexion which was naturally of a copper hue, now shifted to a leaden colour; his teeth began to chatter; and all his limbs were agitated by a sudden palsy. The knight observed his condition, and resumed his seat, saying, "I was to blame: my vengeance must be reserved for very different objects.—Friend, you have nothing to fear—the sudden gust of passion is now blown over. Recollect yourself, and I will reason calmly on the observation you have made."

This was a very seasonable declaration to Mr. Ferret, who opened his eyes, and wiped his forehead, while the other proceeded in these terms: "You say I am in danger of being apprehended as a vagrant; I am not so ignorant of the laws of my country, but that I know the description of those who fall within the legal meaning of this odious term. You must give me leave to inform you, friend, that I am neither bearward, fencer, stroller, gipsy, mountebank, nor mendicant; nor do I practise subtle craft to deceive and impose upon the king's lieges; nor can I be held as an idle, disorderly person, travelling from place to place, collecting monies by virtue of counterfeited passes, briefs, and other false pretences—in what respect therefore am I to be deemed a vagrant? Answer boldly, without fear or scruple."

To this interrogation the misanthrope replied, with a faltering accent, "If not a vagrant, you incur the penalty for riding armed in affray of the peace."—"But, instead of riding armed in affray of the peace," resumed the other, "I ride in preservation of the peace; and gentlemen are allowed,

by the law, to wear armour for their defence. Some ride with blunderbusses, some with pistols, some with swords, according to their various inclinations. Mine is to wear the armour of my forefathers: perhaps I use them for exercise, in order to accustom myself to fatigue, and strengthen my constitution; perhaps I assume them for a frolic."

"But if you swagger armed and in disguise, assault me on the highway, or put me in bodily fear for the sake of the jest, the law will punish you in earnest," cried the other.—"But my intention," answered the knight, "is carefully to avoid all those occasions of offences."—"Then," said Ferret, "you may go unarmed, like other sober people."—"Not so," answered the knight; "as I propose to travel all times, and in all places, mine armour may guard me against the attempts of treachery; it may defend me, in combat, against odds, should I be assaulted by a multitude, or have occasion to bring malefactors to justice."

"What, then," exclaimed the philosopher, "you intend to co-operate with the honourable fraternity of thief-takers?"—"I do purpose," said the youth, eyeing him with a look of ineffable contempt, "to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach; to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatize ingratitude: but the infamous part of a thief-catcher's character I disclaim. Neither do I associate with robbers and pickpockets (knowing them to be such), that, in being intrusted with their secrets, I may the more effectually betray them; nor shall I ever pocket the reward granted by the legislature to those by whom robbers are brought to conviction; but I shall always think it my duty to rid my country of that pernicious vermin which preys upon the bowels of the commonwealth—not but that an incorporated company of licensed thieves might, under proper regulations, be of service to the community."

Ferret, emboldened by the passive tameness with which the stranger bore his last reflection, began to think he had nothing of Hector but his outside, and gave a loose to all the acrimony of his party-rancour. Hearing the knight mention a company of licensed thieves, "What else," cried he, "is the majority of the nation? What is your standing army at home, that eat up their fellow-subjects? What are your mercenaries abroad, whom you hire to fight their own quarrels? What is your militia, that wise measure of a sagacious ministry, but a larger gang of petty thieves, who steal sheep and poultry through mere idleness; and, were they confronted with an enemy, would steal themselves away? What is your * * * * but a knot of thieves, who pillage the nation under colour of law, and enrich themselves with the wreck of their country? When you consider the enormous debt of above a hundred millions, the intolerable load of taxes and impositions, under which we groan, and the manner in which that burden is yearly accumulating to support two German electorates, without our receiving any thing, in return, but the shows of triumph and shadows of conquest; I say, when you reflect on these circumstances, and at the same time behold our cities filled with bankrupts, and our country with beggars,

can you be so infatuated as to deny that the ministry is mad, or worse than mad; our wealth exhausted, our people miserable, our credit blasted, and our state on the brink of perdition? This prospect, indeed, will make the fainter impression, if we recollect that we ourselves, are a pack of such profligate, corrupted, pusillanimous rascals, as deserve no salvation."

The stranger raising his voice to a loud tone, replied, "Such, indeed, are the insinuations, equally false and insidious, with which the desperate emissaries of a party endeavour to poison the minds of his majesty's subjects, in defiance of common honesty and common sense. But he must be blind to all perception, and dead to candour, who does not see and own that we are involved in a just and necessary war, which has been maintained on truly British principles, prosecuted with vigour, and crowned with success; that our taxes are easy, in proportion to our wealth; that our conquests are equally glorious and important; that our commerce flourishes, our people are happy, and our enemies reduced to despair.—Is there a man who boasts a British heart, that repines at the success and prosperity of his country? Such there are, O shame to patriotism, and reproach to Great Britain! who act as the emissaries of France both in words and writing; who exaggerate our necessary burdens, magnify our dangers, extol the power of our enemies, deride our victories, extenuate our conquests, condemn the measures of our government, and scatter the seeds of dissatisfaction through the land. Such domestic traitors are doubly the objects of detestation; first, in perverting truth; and, secondly, in propagating falsehood, to the prejudice of that community of which they have professed themselves members. One of these is well known by the name of Ferret, an old rancorous, incorrigible instrument of sedition; happy it is for him that he has never fallen in my way; for, notwithstanding the maxims of forbearance which I have adopted, the indignation which the character of that caitiff inspires, would probably impel me to some act of violence, and I should crush him like an ungrateful viper that gnawed the bosom which warmed it into life."

These last words were pronounced with a wildness of look that even bordered upon phrensy. The misanthrope once more retired to the pantry for shelter, and the rest of the guests were evidently disconcerted.

Mr. Fillet in order to change the conversation, which was likely to produce serious consequences, expressed uncommon satisfaction at the remarks which the knight had made; signified his approbation of the honourable office he had undertaken; declared himself happy in having seen such an accomplished cavalier; and observed, that nothing was wanting to render him a complete knight-errant but some celebrated beauty, the mistress of his heart, whose idea might animate his breast, and strengthen his arm to the utmost exertion of valour: he added, that love was the soul of chivalry.

The stranger started at this discourse. He turned his eyes on the surgeon with a fixed regard; his countenance changed; a torrent of tears gushed down his cheeks; his head sunk upon his bosom; he heaved a profound sigh; and remained in silence with all the external marks of unut

terable sorrow. The company were in some measure infected by his despondence, concerning the cause of which, however, they would not venture to inquire.

By this time, the landlady, having disposed of the squire, desired to know, with many courtesies, if his honour would not choose to put off his wet garments; assuring him, "that she had a very good featherbed at his service, upon which many gentlefolks of the virst quality had lain; that the sheets were well aired, and that Dolly should warm them, for his worship, with a pan of coals." This hospitable offer being repeated, he seemed to wake from a trance of grief; arose from his seat, and, bowing courteously to the company, withdrew.

Captain Crowe, whose faculty of speech had been all this time absorbed in amazement, now broke into the conversation with a volley of interjections. "Split my snatchblock! Odd's firkin! Splice my old shoes! I have sailed the salt seas, brother, since I was no higher than the Triton's taffrel; east, west, north, and south, as the saying is; Blacks, Indians, Moors, Morattos, and Seapoys; but, smite my timbers! such a man of war——"

Here he was interrupted by his nephew, Tom Clarke, who had disappeared at the knight's first entrance, and now produced himself with an eagerness in his look, while the tears started in his eyes. "Lord bless my soul!" cried he, "I know that gentleman and his servant as well as I know my own father. I am his own godson, uncle; he stood for me when he was a boy: yes, indeed, sir, my father was steward to the estate; I may say I was bred up in the family of Sir Everhard Greaves, who has been dead these two years—this is the only son, Sir Launcelot; the best-natured, worthy, generous gentleman—I care not who knows, I love him as well as if he was my own flesh and blood."

At this period, Tom, whose heart was of the melting mood, began to sob and weep plenteously, from pure affection. Crowe, who was not very subject to these tendernesses, damned him for a chicken-hearted lubber; repeating, with much peevishness, "What do'st cry for? What do'st cry for, noddy?" The surgeon, impatient to know the story of Sir Launcelot, which he had heard imperfectly recounted, begged that Mr. Clarke would compose himself, and relate it as circumstantially as his memory could retain the particulars; and Tom, wiping his eyes, promised to give him that satisfaction; which the reader, if he be so minded, may partake in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Which the reader, on perusal, may wish were chapter the last.

THE doctor prescribed a *repetatur* of the julep, and mixed the ingredients *secundum artem*. Tom Clarke hemmed thrice, to clear his pipes; while the rest of the company, including Dolly and her mother, who had by this time administered to the knight, composed themselves into earnest and

hushed attention. Then the young lawyer began his narration to this effect:

"I tell ye what, gemmen, I don't pretend in this here case to flourish and harangue like a—having never been called to—but what of that d'ye see? Perhaps I may know as much as—facts are facts, as the saying is. I shall tell, repeat, and relate a plain story—matters of fact, d'ye see, without rhetoric, oratory, ornament, or embellishment; without repetition, tantology, circumlocution, or going about the bush: facts which I shall aver, partly on the testimony of my own knowledge, and partly from the information of responsible evidences of good repute and credit, any circumstance known to the contrary notwithstanding. For, as the law saith, if so be as how there is an *exception* to evidence, that *exception* is, in its nature, but a denial of what is taken to be good by the other party, and *exceptio in non exceptis firmat regulam*, d'ye see. But howsomever, in regard to this here affair, we need not be so scrupulous as if we were pleading before a judge *sedente curia*."

Ferret, whose curiosity was rather more eager than that of any other person in this audience, being provoked by this preamble, dashed the pipe, he had just filled, in pieces against the grate; and, after having pronounced the interjection, "Pish!" with an acrimony of aspect altogether peculiar to himself; "If," said he, "impertinence and folly were felony by the statute, there would be no want of unexceptionable evidence to hang such an eternal babbler."—"Anan, babbler!" cried Tom, reddening with passion, and starting up, "I'd have you to know, sir, that I can bite as well as babble; and that, if I am so minded, I can run upon the foot after my game without being in fault, as the saying is; and, which is more, I can shake an old fox by the collar."

How far this young lawyer might have proceeded to prove himself staunch on the person of the misanthrope, if he had not been prevented, we shall not determine; but the whole company were alarmed at his looks and expressions. Dolly's rosy cheeks assumed an ash colour, while she ran between the disputants, crying, "Naay, naay; vor the love of God doant then, doant then!" But captain Crowe exerted a parental authority over his nephew, saying, "Avast, Tom, avast! snugg's the word; we'll have no boarding, d'ye see. Haul forward thy chair again, take thy berth, and proceed with thy story in a direct course, without yawning like a Dutch yanky."

Tom, thus tutored, recollected himself, resumed his seat, and, after some pause, plunged at once into the current of narration. "I told you before, gemmen, that the gentleman in armour was the only son of Sir Everhard Greaves, who possessed a free estate of five thousand a year in our county, and was respected by all his neighbours, as much for his personal merit as for his family fortune. With respect to his son Launcelot, whom you have seen, I can remember nothing until he returned from the university, about the age of seventeen, and then I myself was not more than ten years old. The young gemman was, at that time, in mourning for his mother; though,

God he knows, Sir Everhard had more cause to rejoice than to be afflicted at her death: for, among friends," here he lowered his voice, and looked round the kitchen, "she was very whimsical, expensive, and ill-tempered—and, I'm afraid, a little—upon—the slightly order—a little touched or so—but mum for that—the lady is now dead; and it is my maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The young squire was even then very handsome, and looked remarkable well in his weepers; but he had an awkward air, and shambling gait, stooped mortally, and was so shy and silent, that he would not look a stranger in the face, nor open his mouth before company. Whenever he spied a horse or carriage at the gate, he would make his escape into the garden, and from thence into the park; where, many's the good time and often, he has been found sitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, reading Greek, Latin, and other foreign linguas.

"Sir Everhard himself was no great scholar, and my father had forgot his classical learning; and so the rector of the parish was decided to examine young Launcelot. It was a long time before he found an opportunity; the squire always gave him the slip. At length, the parson caught him in bed of a morning, and, locking the door, to it they went tooth and nail. What passed betwixt them, the Lord in Heaven knows; but, when the doctor came forth, he looked wild and haggard as if he had seen a ghost, his face as white as paper, and his lips trembling like an aspen-leaf. 'Parson,' said the knight, 'what is the matter?—how do'st find my son? I hope he won't turn out a ninny, and disgrace his family.' The doctor, wiping the sweat from his forehead, replied, with some hesitation, he could not tell—he hoped the best—the squire was, to be sure, a very extraordinary young gentleman. But the father urging him to give an explicit answer, he frankly declared, that, in his opinion, the son would turn out either a mirror of wisdom, or a monument of folly; for his genius and disposition were altogether preternatural. The knight was sorely vexed at this declaration, and signified his displeasure, by saying the doctor, like a true priest, dealt in mysteries and oracles, that would admit of different and indeed contrary interpretations. He afterwards consulted my father, who had served as steward upon the estate for above thirty years, and acquired a considerable share of his favour. 'Will Clarke,' said he, with tears in his eyes, 'what shall I do with this unfortunate lad? I would to God he had never been born; for I fear he will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. When I am gone, he will throw away the estate, and bring himself to infamy and ruin, by keeping company with rooks and beggars. O Will! I could forgive extravagance in a young man; but it breaks my heart to see my only son give such repeated proofs of a mean spirit and sordid disposition!'

"Here the old gentleman shed a flood of tears, and not without some shadow of reason. By this time, Launcelot was grown so reserved to his father, that he seldom saw him, or any of his relations, except when he was in a manner forced to appear at table, and there his bashfulness seemed every day to increase. On the other hand, he had formed some very strange connexions. Every morning he visited the stable, where he not

only conversed with the 'grooms and helpers, but scraped an acquaintance with the horses: he fed his favourites with his own hand, stroked, caressed, and rode them by turns; till, at last, they grew so familiar, that, even when they were a-field at grass, and saw him at a distance, they would toss their manes, whinny like so many colts at sight of the dam, and, galloping up to the place where he stood, smell him all over.

"You must know, that I myself, though a child, was his companion in all these excursions. He took a liking to me on account of my being his godson, and gave me more money than I knew what to do with; he had always plenty of cash for the asking, as my father was ordered to supply him liberally, the knight, thinking that a command of money might help to raise his thoughts to a proper consideration of own importance. He never could endure a common beggar, that was not either in a state of infancy or of old age; but, in other respects, he made the guineas fly in such a manner, as looked more like madness than generosity. He had no communication with your rich yeomen, but rather treated them and their families with studied contempt, because, forsooth, they pretended to assume the dress and manners of the gentry.

"They kept their footmen, their saddle-horses, and chaises: their wives and daughters appeared in their jewels, their silks, and their satins, their negligees and trollopees; their clumsy shanks, like so many shins of beef, were cased in silk hose and embroidered slippers; their raw red fingers, gross as the pipes of a chamber-organ, which had been employed in milking the cows, in twirling the mop or churn-staff, being adorned with diamonds, were taught to thrum the pandola, and even to touch the keys of the harpsichord; nay, in every village they kept a route, and set up an assembly; and in one place a hog-butcher was master of the ceremonies.

"I have heard Mr. Greaves ridicule them for their vanity and awkward imitation; and therefore, I believe, he avoided all concerns with them, even when they endeavoured to engage his attention. It was the lower sort of people with whom he chiefly conversed, such as ploughmen, ditchers, and other day-labourers. To every cottager in the parish he was a bounteous benefactor. He was, in the literal sense of the word, a careful overseer of the poor; for he went from house to house, industriously inquiring into the distresses of the people. He repaired their huts, clothed their backs, filled their bellies, and supplied them with necessaries for exercising their industry and different occupations.

"I'll give you one instance now, as a specimen of his character. He and I, strolling one day on the side of a common, saw two boys picking hips and haws from the hedges; one seemed to be about five, and the other a year older; they were both barefoot and ragged, but at the same time fat, fair, and in good condition. 'Who do you belong to?' said Mr. Greaves. 'To Mary Stile,' replied the oldest, 'the widow that rents one of them housen.'—'And how do'st live, my boy?' 'Thou lookest fresh and jolly,' resumed the squire. 'Lived well enough till yesterday,' answered the child.

‘And pray what happened yesterday, my boy?’ continued Mr. Greaves. ‘Happened,’ said he, ‘why, mammy had a couple of little Welsh keawes, that gi’en milk enough to fill all our bellies; mammy’s and mine, and Dick’s here, and my two little sisters at hoam: yesterday the squire seized the keawes for rent, God rot’un! Mammy’s gone to bed sick and sulky; my two sisters be crying at hoam vor vood; and Dick and I be come hither to pick haws and bullies.

“My godfather’s face grew red as scarlet; he took one of the children in either hand, and leading them towards the house, found Sir Everhard talking with my father before the gate. Instead of avoiding the old gentleman, as usual, he brushed up to him with a spirit that he had never shewn before; and presenting the two ragged boys, ‘Surely, sir,’ said he, ‘you will not countenance that there ruffian, your steward, in oppressing the widow and the fatherless? On pretence of distraining for the rent of a cottage, he has robbed the mother of these and other poor infant orphans of two cows, which afforded them their whole sustenance. Shall you be concerned in tearing the hard-earned morsel from the mouth of indigence? Shall your name, which has been so long mentioned as a blessing, be now detested as a curse by the poor, the helpless, and forlorn? The father of these babes was once your game-keeper, who died of a consumption caught in your service. You see they are almost naked—I found them plucking haws and sloes, in order to appease their hunger. The wretched mother is starving in a cold cottage, distracted with the cries of other two infants, clamorous for food; and while her heart is bursting with anguish and despair, she invokes Heaven to avenge the widow’s cause upon the head of her unrelenting landlord!’

“This unexpected address brought tears into the eyes of the good old gentleman. ‘Will Clarke,’ said he, to my father, ‘how durst you abuse my authority at this rate? You who know I have been always a protector, not an oppressor of the needy and unfortunate. I charge you, go immediately and comfort this poor woman with immediate relief; instead of her own cows, let her have two of the best milch cows of my dairy; they shall graze in my parks in summer, and be foddered with my hay in winter.—She shall sit rent-free for life; and I will take care of these her poor orphans.’

“This was a very affecting scene. Mr. Launcelot took his father’s hand and kissed it, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and Sir Everhard embraced his son with great tenderness, crying, ‘My dear boy! God be praised for having given you such a feeling heart.’ My father himself was moved, tho’ a practitioner of the law, and consequently used to distresses. He declared, that he had given no directions to distrain; and that the bailiff must have done it by his own authority. ‘If that be the case,’ said the young squire, ‘let the inhuman rascal be turned out of our service.’

“Well, gemmen, all the children were immediately clothed and fed, and the poor widow had well-nigh run distracted with joy. The old knight, being of a humane temper himself, was pleased to see such proofs

of his son's generosity: he was not angry at his spending his money, but at squandering away his time among the dregs of the people. For you must know, he not only made matches, portioned poor maidens, and set up young couples that came together without money; but he mingled in every rustic diversion, and bore away the prize in every contest. He excelled every swain of that district in feats of strength and activity; in leaping, running, wrestling, cricket, cudgel-playing, and pitching the bar; and was confessed to be, out of sight, the best dancer at all wakes and holidays. Happy was the country girl who could engage the young squire as her partner! To be sure, it was a comely sight for to see as how the buxom country lasses, fresh and fragrant, and blushing like the rose, in their best apparel dight, their white hose, and clean short dimity petticoats, their gaudy gowns of printed cotton, their top-knots and stomachers, bedizened with bunches of ribands of various colours, green, pink, and yellow; to see them crowned with garlands, and assembled on May-day, to dance before squire Launcelot, as he made his morning's progress through the village. Then all the young peasants made their appearance with cockades, suited to the fancies of their several sweethearts, and boughs of flowering hawthorn. The children sported about like flocks of frisking lambs, or the young fry, swarming under the sunny bank of some meandering river. The old men and women, in their holiday garments, stood at their doors to receive their benefactor, and poured forth blessings on him as he passed; the children welcomed him with their shrill shouts; the damsels with songs of praise; and the young men, with the pipe and tabor, marched before him to the May-pole, which was bedecked with flowers and bloom. There the rural dance began; a plentiful dinner, with oceans of good liquor, was bespoke at the White-Hart. The whole village was regaled at the squire's expense; and both the day and the night was spent in mirth and pleasure.

“ Lord help you! he could not rest if he thought there was an aching heart in the whole parish. Every paltry cottage was, in a little time, converted into a pretty snug, comfortable habitation, with a wooden porch at the door, glass casements in the windows, and a little garden behind, well stored with greens, roots, and sallads. In a word, the poor's rate was reduced to a mere trifle; and one would have thought the golden age was revived in Yorkshire. But, as I told you before, the old knight could not bear to see his only son so wholly attached to these lowly pleasures, while he industriously shunned all opportunities of appearing in that superior sphere to which he was designed by nature and by fortune. He imputed his conduct to meanness of spirit, and advised with my father touching the properest expedient to wean his affections from such low-born pursuits. My father counselled him to send the young gentleman up to London, to be entered as a student in the Temple, and recommended to the superintendence of some person who knew the town, and might engage him, insensibly, in such amusements and connexions, as would soon lift his ideas above the humble objects on which they had been hitherto

employed. This advice appeared so salutary, that it was followed without the least hesitation. The young squire himself was perfectly well satisfied with the proposal, and, in a few days, set out for the great city; but there was not a dry eye in the parish at his departure, although he prevailed on his father to pay, in his absence, all the pensions he had granted to those who could not live on the fruit of their own industry. In what manner he spent his time in London, it is none of my business to inquire; tho' I know, pretty well, what kind of lives are led by gemmen of your inns of court. I myself once belonged to Serjeant's-Inn, and was, perhaps, as good a wit and a critic as any Templar of them all. Nay, as for that matter, tho' I despise vanity, I can aver, with a safe conscience, that I had once the honour to belong to the society called The Town; we were all of us attorneys' clerks, gemmen, and had our meetings at an ale-house in Butcher-row, where we regulated the diversions of the theatre.

"But, to return from this digression. Sir Everhard Greaves did not seem to be very well pleased with the conduct of his son at London. He got notice of some irregularities and scrapes into which he had fallen, and the squire seldom wrote to his father, except to draw upon him for money, which he did so fast, that in eighteen months the old gemman lost all patience.

"At this period squire Darnel chanced to die, leaving an only daughter, a minor, heiress of three thousand a year, under the guardianship of her uncle, Anthony, whose brutal character all the world knows. The breath was no sooner out of his brother's body, than he resolved, if possible, to succeed him in parliament as representative of the borough of Ashenton. Now you must know that this borough had been, for many years, a bone of contention between the families of Greaves and Darnel; and at length the difference was compromised by the interposition of friends, on condition that Sir Everhard and squire Darnel should alternately represent the place in parliament. They agreed to this compromise for their mutual convenience; but they were never heartily reconciled. Their political principles did not tally; and their wives looked upon each other as rivals in fortune and magnificence; so that there was no intercourse between them, tho' they lived in the same neighbourhood. On the contrary, in all disputes, they constantly headed the opposite parties. Sir Everhard, understanding that Anthony Darnel had begun to canvass, and was putting every iron in the fire, in violation and contempt of the *pactum familiae* before-mentioned, fell into a violent passion, that brought on a severe fit of the gout, by which he was disabled from giving personal attention to his own interest. My father, indeed, employed all his diligence and address, and spared neither money, time, nor constitution; till, at length, he drank himself into a consumption, which was the death of him. But, after all, there is a great difference between a steward and a principal. Mr. Darnel attended in *propria persona*, flattered and caressed the women, feasted the electors, hired mobs, made processions, and scattered about his money in such a manner, that our friends durst hardly shew their heads in public.

“ At this very crisis our young squire, to whom his father had written an account of the transaction, arrived, unexpectedly, at Gravesbury-Hall, and had a long private conference with Sir Everhard. The news of his return spread, like wildfire, through all that part of the country; bonfires were made, and the bells set a ringing in several towns and steeples; and, next morning, above seven hundred people were assembled at the gate, with music, flags, and streamers, to welcome their young squire, and accompany him to the borough of Ashenton. He set out on foot with this retinue, and entered one end of the town just as Mr. Darnel's mob had come in at the other. Both arrived about the same time at the market-place; but Mr. Darnel, mounting first into the balcony of the town-house, made a long speech to the people in favour of his own pretensions, not without some invidious reflections glanced at Sir Everhard his competitor.

“ We did not much mind the acclamations of his party, which we knew had been hired for the purpose; but we were in some pain for Mr. Greaves, who had not been used to speak in public. He took his turn, however, in the balcony; and, uncovering his head, bowed all round with the most engaging courtesy. He was dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold; and his own dark hair flowed about his ears in natural curls, while his face was overspread with a blush, that improved the glow of youth to a deeper crimson, and, I dare say, set many a female heart a palpitating. When he made his first appearance, there was just such a humming and clapping of hands, as you may have heard when the celebrated Garrick comes upon the stage in King Lear, or King Richard, or any other top character. But, how agreeably were we disappointed, when our young gentleman made such an oration as would not have disgraced a Pitt, an Egmont, or a Murray! While he spoke, all was hushed in admiration and attention—you could almost have heard a feather drop to the ground. It would have charmed you to hear with what modesty he recounted the services which his father and grandfather had done to the corporation; with what eloquence he expatiated upon the shameful infraction of the treaty subsisting between the two families; and with what keen and spirited strokes of satire he retorted the sarcasms of Darnel.

“ He no sooner concluded his harangue, than there was such a burst of applause, as seemed to rend the very sky. Our music immediately struck up; our people advanced with their ensigns, and, as every man had a good cudgel, broken heads would have ensued, had not Mr. Darnel and his party thought proper to retreat with uncommon despatch. He never offered to make any other public entrance, as he saw the torrent ran so violently against him, but sat down with his loss, and withdrew his opposition, though, at bottom, extremely mortified and incensed. Sir Everhard was unanimously elected, and appeared to be the happiest man upon earth; for, besides the pleasure arising from his victory over this competitor, he was now fully satisfied that his son, instead of disgracing, would do honour to his family. It would have moved a heart of stone to see with

what a tender transport of paternal joy he received his dear Launcelot, after after having heard of his deportment and success at Ashenton; where, by the bye, he gave a ball to the ladies, and displayed as much elegance and politeness as if he had been bred at the court of Versailles.

“ This joyous season was of short duration : in a little time all the happiness of the family was overcast by a sad incident, which hath left such an unfortunate impression upon the mind of the young gentleman, as I am afraid, will never be effaced. Mr. Darnel's niece and ward, the great heiress, whose name is Aurelia, was the most celebrated beauty of the whole county ; if I said the whole kingdom, or indeed all Europe, perhaps I should barely do her justice. I don't pretend to be a limner, gemmen, nor does it become me to delineate such excellence ; but surely I may presume to repeat, from the play,

‘ Oh ! she is all that painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love !’

At that time she might be about seventeen ; tall and fair, and so exquisitely shaped—you may talk of your Venus de Medicis, your Dianas, your Nymphs and Galateas ; but if Praxiteles, and Roubilliac, and Wilton, were to lay their heads together, in order to make a complete pattern of beauty, they would hardly reach her model of perfection.—As for complexion, poets will talk of blending the lily with the rose ; and bring in a parcel of similes of cowslips, carnations, pinka, and daisies.—There's Dolly, now, has got a very good complexion—indeed, she's the very picture of health and innocence—you are, indeed, my pretty lass—but, *parva componere magnis*.—Miss Darnel is all amazing beauty, delicacy, and dignity ! Then, the softness and expression of her fine blue eyes ; her pouting lips of coral hue ; her neck, that rises like a tower of polished alabaster between two mounts of snow.—I tell you what gemmen, it don't signify talking ; if e'er a one of you was to meet this young lady alone, in the midst of a heath or common, or any unfrequented place, he would down on his knees, and think he kneeled before some supernatural being. I'll tell you more : she not only resembles an angel in beauty, but a saint in goodness, and a hermit in humility—so void of all pride and affectation ; so soft, and sweet, and affable, and humane !—Lord ! I could tell such instances of her charity !

“ Sure enough, she and Sir Launcelot were formed, by Nature, for each other ; howsoever, the cruel hand of fortune hath intervened, and severed them for ever. Every soul that knew them both, said it was a thousand pities but they should come together, and extinguish, in their happy union, the mutual animosity of the two families, which had so often embroiled the whole neighbourhood. Nothing was heard but the praises of Miss Aurelia Darnel and Mr. Launcelot Greaves ; and no doubt the parties were prepossessed, by this applause, in favour of each other. At length, Mr. Greaves went, one Sunday, to her parish-church ; but, though the greater part of the congregation watched their looks, they could not perceive that she took

the least notice of him, or that he seemed to be struck with her appearance. He afterwards had an opportunity of seeing her more at leisure, at the York assembly, during the races; but this opportunity was productive of no good effect, because he had, that same day, quarrelled with her uncle on the turf.

"An old grudge, you know, gemmen, is soon inflamed to a fresh rupture. It was thought Mr. Darnel came on purpose to shew his resentment. They differed about a bet upon Miss Cleverlegs; and, in the course of the dispute, Mr. Darnel called him a petulant boy. The young squire, who was as hasty as gunpowder, told him, he was man enough to chastise him for his insolence; and would do it on the spot, if he thought it would not interrupt the diversion. In all probability they would have come to points immediately, had not the gentlemen interposed; so that nothing further passed but abundance of foul language on the part of Mr. Anthony, and a repeated defiance to single combat.

"Mr. Greaves, making a low bow, retired from the field; and, in the evening, danced at the assembly with a young lady from the bishopric, seemingly in good temper and spirits, without having any words with Mr. Darnel, who was also present. But in the morning he visited that proud neighbour betimes; and they had almost reached a grove of trees on the north side of the town, when they were suddenly overtaken by half a dozen gentlemen, who had watched their motions. It was in vain for them to dissemble their design, which could not now take effect. They gave up their pistols, and a reconciliation was patched up by the pressing remonstrances of their common friends; but Mr. Darnel's hatred still rankled at bottom, and soon broke out in the sequel. About three months after this transaction, his niece, Aurelia, with her mother, having been to visit a lady in the chariot, the horses being young, and not used to the traces, were startled at the braying of a jack-ass on the common, and taking fright, ran away with the carriage like lightning. The coachman was thrown from the box, and the ladies screamed, piteously, for help. Mr. Greaves chanced to be a horseback, on the other side of an enclosure, when he heard their shrieks; and riding up to the hedge, knew the chariot, and saw their disaster. The horses were then running full speed in such a direction, as to drive headlong over a precipice into a stone-quarry, where they, and the chariot, and the ladies, must be dashed in pieces.

"You may conceive, gemmen, what his thoughts were when he saw such a fine young lady, in the flower of her age, just plunging into eternity; when he saw the lovely Aurelia on the brink of being precipitated among rocks, where her delicate limbs must be mangled and torn asunder; when he perceived, that before he could ride round by the gate, the tragedy would be finished. The fence was so thick and high, flanked with a broad ditch on the outside, that he could not hope to clear it, although he was mounted on Scipio, bred out of Miss Cowslip, the sire Muley, and his grandsire the famous Arabian Mustapha. Scipio was bred by my father, who would not have taken a hundred guineas for him from any other person but the young squire.—Indeed, I have heard my poor father say—"

By this time Ferret's impatience was become so outrageous, that he exclaimed, in a furious tone, "Damn your father! and his horse, and his cold into the bargain!"

Tom made no reply; but began to strip with great expedition. Captain Crowe was so choked with passion, that he could utter nothing but disjointed sentences: he rose from his seat, brandishing his horsewhip, and seizing his nephew by the collar, cried, "Odd's heartlikins! sirrah, I have a good mind—Devil fire your running tackle, you land-lubber! can't you steer without all this tacking hither and thither, and the Lord knows whither?—Noint my block! I'd give thee a rope's end for thy supper, if it wa'n't—"

Dolly had conceived a sneaking kindness for the young lawyer; and thinking him in danger of being roughly handled, flew to his relief. She twisted her hand in Crowe's neckcloth without ceremony, crying, "Sha't then, I tell thee, old coger. Who kears a vig for thy voolish tantrums?"

While Crowe looked black in the face, and ran the risk of strangulation under the gripe of this Amazon, Mr. Clarke, having disengaged himself of his hat, wig, coat, and waistcoat, advanced, in an elegant attitude of manual offence, towards the misanthrope; who snatched up a gridiron from the chimney-corner, and Discord seemed to clap her sooty wings in expectation of battle. But, as the reader may have more than once already cursed the unconscionable length of this chapter, we must postpone, to the next opportunity, the incidents that succeeded this denunciation of war.

CHAPTER IV.

In which it appears that the knight, when heartily set in for sleeping, was not easily disturbed.

IN all probability the kitchen of the Black Lion, from a domestic temple of society and good-fellowship, would have been converted into a scene or stage of sanguinary dispute, had not Pallas or Discretion interposed in the person of Mr. Fillet; and, with the assistance of the ostler, disarmed the combatants, not only of their arms, but also of their resentment.

The impetuosity of Mr. Clarke was a little checked at the sight of the gridiron, which Ferret brandished with uncommon dexterity; a circumstance from whence the company were, upon reflection, induced to believe, that before he plunged into the sea of politics, he had occasionally figured in the character of that facetious droll, who accompanies your itinerant physicians, under the familiar appellation of Merry-Andrew, or Jack-Pudding, and, on a wooden stage, entertains the populace with a solo on the salt-box, or a sonata on the tongs and gridiron. Be that as it may, the young lawyer seemed to be a little discomposed at the glancing of this extraordinary weapon of offence, which the fair hands of Dolly had scoured until it shone as bright as the shield of Achilles; or as the emblem of good old English

fare, which hangs by a red riband, round the neck of that thrice-honoured sage's head, in velvet bonnet cased, who presides, by rotation, at the genial board, distinguished by the title of the Beefsteak Club: where the delicate rumps irresistibly attract the stranger's eye; and, while they seem to cry, "Come cut me—come cut me!" constrain, by wondrous sympathy, each mouth to overflow: where the obliging and humorous Jemmy B——t, the gentle Billy H——d, replete with human kindness; and the generous Johnny B——d, respected and belov'd by all the world, attend as the priests and ministers of mirth, good cheer, and jollity, and assist, with culinary art, the raw, unpractised, awkward guest.

But, to return from this digressive smile; the ostler no sooner stepped between those menacing antagonists, than Tom Clarke very quietly resumed his clothes, and Mr. Ferret resigned the gridiron without further question. The doctor did not find it quite so easy to release the throat of captain Crowe from the masculine grasp of the virago Dolly, whose fingers could not be disengaged until the honest seaman was almost at the last gasp. After some pause, during which he panted for breath, and untied his neckcloth, "Damn thee for a brimstone galley," cried he; "I was never so grappled withal since I knew a card from a compass.—Adzooks! the jade has so taughtened my rigging, d'ye see, that I—snatch my bowlines, if I come athwart thy hawser, I'll turn thy keel upwards—or mayhap set thee a-driving under thy bare poles—I will—I will, you hell-fire, saucy—I will."

Dolly made no reply; but seeing Mr. Clarke sit down again with great composure, took her station likewise at the opposite side of the apartment. Then Mr. Fillet requested the lawyer to proceed with his story; which, after three hems, he accordingly prosecuted in these words:

"I told you, gemmen, that Mr. Greaves was mounted on Scipio, when he saw Miss Darnel and her mother in danger of being hurried over a precipice. Without reflecting a moment, he gave Scipio the spur, and, at one spring, he cleared five-and-twenty feet, over hedge and ditch, and every obstruction. Then he rode full speed, in order to turn the coach-horses; and finding them quite wild and furious, endeavoured to drive against the counter of the hither horse, which he missed, and staked poor Scipio on the pole of the coach. The shock was so great, that the coach-horses made a full stop within ten yards of the quarry; and Mr. Greaves was thrown forward towards the coach-box, which mounting with admirable dexterity, he seized the reins before the horses could recover of their fright. At that instant, the coachman came running up, and loosed them from the traces with the utmost despatch. Mr. Greaves had now time to give his attention to the ladies, who were well-nigh distracted with fear. He no sooner opened the chariot-door, than Aurelia, with a wildness of look, sprung into his arms; and, clasping him round the neck, fainted away. I leave you to guess, gemmen, what were his feelings at this instant. The mother was not so discomposed, but that she could contribute to the recovery of her daughter, whom the young squire still supported in his embrace. At length she

retrieved the use of her senses; and, perceiving the situation in which she was, the blood revisited her face with a redoubled glow, while she desired him to set her down upon the turf.

“ Mrs. Darnel, far from being shy or reserved in her compliments of acknowledgments, kissed Mr. Launcelot without ceremony, the tears of gratitude running down her cheeks. She called him her dear son, her generous deliverer, who, at the hazard of his own life, had saved her and her child from the most dismal fate that could be imagined.

“ Mr. Greaves was so much transported on this occasion, that he could not help disclosing a passion which he had hitherto industriously concealed. ‘ What I have done,’ said he, ‘ was but a common office of humanity, which I would have performed for any of my fellow-creatures; but, for the preservation of Miss Aurelia Darnel, I would at any time, sacrifice my life with pleasure.’ The young lady did not hear this declaration unmoved; her face was again flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure; nor was the youth’s confession disagreeable to the good lady, her mother, who, at one glance, perceived the advantages of such a union between the two families.

“ Mr. Greaves proposed to send the coachman to his father’s stable for a pair of sober horses, that could be depended upon, to draw the ladies home to their own habitation; but they declined the offer, and chose to walk, as the distance was not great. He then insisted upon his being their conductor; and each taking him under the arm, he supported them to their own gate, where such an apparition filled all the domestics with astonishment. Mrs. Darnel, taking him by the hand, led him into the room, where she welcomed him with another affectionate embrace, and indulged him with an ambrosial kiss of Aurelia, saying, ‘ But for you, we had both been by this time in eternity. Sure it was Heaven that sent you as an angel to our assistance!’ She kindly inquired if he had himself sustained any damage in administering that desperate remedy to which they owed their lives. She entertained him with a small collation; and, in the course of the conversation, lamented the animosity which had so long divided two neighbouring families of such influence and character. He was not slow in signifying his approbation of her remarks, and expressing the most eager desire of seeing all those unhappy differences removed: in a word, they parted with mutual satisfaction.

“ Just as he advanced from the outward gate, on his return to Greavesbury Hall, he was met by Anthony Darnel on horseback; who, riding up to him with marks of surprise and resentment, saluted him with, ‘ Your servant, sir.—Have you any commands for me?’ The other replying, with an air of indifference, ‘ None at all.’ Mr. Darnel asked what had procured him the honour of a visit. The young gentleman perceiving, by the manner in which he spoke, that the old quarrel was not yet extinguished, answered, with equal disdain, that the visit was not intended for him; and that if he wanted to know the cause of it, he might inform himself by his own servants. ‘ So I shall,’ cried the uncle of Aurelia; ‘ and perhaps let

you know my sentiments of the matter.'—Hereafter as it may be!' said the youth; who, turning out of the avenue, walked home, and made his father acquainted with the particulars of this adventure.

"The old gentleman chid him for his rashness, but seemed pleased with the success of his attempt; and still more so, when he understood his sentiments of Aurelia, and the deportment of the ladies.

"Next day, the son sent over a servant, with a compliment, to inquire about their health; and the messenger, being seen by Mr. Darnel, was told that the ladies were indisposed, and did not choose to be troubled with messages. The mother was really seized with a fever, produced by the agitation of her spirits, which every day became more and more violent, until the physicians despaired of her life. Believing that her end approached, she sent a trusty servant to Mr. Greaves, desiring that she might see him without delay; and he immediately set out with the messenger, who introduced him in the dark.

"He found the old lady in bed, almost exhausted, and the fair Aurelia sitting by her, overwhelmed with grief; her lovely hair in the utmost disorder, and her charming eyes inflamed with weeping. The good lady, beckoning Mr. Launcelot to approach, and directing all the attendants to quit the room, except a favourite maid, from whom I learned the story, she took him by the hand, and fixing her eyes upon him, with all the fondness of a mother, shed some tears in silence, while the same marks of sorrow trickled down his cheeks. After this affecting pause, 'My dear son,' said she, 'oh! that I could have lived to see you so indeed! You find me hastening to the goal of life.'—Here the tender-hearted Aurelia, being unable to contain herself longer, broke out into a violent passion of grief, and wept aloud. The mother, waiting patiently, till she had thus given vent to her anguish, calmly entreated her to resign herself submissively to the will of Heaven: then, turning to Mr. Launcelot, 'I had indulged,' said she, 'a fond hope of seeing you allied to my family.—This is no time for me to insist upon the ceremonies and forms of a vain world.—Aurelia looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession.' No sooner had she pronounced these words, than he threw himself on his knees before the young lady, and pressing her hand to his lips, breathed the softest expressions which the most delicate love could suggest. 'I know,' resumed the mother, 'that your passion is mutually sincere; and I should die satisfied, if I thought your union would not be opposed; but that violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive. Mr. Greaves, I have long admired your virtues, and am confident that I can depend upon your honour.—You shall give me your word that, when I am gone, you will take no steps in this affair without the concurrence of your father, and endeavour, by all fair and honourable means, to vanquish the prejudices and obtain the consent of her uncle: the rest we must leave to the dispensation of Providence.'

"The squire promised, in the most solemn and fervent manner, to obey

all her injunctions, as the last dictates of a parent whom he should never cease to honour. Then, she favoured them both with a great deal of salutary advice touching their conduct before and after marriage; and presented him with a ring, as a memorial of her affection. At the same time, he pulled another off his finger, and made a tender of it as a pledge of his love to Aurelia, whom her mother permitted to receive this token. Finally, he took a last farewell of the good matron, and returned to his father with the particulars of this interview.

"In two days Mrs. Darnel departed this life; and Aurelia was removed to the house of a relation, where her grief had like to have proved fatal to her constitution.

"In the mean time, the mother was no sooner committed to the earth, than Mr. Greaves, mindful of her exhortations; began to take measures for a reconciliation with the guardian. He engaged several gentlemen to interpose their good offices, but they always met with the most mortifying repulses; and, at last, Anthony Darnel declared, that his hatred to the house of Greaves was hereditary, habitual, and unconquerable. He swore he would spend his heart's blood to perpetuate the quarrel; and that, sooner than his niece should match with young Launcelot, he would sacrifice her with his own hand.

"The young gentleman, finding his prejudice so rancorous and invincible, left off making any further advances; and, since he found it impossible to obtain his consent, resolved to cultivate the good graces of Aurelia, and wed her in despite of her implacable guardian. He found means to establish a literary correspondence with her as soon as her grief was a little abated, and even to effect an interview after her return to her own house. But, he soon had reason to repent of this indulgence; the uncle entertained spies upon the young lady, who gave him an account of this meeting; in consequence of which she was suddenly hurried to some distant part of the country which we never could discover.

"It was then we thought Mr. Launcelot a little disordered in his brain, his grief was so wild, and his passion so impetuous. He refused all sustenance; neglected his person; renounced his amusements; rode out in the rain, sometimes bareheaded; strolled about the fields all night; and became so peevish, that none of the domesticks durst speak to him without the hazard of broken bones. Having played these pranks for about three weeks, to the unspeakable chagrin of his father, and the astonishment of all who knew him, he suddenly grew calm, and his good humour returned. But this, as your seafaring people say, was a deceitful calm, that soon ushered in a dreadful storm.

"He had long sought an opportunity to tamper with some of Mr. Darnel's servants, who might inform him of the place where Aurelia was confined, but there was not one about the family who could give him that satisfaction; for the persons who accompanied her remained as a watch upon her motions, and none of the other domesticks were privy to the transaction. All

attempts proving fruitless, he could no longer restrain his impatience; but, throwing himself in the way of the uncle, upbraided him, in such harsh terms, that a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to decide their difference without witnesses; and one morning, before sunrise, met on that very common where Mr. Greaves had saved the life of Aurelia. The first pistol was fired on each side without any effect; but Mr. Darnel's second wounded the young squire in the flank; nevertheless, having a pistol in reserve, he desired his antagonist to ask his life. The other, instead of submitting, drew his sword; and Mr. Greaves, firing his piece into the air, followed his example. The contest then became very hot, though of short continuance, Darnel being disarmed at the first onset, our young squire gave him back his sword, which he was base enough to use, a second time, against his conqueror. Such an instance of repeated ingratitude and brutal ferocity divested Mr. Greaves of his temper and forbearance. He attacked Mr. Anthony with great fury, and at the first lunge, ran him up to the hilt; at the same time, seizing with his left hand the shell of his enemy's sword, which he broke in disdain. Mr. Darnel having fallen, the other immediately mounted his horse, which he had tied to a tree before the engagement; and riding full speed to Ashenton, sent a surgeon to Anthony's assistance. He afterwards ingenuously confessed all these particulars to his father, who was overwhelmed with consternation, for the wounds of Darnel were judged mortal; and, as no person had seen the particulars of the duel, Mr. Launcelot might have been convicted of murder.

"On these considerations, before a warrant could be served upon him, the old knight, by dint of the most eager entreaties, accompanied with marks of horror and despair, prevailed upon his son to withdraw himself from the kingdom, until such time as the storm should be overblown. Had his heart been unengaged, he would have chose to travel; but at this period, when his whole soul was engrossed, and so violently agitated, by his passion for Aurelia, nothing but the fear of seeing the old gentleman run distracted would have induced him to desist from the pursuit of that young lady, far less quit the kingdom where she resided.

"Well, then, gemmen, he repaired to Harwich, where he embarked for Holland; from whence he proceeded to Brussels, where he procured a passport from the French king, by virtue of which he travelled to Marseilles, and there took a tartan for Genoa. The first letter Sir Everhard received from him was dated at Florence. Meanwhile, the surgeon's prognostic was not altogether verified. Mr. Darnel did not die immediately of his wounds; but he lingered a long time, as it were, in the arms of death, and even partly recovered; yet, in all probability, he will never be wholly restored to the enjoyment of his health, and is obliged, every summer, to attend the Hot-wells at Bristol. As his wounds began to heal, his hatred to Mr. Greaves seemed to revive with augmented violence; and he is now, if possible, more than ever determined against all reconciliation.

"Mr. Launcelot, after having endeavoured to amuse his imagination with

a succession of curious objects in a tour of Italy, took up his residence at a town called Pisa; and there fell into deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him but the news of his father's death.

"The old gentleman (God rest his soul!) never held up his head after the departure of his darling Launcelot; and the dangerous condition of Darnel kept up his apprehension: this was reinforced by the obstinate silence of the youth, and certain accounts of his disordered mind, which he had received from some of those persons who take pleasure in communicating disagreeable tidings. A complication of all these grievances, co-operating with a severe fit of the gout and gravel, produced a fever, which, in a few days, brought Sir Everhard to his long home. After he had settled his affairs with Heaven and earth, and made his peace with God and man, I'll assure you, gemmen, he made a most edifying and Christian end: he died regretted by all his neighbours, except Anthony; and might be said to be embalmed by the tears of the poor, to whom he was always a bounteous benefactor.

"When the son, now Sir Launcelot, came home, he appeared so meagre, wan, and hollow-eyed, that the servants hardly knew their young master. His first care was to take possession of his fortune, and settle accounts with the steward, who had succeeded my father. These affairs being discussed, he spared no pains to get intelligence concerning Miss Darnel, and soon learned more of that young lady than he desired to know; for, it was become the common talk of the country that a match was agreed upon between her and young squire Sycamore, a gentleman of a very great fortune. These tidings were probably confirmed, under her own hand, in a letter which she wrote to Sir Launcelot. The contents were never exactly known but to the parties themselves; nevertheless, the effects were too visible; for, from that blessed moment, he spoke not one word to any living creature for the space of three days; but was seen sometimes to shed a flood of tears, and sometimes to burst out into a fit of laughing. At last, he broke silence, and seemed to wake from his disorder. He became more fond than ever of the exercise of riding, and began to amuse himself again, with acts of benevolence.

"One instance of his generosity and justice deserves to be recorded in brass or marble. You must know, gemmen, the rector of the parish was lately dead, and Sir Everhard had promised the presentation to another clergyman. In the mean time, Sir Launcelot chancing, one Sunday, to ride through a lane, perceived a horse, saddled and bridled, feeding on the side of a fence; and casting his eyes around, beheld, on the other side of the hedge, an object lying extended on the ground, which he took to be the body of a murdered traveller. He forthwith alighted; and leaping into the field, descried a man, at full length, wrapped in a great coat, and writhing in agony. Approaching nearer, he found it was a clergyman in his gown and cassock. When he inquired into the case, and offered his assistance, the stranger rose up, thanked him for his courtesy, and declared that he was now very well. The knight, who thought there was something myste-

rious in this incident, expressed a desire to know the cause of his rolling in the grass in that manner; and the clergyman, who knew his person, made no scruple in gratifying his curiosity. 'You must know, sir,' said he, 'I serve the curacy of your own parish, for which the late incumbent paid me twenty pounds a-year; but this sum being scarce sufficient to maintain my wife and children, who are five in number, I agreed to read prayers in the afternoon at another church, about four miles from hence; and for this additional duty I receive ten pounds more. As I keep a horse, it was formerly an agreeable exercise, rather than a toil; but of late years, I have been afflicted with a rupture, for which I consulted the most eminent operators in the kingdom; but I have no cause to rejoice in the effects of their advice, though one of them assured me I was completely cured. The malady is now more troublesome than ever; and often comes upon me so violently while I am on horseback, that I am forced to alight, and lie down upon the ground, until the cause of the disorder can, for the time, be reduced.'

"Sir Launcelot not only condoled with him upon his misfortune, but desired him to throw up the second cure, and he would pay him ten pounds a-year out of his own pocket. 'Your generosity confounds me, good sir,' replied the clergyman; 'and yet I ought not be surprised at any instance of benevolence in Sir Launcelot Greaves; but I will check the fulness of my heart. I shall only observe, that your good intention towards me can hardly take effect. The gentleman who is to succeed the late incumbent, has given me notice to quit the premises, as he hath provided a friend of his own for the curacy.'—'What!' cried the knight, 'does he mean to take your bread from you without assigning any other reason?'—'Surely, sir,' replied the ecclesiastic, 'I know of no other reason. I hope my morals are irreproachable, and that I have done my duty with a conscientious regard; I may venture an appeal to the parishioners, among whom I have lived these seventeen years. After all, it is natural for every man to favour his own friends in preference to strangers. As for me, I propose to try my fortune in the great city; and I doubt not but Providence will provide for me and my little ones.'

"To this declaration Sir Launcelot made no reply; but, riding home, set on foot a strict inquiry into the character of this man, whose name was Jenkins. He found that he was a reputed scholar, equally remarkable for his modesty and good life; that he visited the sick, assisted the needy, compromised disputes among his neighbours, and spent his time in such a manner as would have done honour to any Christian divine. Thus informed, the knight sent for the gentleman to whom the living had been promised, and accosted him to this effect: 'Mr. Tootle, I have a favour to ask of you. The person who serves the cure of this parish is a man of good character, beloved by the people, and has a large family. I shall be obliged to you if you will continue him in the curacy.' The other told him he was sorry he could not comply with his request, being that he had already promised the curacy to a friend of his own. 'No matter,' replied Sir Launcelot; 'since

I have not interest with you, I will endeavour to provide for Mr. Jenkins in some other way.'

"That same afternoon he walked over to the curate's house, and told him that he had spoken, in his behalf, to Dr. Tootle, but the curacy was pre-engaged. The good man having made a thousand acknowledgments for the trouble his honour had taken, 'I have not interest sufficient to make you curate,' said the knight, 'but I can give you the living itself, and that you shall have.' So saying, he retired, leaving Mr. Jenkins incapable of uttering one syllable, so powerfully was he struck with this unexpected turn of fortune. The presentation was immediately made out; and, in a few days, Mr. Jenkins was put in possession of his benefice, to the inexpressible joy of the congregation.

"Hitherto, every thing went right, and every unprejudiced person commended the knight's conduct. But, in a little time, his generosity seemed to overleap the bounds of discretion; and even, in some cases, might be thought tending to a breach of the king's peace. For example, he compelled, *vi et armis*, a rich farmer's son to marry the daughter of a cottager, whom the young fellow had debauched. Indeed, it seems there was a promise of marriage in the case, though it could not be legally ascertained. The wench took on dismally, and her parents had recourse to Sir Launcelot, who, sending for the delinquent, expostulated with him severely on the injury he had done the young woman, and exhorted him to save her life and reputation by performing his promise; in which case he (Sir Launcelot) would give her three hundred pounds to her portion. Whether the farmer thought there was something interested in this uncommon offer, or was a little elevated by the consciousness of his father's wealth, he rejected the proposal with rustic disdain; and said, if so he as how the wench would swear the child to him, he would settle it with the parish; but declared, that no squire in the land should oblige him to buckle with such a cracked pitcher. This resolution, however, he could not maintain; for in less than two hours the rector of the parish had direction to publish the banns, and the ceremony was performed in due course.

"Now, though we know not precisely the nature of the arguments that were used with the farmer, we may conclude they were of the minatory species; for the young fellow could not, for some time, look any person in the face.

"The knight acted as the general redresser of grievances. If a woman complained to him of being ill-treated by her husband, he first inquired into the foundation of the complaint, and, if he found it just, catechised the defendant. If the warning had no effect, and the man proceeded to fresh acts of violence, then his judge took the execution of the law in his own hand, and horsewhipped the party. Thus he involved himself in several lawsuits, that drained him of pretty large sums of money. He seemed particularly incensed at the least appearance of oppression, and supported divers poor tenants against the extortion of their landlords. Nay, he has been known to travel two hundred miles as a volunteer, to offer his assist-

ance in the cause of a person who, he heard, was by chicanery and oppression wronged of a considerable estate. He accordingly took her under his protection, relieved her distresses, and was at a vast expense in bringing the suit to a determination; which being unfavourable to his client, he resolved to bring an appeal into the House of Lords; and certainly would have executed his purpose, if the gentlewoman had not died in the interim."

At this period Ferret interrupted the narrator, by observing that the said Greaves was a common nuisance, and ought to be prosecuted on the statute of barretry.

"No, sir," resumed Mr. Clarke, "he cannot be convicted of barretry, unless he is always at variance with some person or other; a mover of suits and quarrels, who disturbs the peace under colour of law. Therefore he is in the indictment styled, *Communis malefactor, calumniator, et seminator litium*."

"Pr'ythee, truce with thy definitions," cried Ferret, "and make an end of thy long-winded story. Thou hast no title to be so tedious, until thou comest to have a colf in the court of Common Pleas."

Tom smiled contemptuously; and had just opened his mouth to proceed, when the company was disturbed by a hideous repetition of groans, that seemed to issue from the chamber in which the body of the squire was deposited. The landlady snatched the candle, and ran into the room, followed by the doctor and the rest; and this accident naturally suspended the narration. In like manner, we shall conclude the chapter, that the reader may have time to breathe, and digest what he has already heard.

CHAPTER V.

In which this recapitulation draws to a close.

WHEN the landlady entered the room from whence the groaning proceeded, she found the squire lying on his back, under the dominion of the nightmare, which rode him so hard, that he not only groaned and snorted, but the sweat ran down his face in streams. The perturbation of his brain, occasioned by this pressure and the fright he had lately undergone, gave rise to a very terrible dream, in which he fancied himself apprehended for a robbery. The horror of the gallows was strong upon him, when he was suddenly awakened by a violent shock from the doctor; and the company broke in upon his view, still perverted by fear and bedimmed by slumber. His dream was now realized by a full persuasion that he was surrounded by the constable and his gang. The first object that presented itself to his disordered view was the figure of Ferret, who might very well have passed for the finisher of the law; against him, therefore, the first effort of his despair was directed. He started upon the floor; and seizing a certain utensil that shall be nameless, launched it at the misanthrope with such violence, that, had he not cautiously slipped his head aside, it is supposed

that actual fire would have been produced from the collision of two such hard and solid substances. All future mischief was prevented by the strength and agility of Captain Crowe, who, springing upon the assailant, pinioned his arms to his sides crying, "O! damn ye, if you are for running a-head, I'll soon bring you to your bearings."

The squire, thus restrained, soon recollected himself; and gazing upon every individual in the apartment, "Wounds!" said he, "I've had an ugly dream. I thought, for all the world, they were carrying me to Newgate, and that there was Jack Ketch coom to vetch me before my taim."

Ferret, who was the person he had thus distinguished, eyeing him with a look of the most emphatic malevolence, told him, it was very natural for a knave to dream of Newgate, and that he hoped to see the day when this dream would be found a true prophecy, and the commonwealth purged of all such rogues and vagabonds; but it could not be expected that the vulgar would be honest and conscientious, while the great were distinguished by profligacy and corruption. The squire was disposed to make a practical reply to this insinuation, when Mr. Ferret prudently withdrew himself from the scene of altercation. The good woman of the house persuaded his antagonist to take out his nap, assuring him that the eggs and bacon, with a mug of excellent ale, should be forthcoming in due season. The affair being thus fortunately adjusted, the guests returned to the kitchen, and Mr. Clarke resumed his story to this effect:

"You'll please to take notice, gemmen, that besides the instances I have alledged of Sir Launcelot's extravagant benevolence, I could recount a great many others of the same nature, and particularly the laudable vengeance he took of a country lawyer.—I'm sorry that any such miscreant should belong to the profession. He was clerk to the assize, gemmen, in a certain town not a great way distant; and, having a blank pardon left by the judges for some criminals whose cases were attended with favourable circumstances, he would not insert the name of one who could not procure a guinea for the fee; and the poor fellow, who had only stole an hour-glass out of a shoemaker's window, was actually executed, after a long respite, during which he had been permitted to go abroad and earn his subsistence by his daily labour.

"Sir Launcelot being informed of this barbarous act of avarice, and having some ground that bordered on the lawyer's estate, not only rendered him contemptible and infamous, by exposing him as often as they met on the grand jury; but also, being vested with the property of the great tithes, proved such a troublesome neighbour, sometimes by making waste among his hay and corn, and sometimes by instituting suits against him for petty trespasses, that he was fairly obliged to quit his habitation, and remove into another part of the kingdom.

"All these avocations could not divert Sir Launcelot from the execution of a wild scheme, which has carried his extravagance to such a pitch, that I am afraid if a statute—you understand me, gemmen,—were sued, the jury would—I don't choose to explain myself further on this circumstance Be

that as it may, the servants at Gravesbury-Hall were not a little confounded when their master took down, from the family armoury, a complete set of armour, which had belonged to his great-grandfather, Sir Marmaduke Greaves, a great warrior, who lost his life in the service of his king. This armour being scoured, repaired, and altered, so as to fit Sir Launcelot, a certain knight, whom I don't choose to name, because I believe he cannot be proved *compos mentis*, came down, seemingly on a visit, with two attendants; and, on the eve of the festival of St. George, the armour being carried into the chapel, Sir Launcelot (Lord have mercy upon us!) remained all night in that dismal place alone and without light, though it was confidently reported, all over the country, that the place was haunted by the spirit of his great-great uncle, who, being lunatic, had cut his throat, from ear to ear, and was found dead on the communion-table."

It was observed, that while Mr. Clarke rehearsed this circumstance, his eyes began to stare, and his teeth to chatter; while Dolly, whose looks were fixed invariably on this narrator, growing pale, and hitching her joint-stool nearer the chimney, exclaimed, in a frightened tone, "Mooother, mooother, in the neame of God look to 'im! how a quakes! as I'm a precious saoul, a looks as if a saw something." Tom forced a smile and thus proceeded.

"While Sir Launcelot tarried within the chapel, with the doors all locked, the other knight stalked round and round it on the outside with his sword drawn, to the terror of divers persons who were present at the ceremony. As soon as day broke, he opened one of the doors; and, going in to Sir Launcelot, read a book for some time, which we did suppose to be the constitutions of knight-errantry; then we heard a loud slap, which echoed through the whole chapel, and the stranger pronounce, with an audible and solemn voice, 'In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight—be faithful, bold, and fortunate.'—You cannot imagine, gentlemen, what an effect this strange ceremony had upon the people who were assembled: they gazed at one another in silent horror; and, when Sir Launcelot came forth, completely armed, took to their heels in a body, and fled with the utmost precipitation. I myself was overturned in the crowd; and this was the case with that very individual person who now serves him as a squire. He was so frightened, that he could not rise; but by roaring in such a manner, that the knight came up, and gave him a thwack with his lance across the shoulders, which roused him with a vengeance. For my own part, I freely own I was not altogether unmoved at seeing such a figure come stalking out of a church in the grey of the morning; for it recalled to my remembrance the idea of the ghost, in Hamlet, which I had seen acted in Drury-Lane when I made my first trip to London, and I had not yet got rid of the impression.

"Sir Launcelot, attended by the other knight, proceeded to the stable; from whence, with his own hands, he drew forth one of his best horses, a fine mettlesome sorrel, who had got blood in him, ornamented with rich trappings. In a trice the two knights, and the other two strangers, who

now appeared to be crumpeters, were mounted. Sir Launcelot's armour was lacquered black; and on his shield was represented the moon in her first quarter, with the motto, *impleat orbem*. The trumpets having sounded a charge, the stranger pronounced, with a loud voice, 'God preserve this gallant knight in all his honourable achievements; and may he long continue to press the sides of his now-adopted steed, which I denominate Bronzomarte; hoping that he will rival, in swiftness and spirit, Bayardo, Brighiadoro, or any other steed of past or present chivalry!' After another flourish of the trumpets, all four clapped spurs to their horses, Sir Launcelot couching his lance and galloped to and fro as if they had been mad, to the terror and astonishment of all the spectators.

"What should have induced our knight to choose this here man for his squire, is not easy to determine; for, of all the servants about the house, he was the least likely either to please his master, or engage in such an undertaking. His name is Timothy Crabshaw, and he acted in the capacity of whipper-in to Sir Everhard. He afterwards married the daughter of a poor cottager, by whom he has several children, and was employed about the house as a ploughman and carter. To be sure, the fellow has a dry sort of humour about him; but he was universally hated among the servants for his abusive tongue and perverse disposition, which often brought him into trouble, for though the fellow is as strong as an elephant, he has no more courage, naturally, than a chicken—I say, naturally, because, since his being a member of knight-errantry, he has done some things that appear altogether incredible and preternatural.

"Timothy kept such a bawling, after he had received the blow from Sir Launcelot, that every body on the field thought some of his bones were broken; and his wife, with five bantlings, came snivelling to the knight, who ordered her to send her husband directly to his house. Tim accordingly went thither, groaning pitiously all the way, creeping along with his body bent like a Greenland canoe. As soon as he entered the court, the outward door was shut; and Sir Launcelot, coming down stairs with a horsewhip in his hand, asked what was the matter with him that he complained so dismally. To this question he replied, that it was as common as duck-weed in his country for a man to complain when his bones were broken.—'What should have broken your bones?' said the knight. 'I cannot guess,' answered the other, 'unless it was that delicate switch that your honour, in your mad pranks, handled, so dexterously, upon my carcass.' Sir Launcelot then told him, there was nothing so good for a bruise as a sweat, and he had the remedy in his hand. Timothy, eyeing the horsewhip askance, observed there was another, still more speedy, to wit, a moderate pill of lead, with a sufficient dose of gunpowder. 'No, rascal,' cried the knight, 'that must be reserved for your betters.' So saying, he employed the instrument so effectually, that Crabshaw soon forgot his fractured ribs, and capered about with great agility.

"When he had been disciplined in this manner to some purpose, the knight told him he might retire; but ordered him to return, next morning,

when he should have a repetition of the medicine, provided he did not find himself capable of walking in an erect posture. The gate was no sooner thrown open, than Timothy ran home with all the speed of a greyhound, and corrected his wife, by whose advice he had pretended to be so grievously damaged in his person.

"Nobody dreamed that he would next day present himself at Greavesbury-Hall; nevertheless, he was there very early in the morning, and even closeted a whole hour with Sir Launcelot. He came out making wry faces, and several times slapped himself on the forehead, crying, 'Bodikins! that he be creazy, I an't, that I an't!' When he was asked what was the matter, he said, he believed the devil had got in him, and he should never be his own man again.

"That same day, the knight carried him to Ashenton, where he bespoke those accoutrements which he now wears; and while these were making, it was thought the poor fellow would have run distracted. He did nothing but growl, and curse, and swear to himself, run backwards and forwards between his own hut and Greavesbury-Hall, and quarrel with the horses in the stable. At length, his wife and family were removed into a snug farmhouse that happened to be empty, and care taken that they should be comfortably maintained.

"These precautions being taken, the knight, one morning, at daybreak, mounted Bronzomarte; and Crabshaw, as his squire, ascended the back of a clumsy cart-horse, called Gilbert. This, again, was looked upon as an instance of insanity in the said Crabshaw; for, of all the horses in the stable, Gilbert was the most stubborn and vicious, and had often like to have done mischief to Timothy while he drove the cart and plough. When he was out of humour, he would kick and plunge as if the devil was in him. He once thrust Crabshaw into the middle of a quickset hedge, where he was terribly torn; another time, he canted him over his head into a quagmire, where he stuck with his heels up, and must have perished if people had not been passing that way; a third time, he seized him in the stable with his teeth by the rim of the belly, and swung him off the ground, to the great danger of his life; and I'll be hanged if it was not owing to Gilbert that Crabshaw was now thrown into the river.

"Thus mounted and accoutred, the knight and his squire set out on their first excursion. They turned off from the common highway, and travelled all that day without meeting with any thing worthy recounting; but, in the morning of the second day, they were favoured with an adventure. The hunt was upon a common through which they travelled, and the hounds were in full cry after a fox; when Crabshaw, prompted by his own mischievous disposition, and neglecting the order of his master, who called aloud to him to desist, rode up to the hounds, and crossed them at full gallop. The huntsman, who was not far off, running towards the squire, bestowed upon his head such a memento with his pole, as made the landscape dance before his eyes; and, in a twinkling, he was surrounded by all the fox-hunters, who plied their whips about his ears with infinite agility. Sir

Launcelot, advancing at an easy pace, instead of assisting the disastrous squire, exhorted his adversaries to punish him severely for his insolence, and they were not slow in obeying this injunction. Crabshaw, finding himself in this disagreeable situation, and that there was no succour to be expected from his master, on whose prowess he had depended, grew desperate; and clubbing his whip, laid about him with great fury, wheeling about Gilbert, who was not idle; for, he having received some of the favours intended for his rider, both bit with his teeth and kicked with his heels, and at last made his way through the ring that encircled him, though not before he had broken the huntsman's leg, lamed one of the best horses in the field, and killed half a score of the hounds.

“Crabshaw, seeing himself clear of the fray, did not tarry to take leave of his master, but made the most of his way to Greavesbury-Hall, where he appeared hardly with any vestige of the human countenance, so much had he been defaced in this adventure. He did not fail to raise a great clamour against Sir Launcelot, whom he cursed as a coward in plain terms, swearing he would never serve him another day: but, whether he altered his mind on cooler reflection, or was lectured by his wife, who well understood her own interest, he rose with the cock, and went again in quest of Sir Launcelot, whom he found on the eve of a very hazardous enterprise.

“In the midst of a lane the knight happened to meet with a party of about forty recruits, commanded by a serjeant, a corporal, and a drummer, which last had his drum slung at his back; but seeing such a strange figure mounted on a high-spirited horse, he was seized with an inclination to divert his company. With this view he braced his drum; and hanging it in its proper position, began to beat a point of war, advancing under the very nose of Bronzomarte; while the corporal exclaimed, ‘Damn my eyes, who have we got here? Old king Stephen, from the horse-armoury, in the Tower; or the fellow that rides armed at my lord-mayor’s show?’ The knight’s steed seemed, at least, as well pleased with the sound of the drum as were the recruits that followed it; and signified his satisfaction in some curvetings and caprioles, which did not at all discompose the rider; who, addressing himself to the serjeant, ‘Friend,’ said he, ‘you ought to teach your drummer better manners. I would chastise the fellow on the spot for his insolence, were it not out of the respect I bear to his majesty’s service.’—‘Respect mile a—!’ cried the ferocious commander. ‘What, d’ye think to frighten us with your pewter pisspot on your scull, and your lacquered pollid on your arm? Get out of the way and be damned, or I’ll raise, with my halberd, such a clutter upon your target, that you’ll remember it the longest day you have to live.’ At that instant, Crabshaw arriving, upon Gilbert, ‘So, rascal!’ said Sir Launcelot, ‘you are returned. Go and beat in that scoundrel’s drum-head.’

“The squire, who saw no weapons of offence about the drummer but a sword, which he hoped the owner durst not draw, and being resolved to exert himself in making atonement for his desertion, advanced to execute his master’s orders; but Gilbert, who liked not the noise, refused to proceed

in the ordinary way. Then the squire turning his tail to the drummer, he advanced in a retrograde motion, and, with one kick of his heels, not only broke the drum into a thousand pieces, but laid the drummer in the mire, with such a blow upon his hip-bone, that he halted all the days of his life. The recruits, perceiving the discomfiture of their leader, armed themselves with stones; the serjeant raised his halberd in a posture of defence, and immediately a severe action ensued. By this time, Crabshaw had drawn his sword, and begun to lay about him like a devil incarnate; but, in a little time, he was saluted by a volley of stones, one of which knocked out two of his grinders, and brought him to the earth, where he had like to have found no quarter; for the whole company crowded about him, with their cudgels brandished; and, perhaps, he owed his preservation to their pressing so hard that they hindered one another from using their weapons.

“Sir Launcelot, seeing, with indignation, the unworthy treatment his squire had received, and scorning to stain his lance with the blood of plebeians, instead of couching it in the rest, seized it by the middle; and, fetching one blow at the serjeant, broke in twain the halberd, which he had raised as a quarter-staff for his defence. The second stroke encountered his pate; which being the hardest part about him, sustained the shock without damage; but the third, lighting on his ribs, he honoured the giver with immediate prostration. The general being thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot advanced to the relief of Crabshaw, and handled his weapon so effectually, that the whole body of the enemy were disabled or routed before one cudgel had touched the carcass of the fallen squire. As for the corporal, instead of standing by his commanding officer, he had overleaped the hedge, and run to the constable of an adjoining village for assistance. Accordingly, before Crabshaw could be properly remounted, the peace-officer arrived with his *posse*; and by the corporal was charged with Sir Launcelot and his squire, as two highway-men. The constable, astonished at the martial figure of the knight, and intimidated at sight of the havoc he had made, contented himself with standing at a distance displaying the badge of his office, and reminding the knight that he represented his majesty's person.

“Sir Launcelot, seeing the poor man in great agitation, assured him that his design was to enforce, not violate, the laws of his country; and that he and his squire would attend him to the next justice of peace; but, in the mean time, he, in his turn, charged the peace-officer with the serjeant and drummer, who had begun the fray.

“The justice had been a pettifogger, and was a sycophant to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who had a post at court. He therefore thought he should oblige his patron by shewing his respect for *the military*, and treated our knight with the most boorish insolence; but refused to admit him into his house until he had surrendered all his weapons of offence to the constable. Sir Launcelot and his squire being found the aggressors, the justice insisted upon making out their mittimus, if they did not find bail immediately; and could hardly be prevailed upon to agree that they should remain at the house of the constable, who, being a publican,

undertook to keep them in safe custody until the knight could write to his steward. Meanwhile, he was bound over to the peace; and the serjeant, with his drummer, were told they had a good action against him for assault and battery, either by information or indictment.

"They were not, however, so fond of the law as the justice seemed to be. Their sentiments had taken a turn in favour of Sir Launcelot during the course of his examination, by which it appeared that he was really a gentleman of fashion and fortune; and they resolved to compromise the affair without the intervention of his worship. Accordingly, the serjeant repaired to the constable's house, where the knight was lodged; and humbled himself before his honour, protesting, with many oaths, that if he had known his quality, he would have beaten the drummer's brains about his ears for presuming to give his honour or his horse the least disturbance; thof the fellow, he believed, was sufficiently punished in being a cripple for life.

"Sir Launcelot admitted of his apologies; and, taking compassion on the fellow who had suffered so severely for his folly, resolved to provide for his maintenance. Upon the representation of the parties to the justice, the warrant was next day discharged; and the knight returned to his own house, attended by the serjeant and the drummer mounted on horseback, the recruits being left to the corporal's charge.

"The halberdier found the good effects of Sir Launcelot's liberality; and his companion, being rendered unfit for his majesty's service by the heels of Gilbert, is now entertained at Gravesbury-Hall, where he will probably remain for life.

"As for Crabshaw, his master gave him to understand, that if he did not think him pretty well chastised for his presumption and flight by the discipline he had undergone in the last two adventures, he would turn him out of his service with disgrace. Timothy said, he believed it would be the greatest favour he could do him to turn him out of a service in which he knew he should be rib-roasted every day, and murdered at last.

"In this situation were things at Gravesbury-Hall about a month ago, when I crossed the country to Ferrybridge, where I met my uncle: probably, this was the first incident of their second excursion; for the distance between this here house and Sir Launcelot's estate does not exceed fourscore or ninety miles."

CHAPTER VI.

In which the reader will perceive that, in some cases, madness is catching.

MR. Clarke having made an end of his narrative, the surgeon thanked him for the entertainment he had received, and Mr. Ferret shrugged up his shoulders in silent disapprobation. As for Captain Crowe, who used, at such pauses, to pour in a broadside of dismembered remarks, linked together like chain-shot, spoke not a syllable for some time; but, lighting a

fresh pipe at the candle, began to roll such voluminous clouds of smoke, as, in an instant, filled the whole apartment, and rendered himself invisible to the whole company. Though he thus shrouded himself from their view, he did not long remain concealed from their hearing. They first heard a strange, dissonant cackle, which the doctor knew to be a sea-laugh; and this was followed by an eager exclamation of, "Rare pastime, strike my yards and top-masts!—I've a good mind—why shouldn't—many a losing voyage I've—smite my taffrel but I wool—"

By this time he had relaxed so much in his fumigation, that the tip of his nose and one eye re-appeared; and, as he had drawn his wig forwards so as to cover his whole forehead, the figure that now saluted their eyes was much more ferocious and terrible than the fire-breathing chimera of the ancients. Notwithstanding this dreadful appearance, there was no indignation in his heart; but, on the contrary, an agreeable curiosity, which he was determined to gratify.

Addressing himself to Mr. Fillet, "Pr'ythee, doctor," said he, "canst tell whether a man, without being rated a lord or a baron, or what-d'ye-call-um, d'ye see, mayn't take to the highway in the way of a frolic, d'ye see?—Adad! for my own part, brother, I'm resolved as how to cruise a bit in the way of an arrant—if so be as I can't at once be commander, mayhap I may be bore upon the books as a petty officer, or the like, d'ye see."

"Now, the Lord forbid!" cried Clarke, with tears in his eyes, "I'd rather see you dead than brought to such a dilemma."—"Mayhap thou wouldst," answered the uncle, "for then, my lad, there would be some pick-ing—aha! dost thou tip me the traveller, my boy?" Tom assured him he scorned any such mercenary views: "I am only concerned," said he, "that you should take any step that might tend to the disgrace of yourself or your family; and I say again, I had rather die than live to see you reckoned any otherwise than *compos*."—"Die and be damned! you shambling, half-timber'd son of a ———," cried the choleric Crowe; "dost talk to me of keeping a reckoning and compass!—I could keep a reckoning, and box my compass, long enough before thy keelstone was laid—Sam Crowe is not come here to ask thy counsel how to steer his course."—"Lord, sir," resumed the nephew, "consider what people will say—all the world will think you mad."—"Set thy heart at ease, Tom," cried the seaman, "I'll have a trip to and again in this here channel. Mad! what then? I think, for my part, one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound—I don't see why I ha'n't as good a right to be mad as another man—But, doctor, as I was saying, I'd be bound to you, if you would direct me where I can buy that same tackle that an arrant must wear; as for the matter of the long pole headed with iron, I'd never desire a better than a good boat-hook, and I could make a special good target of that there tin sounce that holds the candle—mayhap any blacksmith will hammer me a scull-cap, d'ye see, out of an old brass kettle; and I can call my home by the name of my ship, which was *Mufti*."

The surgeon was one of those wags who can laugh inwardly, without

exhibiting the least outward mark of mirth or satisfaction. He at once perceived the amusement which might be drawn from this strange disposition of the sailor, together with the most likely means which could be used to divert him from such an extravagant pursuit. He therefore tipped Clarke the wink with one side of his face, while the other was very gravely turned to the captain, whom he addressed to this effect: "It is not far from hence to Sheffield, where you might be fitted completely in half a day---then you must watch your armour in church or chapel, and be dubbed. As for this last ceremony, it may be performed by any person whatsoever. Don Quixote was dubbed by his landlord; and there are many instances, on record, of errants obliging and compelling the next person they met to cross their shoulders, and dub them knights. I myself would undertake to be your godfather, and I have interest enough to procure the keys of the parish-church that stands hard by; besides, this is the eve of St. Martin, who was himself a knight-errant, and therefore a proper patron to a novice. I wish we could borrow Sir Launcelot's armour for the occasion."

Crowe being struck with this hint, started up; and laying his fingers on his lips, to enjoin silence, walked off softly on his tip-toes, to listen at the door of our knight's apartment, and judge whether or not he was asleep. Mr. Fillet took this opportunity to tell his nephew that it would be in vain for him to combat this humour with reason and argument; but, the most effectual way of diverting him from the plan of knight-errantry would be, to frighten him heartily while he should keep his vigil in the church, towards the accomplishment of which purpose he craved the assistance of the misanthrope as well as the nephew. Clarke seemed to relish the scheme, and observed that his uncle, though endued with courage enough to face any human danger, had, at bottom, a strong fund of superstition, which he had acquired, or at least improved, in the course of a sea-life. Ferret, who, perhaps, would not have gone ten paces out of his road to save Crowe from the gallows, nevertheless engaged as an auxiliary, merely in hope of seeing a fellow-creature miserable; and even undertook to be the principal agent in this adventure. For this office, indeed, he was better qualified than they could have imagined: in the bundle which he kept under his great-coat, there was, together with divers nostrums, a small phial of liquid phosphorus, sufficient, as he had already observed, to frighten a whole neighbourhood out of their senses.

In order to concert the previous measures without being overheard, these confederates retired, with a candle and lantern, into the stable; and their backs were scarce turned, when Captain Crowe came in loaded with pieces of the knight's armour, which he had conveyed from the apartment of Sir Launcelot, whom he had left fast asleep.

Understanding that the rest of the company were gone out for a moment, he could not resist the inclination he felt of communicating his intention to the landlady; who, with her daughter, had been too much engaged in preparing Crabshaw's supper, to know the purport of their conversation

The good woman, being informed of the captain's design to remain alone, all night, in the church, began to oppose it with all her rhetoric. She said it was setting his Maker at defiance, and a wilful running into temptation. She assured him that all the country knew that the church was haunted by spirits and hobgoblins; that lights had been seen in every corner of it; and a tall woman in white had, one night, appeared upon the top of the tower; that dreadful shrieks were often heard to come from the south aisle, where a murdered man had been buried; that she herself had seen the cross, on the steeple, all a-fire; and one evening, as she passed a-horseback close by the stile at the entrance into the churchyard, the horse stood still, sweating and trembling, and had no power to proceed until she had repeated the Lord's Prayer.

These remarks made a strong impression on the imagination of Crowe; who asked, in some confusion, if she had got that same prayer in print. She made no answer; but reaching the prayer-book from a shelf, and turning up the leaf, put it into his hand; then the captain, having adjusted his spectacles, began to read, or rather spell, aloud, with equal eagerness and solemnity. He had refreshed his memory so well as to remember the whole, when the doctor, returning with his companions, gave him to understand that he had procured the key of the chancel, where he might watch his armour as well as in the body of the church; and that he was ready to conduct him to the spot. Crowe was not, now, quite so forward as he had appeared before to achieve this adventure: he began to start objections with respect to the borrowed armour; he wanted to stipulate the comforts of a can of flip, and a candle's end, during his vigil; and hinted something of the damage he might sustain from your malicious imps of darkness.

The doctor told him, the constitutions of chivalry absolutely required that he should be left in the dark, alone, and fasting, to spend the night in pious meditations; but, if he had any fears which disturbed his conscience, he had much better desist, and give up all thoughts of knight-errantry, which could not consist with the least shadow of apprehension. The captain, stung by this remark, replied not a word; but gathering up the armour into a bundle, threw it on his back, and set out for the place of probation, preceded by Clarke with the lantern. When they arrived at the church, Fillet, who had procured the key from the sexton, who was his patient, opened the door, and conducted our novice into the middle of the chancel, where the armour was deposited. Then, bidding Crowe draw his hanger, committed him to the protection of Heaven, assuring him he would come back, and find him either dead or alive by daybreak, and perform the remaining part of the ceremony. So saying, he and the other associates shook him by the hand and took their leave, after the surgeon had tilted up the lantern to take a view of his visage, which was pale and haggard.

Before the door was locked upon him, he called aloud, "Hilloa doctor! hip——another word, d'ye see——." They forthwith returned to know what he wanted, and found him already in a sweat. "Heark ye, brother," said he, wiping his face, "I do suppose as how one may pass away the time

in whistling the *Black Joke*, or singing *Black-eyed Susan*, or some such sorrowful ditty."—"By no means," cried the doctor, "such pastimes are neither suitable to the place, nor the occasion, which is altogether a religious exercise. If you have got any psalms by heart, you may sing a stave or two, or repeat the Doxology."—"Would I had Tom Laverick here," replied our novice; "he would sing you anthems like a sea-mew—a bad clerk ashore—many's the time and often I've given him a rope's end for singing psalms in the larboard watch—would I had hired the son of a bitch to have taught me a cast of his office—but it cannot be help, brother—if we can't go large, we must haul upon a wind, as the saying is—if we can't sing, we must pray." The company again left him to his devotion, and returned to the public-house, in order to execute the essential part of their project.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the knight resumes his importance.

DOCTOR Fillet having borrowed a couple of sheets from the landlady, dressed the misanthrope and Tom Clarke in ghostly apparel, which was reinforced by a few drops of liquid phosphorus, from Ferret's phial, rubbed on the foreheads of the two adventurers. Thus equipped, they returned to the church with their conductor, who entered with them softly at an aisle which was opposite to a place where the novice kept watch. They stole, unperceived, through the body of the church; and though it was so dark that they could not distinguish the captain with the eye, they heard the sound of his steps, as he walked backwards and forwards on the pavement with uncommon expedition, and an ejaculation now and then escape, in a murmur, from his lips.

The triumvirate having taken their station, with a large pew in their front, the two ghosts uncovered their heads, which, by help of the phosphorus, exhibited a pale and lambent flame, extremely dismal and ghastly to the view; then Ferret, in a squeaking tone, exclaimed, "Samuel Crowe! Samuel Crowe!" The captain, hearing himself accosted in this manner, at such a time, and in such a place, replied, "Hilloah!" and turning his eyes towards the quarter whence the voice seemed to proceed, beheld the terrible apparition. This no sooner saluted his view, than his hair bristled up, his knees began to knock, and his teeth to chatter, while he cried aloud, "In the name of God, where are you bound, ho?" To this hail the misanthrope answered, "We are the spirits of thy grandmother Jane and thy aunt Bridget."

At mention of these names, Crowe's terrors began to give way to his resentment; and he pronounced, in a quick tone, of surprise, mixed with indignation, "What d'ye want? what d'ye want? what d'ye want, ho?" The spirit replied, "We are sent to warn thee of thy fate."—"From whence, ho?" cried the captain, whose choler had, by this time, well-nigh triumphed over his fear. "From Heaven," said the voice. "Ye lye, ye b—s of hell!"

did our novice exclaim ; " ye are damned for heaving me out of my right, five fathom and a half by the lead, in burning brimstone. Don't I see the blue flames come out of your hawse-holes—mayhap you may be the devil himself, for aught I know—but I trust in the Lord, d'ye see—I never dis-rated a kinsman, d'ye see, so don't come alongside of me—put about on th'other tack, d'ye see—you need not clap hard a weather, for you'll soon get to hell again with a flowing sail."

So saying, he had recourse to his Paternoster ; but, perceiving the apparitions approach, he thundered out, " Avast—avast—sheer off, ye babes of hell, or I'll be foul of your fore-lights." He accordingly sprung forwards with his hanger, and, very probably, would have sent the spirits on their way to the other world, had he not fallen over a pew in the dark, and entangled himself so much among the benches, that he could not immediately recover his footing. The triumvirate took this opportunity to retire ; and, such was the precipitation of Ferret in his retreat, that he encountered a post, by which his right-eye sustained considerable damage ; a circumstance which induced him to inveigh, bitterly, against his own folly, as well as the impertinence of his companions, who had inveigled him into such a troublesome adventure. Neither he nor Clarke could be prevailed upon to revisit the novice. The doctor, himself, thought his disease was desperate ; and, mounting his horse, returned to his own habitation.

Ferret, finding all the beds in the public-house were occupied, composed himself to sleep in a Windsor chair at the chimney-corner ; and Mr. Clarke, whose disposition was extremely amorous, resolved to renew his practices on the heart of Dolly. He had reconnoitred the apartments in which the bodies of the knight and his squire were deposited ; and discovered, close by the top of the staircase, a sort of closet or hovel, just large enough to contain a truckle-bed, which from some other particulars, he supposed to be the bed-chamber of his beloved Dolly, who had, by this time, retired to her repose. Full of this idea, and instigated by the demon of desire, Mr. Thomas crept softly up stairs, and lifting up the latch of the closet-door, his heart began to palpitate with joyous expectation ; but, before he could breathe the gentle effusions of his love, the supposed damsel started up, and seizing him by the collar with an Herculean gripe, uttered in the voice of Crabshaw, " It wa'n't for nothing that I dreamed of Newgate, sirrah ; but I'd have thee to know, an errant squire is not to be robbed by such a peddling thief as thee—here I'll howld thee vast, and the devil were in thy doublet—help ! murder ! vire ! Help !"

It was impossible for Mr. Clarke to disengage himself, and equally impracticable to speak in his own vindication ; so that here he stood trembling and half throttled, until the whole house being alarmed, the landlady and her ostler ran up stairs with a candle. When the light rendered objects visible, an equal astonishment prevailed on all sides ; Crabshaw was confounded at sight of Mr. Clarke, whose person he well knew ; and releasing him instantly from his grasp, " Bodikins !" cried he, " I believe as how this hause is haunted—who thought to meet with measter laayer Clarke at

midnight, and so far from hoam!" The landlady could not comprehend the meaning of this encounter; nor could Tom conceive how Crabshaw had transported himself hither from the room below, in which he saw him quietly reposed. Yet, nothing was more easy than to explain this mystery; the apartment below was the chamber which the hostess and her daughter reserved for their own convenience; and this particular having been intimated to the squire while he was at supper, he had resigned the bed, quietly, and been conducted hither in the absence of the company. Tom, recollecting himself as well as he could, professed himself of Crabshaw's opinion, that the house was haunted, declaring that he could not well account for his being there in the dark; and leaving those that were assembled to discuss this knotty point, retired down stairs, in hope of meeting with his charmer, whom accordingly he found in the kitchen, just risen, and wrapped in a loose dishabille.

The noise of Crabshaw's cries had awakened and aroused his master; who, rising suddenly in the dark, snatched up his sword that lay by his bedside, and hastened to the scene of tumult, where all their mouths were opened, at once, to explain the cause of their disturbance, and make an apology for breaking his honour's rest. He said nothing; but, taking the candle in his hand, beckoned to his squire to follow him into his apartment, resolving to arm and take horse immediately. Crabshaw understood his meaning; and, while he shuffled on his clothes, yawning hideously all the while, wished the lawyer at the devil for having visited him so unseasonably; and even cursed himself for the noise he had made, in consequence of which he foresaw he should now be obliged to forfeit his night's rest, and travel in the dark, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. "Pox rot thee, Tom Clarke, for a wicked laayer!" said he to himself; "hadst thou been hanged at Bartlemy-tide, I should, this night, have slept in peace, that I should—an I would there was a blister on this plaguy tongue of mine, for making such a hallooballoo, that I do!—Five gallons of cold water has my poor belly been drenched with since night fell, so as my reins and my liver are all one as if they were turned into ice, and my whole harslet shakes and shivers like a phial of quicksilver. I have been dragged, half-drowned, like a rotten ewe, from the bottom of a river; and who knows but I may be next dragged, quite dead, from the bottom of a coal-pit—if so be as I am, I shall go to hell, to be sure, for being consarned like in my own moorder, that I will, so I will; for a plague on it, I had no business with the vagaries of this crazy-peated measter of mine;—a pox on him, say I!"

He had just finished this soliloquy as he entered the apartment of his master, who desired to know what was become of his armour. Timothy, understanding that it had been left in the room when the knight undressed, began to scratch his head in great perplexity; and at last declared it as his opinion, that it must have been carried off by witchcraft. Then, he related his adventure with Tom Clarke; who, he said, was conveyed to his bedside he knew not how; and concluded with affirming they were no better than Papiashes who did not believe in witchcraft. Sir Launcelot could not

help smiling at his simplicity ; but, assuming a peremptory air, he commanded him to fetch the armour without delay, that he might afterwards saddle the horses, in order to prosecute their journey.

Timothy retired in great tribulation to the kitchen ; where, finding the misanthrope, whom the noise had also disturbed, and still impressed with the notion of his being a conjuror, he offered him a shilling if he would cast a figure, and let him know what was become of his master's armour.

Ferret, in hope of producing more mischief, informed him, without hesitation, that one of the company had conveyed it into the chancel of the church, where he would now find it deposited ; at the same time, presenting him with the key, which Mr. Fillet had left in his custody.

The squire, who was none of those who set hobgoblins at defiance, being afraid to enter the church alone at these hours, bargained with the ostler to accompany and light him with a lantern. Thus attended, he advanced to the place where the armour lay, in a heap, and loaded it upon the back of his attendant without molestation, the lance being shouldered over the whole. In this equipage they were just going to retire, when the ostles, hearing a noise at some distance, wheeled about, with such velocity, that one end of the spear saluting Crabshaw's pate, the poor squire measured his length on the ground ; and crushing the lantern in his fall, the light was extinguished. The other, terrified at these effects of his own sudden motion, threw down his burden ; and would have betaken himself to flight, had not Crabshaw laid fast hold on his leg, that he himself might not be deserted. The sound of the pieces clattering on the pavement, roused Captain Crowe from a trance or slumber, in which he had lain since the apparition vanished ; and he halloed, or rather bellowed, with vast vociferation. Timothy and his friend were so intimidated by this terrific strain, that they thought no more of the armour, but ran home arm in arm, and appeared in the kitchen with all the marks of horror and consternation.

When Sir Launcelot came forth wrapped in his cloak, and demanded his arms, Crabshaw declared that the devil had them in possession ; and this assertion was confirmed by the ostler, who pretended to know the devil by his roar. Ferret sat in his corner, maintaining the most mortifying silence, and enjoying the impatience of the knight, who, in vain, requested an explanation of this mystery. At length, his eyes began to lighten ; when, seizing Crabshaw in one hand, and the ostler in the other, he swore, by Heaven, he would dash their souls out, and raze the house to the foundation, if they did not instantly disclose the particulars of this transaction. The good woman fell on her knees, protesting in the name of the Lord, that she was innocent as the child unborn, that she had lent the captain a prayer-book, to learn the Lord's Prayer, a candle and lantern, to light him to the church, and a couple of clean sheets, for the use of the other gentlemen. The knight was more and more puzzled by this declaration ; when Mr. Clarke, coming into the kitchen, presented himself, with a low obeisance, to his old patron.

Sir Launcelot's anger was immediately converted into surprise. He set at liberty the squire and the ostler; and stretching out his hand to the lawyer, "My good friend, Clarke," said he, "how came you hither? Can you solve this knotty point which hath involved us all in such confusion?"

Tom forthwith began a very circumstantial recapitulation of what had happened to his uncle; in what manner he had been disappointed of the estate; how he had accidentally seen his honour, been enamoured of his character, and become ambitious of following his example. Then, he related the particulars of the plan which had been laid down to divert him from his design; and concluded with assuring the knight, that the captain was a very honest man, though he seemed to be a little disordered in his intellects. "I believe it," replied Sir Launcelot; "madness and honesty are not incompatible—indeed, I feel it by experience."

Tom proceeded to ask pardon, in his uncle's name, for having made so free with the knight's armour; and begged his honour, for the love of God, would use his authority with Crowe that he might quit all thoughts of knight-errantry, for which he was by no means qualified; for, being totally ignorant of the laws of the land, he would be continually committing trespasses; and bring himself into trouble. He said, in case he should prove refractory, he might be apprehended by virtue of a friendly warrant, for having feloniously carried off the knight's accoutrements. "Taking away another man's moveables," said he, "and personal goods, against the will of the owner, is *furtum*, and felony according to the statute: different, indeed, from robbery, which implies putting in fear on the king's highway, in *alta via regis violenter et felonice captum et asportatum, in magnum terrorem*, &c. for if the robbery be laid in the indictment as done in *quodam via pedestri*, in a footpath, the offender will not be ousted of his clergy. It must be in *alta via regis*; and your honour will please to take notice, that robberies committed on the river Thames, are adjudged as done in *alta via regis*; for the king's high-stream is all the same as the king's highway."

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at Tom's learned investigation. He congratulated him on the progress he had made in the study of the law. He expressed his concern at the strange turn the captain had taken, and promised to use his influence in persuading him to desist from the preposterous design he had formed.

The lawyer, thus assured, repaired immediately to the church, accompanied by the squire, and held a parley with his uncle; who, when he understood that the knight in person desired a conference, surrendered up the arms quietly, and returned to the public-house.

Sir Launcelot received the honest seaman with his usual complacency; and perceiving great discomposure in his looks, said, he was sorry to hear he had passed such a disagreeable night to so little purpose.—Crowe, having recruited his spirits with a bumper of brandy, thanked him for his concern, and observed, that he had passed many a hard night in his time, but such another as this he would not be bound to weather for the command of the whole British navy. "I have seen Davy Jones in the shape of a blue

flame, d'ye see, hopping to and fro on the spritsail yard-arm; and I've seen your Jacks-o'-the lantern, and Wills-o'-the-wisp, and many such spirits, both by sea and land; but to-night I've been boarded by all the devils and damned souls in hell, squeaking and squalling, and glimmering and glaring. Bounce went the door—crack went the pew—crash came the tackle—white-sheeted ghosts dancing in one corner by the glow-worm's light—black devils hobbling in another—Lord have mercy upon us!—and I was hailed, Tom—I was—by my grandmother Jane, and my aunt Bridget, d'ye see—a couple of damn'd —— but they're roasting; that's one comfort, my lad."

When he had thus disburdened his conscience, Sir Launcelot introduced the subject of the new occupation at which he aspired. "I understand," said he, "that you are desirous of treading the paths of errantry, which, I assure you, are thorny and troublesome. Nevertheless, as your purpose is to exercise your humanity and benevolence, so your ambition is commendable. But, towards the practice of chivalry, there is something more required than the virtues of courage and generosity. A knight-errant ought to understand the sciences, to be master of ethics or morality, to be well versed in theology, a complete casuist, and minutely acquainted with the laws of his country. He should not only be patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue; righteous, just, and valiant, but also chaste, religious, temperate, polite, and conversable; and have all his passions under the rein, except love, whose empire he should submissively acknowledge." He said this was the very essence of chivalry; and no man had ever made such a profession of arms without first placing his affection upon some beauteous object, for whose honour, and at whose command, he would cheerfully encounter the most dreadful perils.

He took notice that nothing could be more irregular than the manner in which Crowe had attempted to keep his vigil, for he had never served his noviciate—he had not prepared himself with abstinence and prayer—he had not provided a qualified godfather for the ceremony of dubbing—he had no armour of his own to watch; but, on the very threshold of chivalry, which is the perfection of justice, had unjustly purloined the arms of another knight; that this was a mere mockery of a religious institution, and, therefore, displeasing in the sight of Heaven; witness the demons and hobgoblins that were permitted to disturb and torment him in his trial.

Crowe, having listened to these remarks with earnest attention, replied, after some hesitation, "I am bound to you, brother, for your kind and Christian counsel—I doubt as how I've steered by a wrong chart, d'ye see—as for the matter of the sciences, to be sure, I know plain-sailing and Mercator; and am an indifferent good seaman, tho' I say it that should not say it; but, as to all the rest, no better than the viol-block or the geer-capstan. Religion I ha'n't much overhauled; and we tars laugh at your polite conversation—tho', mayhap, we can chaunt a few ballads, to keep the hands awake in the night watch; then, for chastity, brother, I doubt that's not to be expected in a sailor just come ashore after a long voyage—sure all those poor hearts won't be damned for steering in the wake of nature. As for a

sweetheart, Bét Mizen, of St. Catherine's, would fit me to a hair—she and I are old mesmates; and—what signifies talking, brother? she knows already the trim of my vessel, d'ye see!" He concluded with saying, he thought he wa'n't too old to learn; and if Sir Launcelot would take him in tow, as his tender, he would stand by him all weathers, and it should not cost his consort a farthing's expense.

The knight said, he did not think himself of consequence enough to have such a pupil, but should always be ready to give him his best advice; as a specimen of which, he exhorted him to weigh all the circumstances, and deliberate, calmly and leisurely, before he actually engaged in such a boisterous profession; assuring him, that if, at the end of three months, his resolution should continue, he would take upon himself the office of his instructor. In the mean time, he gratified the hostess for his lodging; put on his armour; took leave of the company; and, mounting Bronzomarte, proceeded southerly, being attended by his squire, Crabshaw, grumbling on the back of Gilbert.

CHAPTER VIII.

Which is within a hair's breadth of proving highly interesting.

LEAVING captain Crowe and his nephew, for the present, though they, and even the misanthrope, will reappear in due season, we are now obliged to attend the progress of the knight, who proceeded, in a southerly direction, insensible of the storm that blew, as well as of the darkness, which was horrible. For some time, Crabshaw ejaculated curses in silence; till, at length, his anger gave way to his fear, which waxed so strong upon him, that he could no longer resist the desire of alleviating it, by entering into a conversation with his master. By way of introduction, he gave Gilbert the spur, directing him towards the flank of Bronzomarte, which he encountered with such a shock, that the knight was almost dismounted. When Sir Launcelot, with some warmth, asked the reason of this attack, the squire replied, in these words:—"The devil (God bless us!) mun be playing his pranks with Gilbert too, as sure as I'm a living soul!—I'se wage a tester, the foul fiend has left the seaman, and got into Gilbert, that he has—when a has passed through an ass and a horse, I'se marvel what beast a will get into next."—"Probably into a mule," said the knight: "in that case you will be in some danger—but I can, at any time, dispossess you with a horse-whip."—"Aye, aye," answered Timothy, "your honour has a mortal good hand at giving a flap with a fox's tail, as the saying is—'tis a wonderment you did not try your hand on that there wiseacre that stole your honour's harness, and wants to be an arrant, with a murrain to 'un.—Lord help his fool's head, it becomes him as a sow doth a cart-saddle."—"There is no guilt in infirmity," said the knight; "I punish the vicious only."—"I would your honour would punish Gilbert then," cried the squire, "for 'tis the most vicious tward that ever I laid a leg over—but, as to that same sea-

faring man, what may his distemper be?"—"Madness," answered Sir Launcelet. "Bodikins!" exclaimed the squire; "I doubt as how other folks are leame of the same leg—but it a'n't vor such small gentry as he to be mad; they mun leave that to their better."—"You seem to hint at me, Crabshaw: do you really think I am mad?"—"I may say as how I have looked your honour in the mouth; and a sorry dog should I be, if I did not know your humours as well as I know e'er a beast in the stable at Greavesbury Hall."—"Since you are so well acquainted with my madness," said the knight, "what opinion have you of yourself, who serve and follow a lunatic?"—"I hope I ha'n't served your honour for nothing, but I shall inherit some of your cast vagaries—when your honour is pleased to be mad, I should be very sorry to be found right in my senses. Timothy Crabshaw will never eat the bread of unthankfulness—it shall never be said of him that he was wiser than his measter: as for the matter of his following a madman, we may see your honour's face is made of a fiddle; every one that looks on you loves you." This compliment the knight returned by saying, "If my face is a fiddle, Crabshaw, your tongue is a fiddle-stick that plays upon it—yet your music is very disagreeable—you don't keep time."—"Nor you neither, measter," cried Timothy; "or we shou'dn't be here wandering about under cloud of night, like sheep-stealers, or evil spirits, with troubled consciences."

Here the discourse was interrupted by a sudden disaster, in consequence of which the squire uttered an inarticulate roar that startled the knight himself, who was very little subject to the sensation of fear; but his surprise was changed into vexation when he perceived Gilbert, without a rider, passing by, and kicking his heels with great agility. He forthwith turned his steed; and riding back a few paces found Crabshaw rising from the ground. When he asked what was become of his horse, he answered, in a whimpering tone, "Horse! would I could once see him shiftily carried for the hounds—for my part, I believe as how 'tis no horse, but a devil incarnate; and yet I've been worse mounted, that I have—I'd like to have rid a horse that was foaled of an acorn."

This accident happened in a hollow way, overshadowed with trees, one of which the storm had blown down, so that it lay over the road; and one of its boughs projecting horizontally, encountered the squire as he trotted along in the dark. Chancing to hitch under his long chin, he could not disengage himself, but hung, suspended, like a fitch of bacon; while Gilbert, pushing forward, left him dangling, and by his awkward gambols, seemed to be pleased with the joke. This capricious animal was not retaken without the personal endeavours of the knight; for Crabshaw absolutely refusing to budge a foot from his honour's side, he was obliged to alight, and fasten Bronzo-marte to a tree; then they set out together, and with some difficulty found Gilbert, with his neck stretched over a five-barred gate, snuffing up the morning air. The squire, however, was not remounted without having first undergone a severe reprehension from his master, who upbraided him with his cowardice, threatened to chastise him on the spot, and declared that he

would divorce his dastardly soul from his body, should he ever be incommoded or affronted with another instance of his baseborn apprehension.

Though there was some risk in carrying on the altercation at this juncture, Timothy, having bound up his jaws, could not withstand the inclination he had to confute his master. He therefore, in a muttering accent, protested, that if the knight would give him leave, he should prove that his honour had tied a knot with his tongue which he could not untie with all his teeth. "How, caitiff," cried Sir Launcelot, "presume to contend with me in argument!"—"Your mouth is scarce shut," said the other, "since you declared that a man was not to be punished for madness, because it was a distemper: now I will maintain, that cowardice is a distemper as well as madness; for nobody would be afraid if he could help it."—"There's more logic in that remark," resumed the knight, "than I expected from your clod-pate, Crabshaw: but I must explain the difference between cowardice and madness. Cowardice, though sometimes the effect of natural imbecility, is generally a prejudice of education, or bad habit contracted from misinformation or misapprehension, and may certainly be cured by experience and the exercise of reason: but this remedy cannot be applied in madness, which is a privation or disorder of reason itself."—"So is cowardice, as I'm a living soul," exclaimed the squire; "don't you say a man is frightened out of his senses? For my peart, measter, I can neither see nor hear, much less argufy, when I'm in such a quandary; wherefore, I do believe, odds bodikins! that cowardice and madness are both distempers, and differ no more than the hot and cold fits of an ague. When it teakes your honour, you're all heat and fire and fury, Lord bless us! but when it catches poor Tim, he's cold and dead-hearted; he sheakes and shivers like an aspen-leaf, that he does."—"In that case," answered the knight, "I shall not punish you for the distemper which you cannot help, but for engaging in a service, exposed to perils, when you knew your own infirmity; in the same manner as a man deserves punishment who enlists himself for a soldier while he labours under any secret disease."—"At that rate," said the squire, "my bread is like to be rarely buttered o'both sides, i'faith! But I hope, as by the blessing of God I have run mad, so I shall, in good time, grow valiant under your honour's precept and example."

By this time a very disagreeable night was succeeded by a fair, bright morning, and a market-town appeared at the distance of three or four miles; when Crabshaw, having no longer the fear of hobgoblins before his eyes, and being, moreover, cheered by the sight of a place where he hoped to meet with comfortable entertainment, began to talk big, to expatiate on the folly of being afraid, and finally set all danger at defiance; when, all of a sudden, he was presented with an opportunity of putting in practice those new-adopted maxims. In an opening between two lanes, they perceived a gentleman's coach stopped by two highwaymen on horseback, one of whom advanced to reconnoitre and keep the coast clear, while the other exacted contribution from the travellers in the coach. He who acted as sentinel, no

sooner saw our adventurer appearing from the lane, than he rode up with a pistol in his hand, and ordered him to halt on pain of immediate death.

To this peremptory mandate the knight made no other reply than charging him, with such impetuosity, that he was unhorsed in a twinkling, and lay sprawling on the ground, seemingly sore bruised with his fall. Sir Launcelot, commanding Timothy to alight and secure the prisoner, couched his lance, and rode full speed at the other highwayman, who was not a little disturbed at sight of such an apparition. Nevertheless, he fired his pistol without effect; and, clapping spurs to his horse, fled away at full gallop. The knight pursued him with all the speed that Bronzomarte could exert; but the robber being mounted on a swift hunter, kept him at a distance; and, after a chase of several miles, escaped through a wood so entangled with coppice, that Sir Launcelot thought proper to desist. He then, for the first time, recollected the situation in which he had left the other thief; and remembering to have heard a female shriek as he passed by the coach-window, resolved to return with all expedition, that he might make a proffer of his service to the lady, according to the obligation of knight-errantry. But he had lost his way; and, after an hour's ride, during which he traversed many a field, and circled divers hedges, he found himself in the market-town aforementioned. Here, the first object that presented itself to his eyes was Crabshaw on foot, surrounded by a mob, tearing his hair, stamping with his feet, and roaring out, in manifest distraction, "Shew me the mayor (for the love of God!) shew me the mayor!—O Gilbert, Gilbert! a murrian take thee, Gilbert! sure thou wast foaled for my destruction."

From these exclamations, and the antic dress of the squire, the people, not without reason, concluded that the poor soul had lost his wits; and the beadle was just going to secure him, when the knight interposed, and at once attracted the whole attention of the populace. Timothy, seeing his master, fell down on his knees, crying, "The thief has run away with Gilbert—you may pound me into a peast, as the saying is: but now I'm as mad as your worship, a'n't afeard of the devil and all his works." Sir Launcelot desiring the beadle would forbear, was instantly obeyed by that officer, who had no inclination to put the authority of his place in competition with the power of such a figure, armed at all points, mounted on a fiery steed, and ready for the combat. He ordered Crabshaw to attend him to the next inn, where he alighted; then, taking him into a separate apartment, demanded an explanation of the unconnected words he had uttered.

The squire was in such agitation, that, with infinite difficulty, and by dint of a thousand different questions, his master learned the adventure to this effect:—Crabshaw, according to Sir Launcelot's command, had alighted from his horse, and drawn his cutlass, in hope of intimidating the discomfited robber into a tame surrender, though he did not at all relish the nature of the service; but the thief was neither so much hurt, nor so tame, as Timothy had imagined. He started on his feet, with his pistol still in his hand; and presenting it to the squire, swore, with dreadful imprecations, that he would blow his brains out in an instant. Crabshaw, unwilling to hazard the

trial of this experiment, turned his back and fled with great precipitation; while the robber, whose horse had run away, mounted Gilbert, and rode off across the country. It was at this period that two footmen, belonging to the coach, who staid behind to take their morning's whet at the inn where they lodged, came up to the assistance of the ladies, armed with blunderbusses; and the carriage proceeded, leaving Timothy, alone, in distraction and despair. He knew not which way to turn; and was afraid of remaining on the spot, lest the robbers should come back and revenge themselves upon him for the disappointment they had undergone. In this distress, the first thought that occurred was to make the best of his way to the town, and demand the assistance of the civil magistrate, towards the retrieval of what he had lost; a design which he executed in such a manner, as justly entailed upon him the imputation of lunacy.

While Timothy stood fronting the window, and answering the interrogations of his master, he suddenly exclaimed, "Bodikins! there's Gilbert!" and sprung into the street with incredible agility. There, finding his strayed companion brought back by one of the footmen who attended the coach, he imprinted a kiss on his forehead; and, hanging about his neck, with the tears in his eyes, hailed his return with the following salutation: "Art thou come back, my darling! Ah, Gilbert, Gilbert! a pize upon thee! thou hadst like to have been a dear Gilbert to me. How couldst thou break the heart of thy old friend, who has known thee from a colt? Seven years next grass have I fed thee and bred thee; provided thee with sweet hay, delicate corn, and fresh litter, that thou mought lie warm, dry, and comfortable. Ha'n't I curry-combed thy carcass till it was as sleek as a sloe, and cherished thee as the apple of mine eye? For all that thou hast played me a hundred dog's tricks; biting, and kicking, and plunging, as if the devil was in thy body; and now thou couldst run away with a thief, and leave me to be flayed alive by measter. What canst thou say for thyself, thou cruel, hard-hearted, unchristian tward?" To this tender expostulation, which afforded much entertainment to the boys, Gilbert answered not one word; but seemed altogether insensible to the caresses of Timothy, who forthwith led him into the stable. On the whole he seems to have been an unsocial animal; for it does not appear that he ever contracted any degree of intimacy, even with Bronzomarte, during the whole course of their acquaintance and fellowship: on the contrary, he has been more than once known to signify his aversion by throwing out behind, and other eruptive marks of contempt for that elegant charger, who excelled him as much in personal merit, as his rider, Timothy, was outshone by his all-accomplished master.

While the squire accommodated Gilbert in the stable, the knight sent for the footman who had brought him back; and having presented him with a liberal acknowledgment, desired to know in what manner the horse had been retrieved.

The stranger satisfied him in this particular, by giving him to understand, that the highwayman, perceiving himself pursued across the country, plied Gilbert so severely with whip and spur, that the animal resented the usage;

and being, besides, perhaps, a little struck with remorse for having left his old friend Crabshaw, suddenly halted, and stood stock still, notwithstanding all the stripes and tortures he underwent; or, if he moved at all, it was in a retrograde direction. The thief, seeing all his endeavours ineffectual, and himself in danger of being overtaken, wisely quitted his acquisition, and fled into the bosom of a neighbouring wood.

Then the knight inquired about the situation of the lady in the coach, and offered himself as her guard and conductor; but was told that she was, already, safely lodged in the house of a gentleman at some distance from the road. He likewise learned that she was a person disordered in her senses, under the care and tuition of a widow lady, her relation, and that in a day or two they should pursue their journey northward to the place of her habitation.

After the footman had been some time dismissed, the knight recollected that he had forgot to ask the name of the person to whom he belonged, and began to be uneasy at this omission, which indeed was more interesting than he could imagine: for an explanation of this nature would, in all likelihood, have led to a discovery, that the lady in the coach was no other than Miss Aurelia Darnel, who, seeing him unexpectedly in such an equipage and attitude as he passed the coach (for his helmet was off), had screamed with surprise and terror, and fainted away. Nevertheless, when she recovered from her swoon, she concealed the real cause of her agitation, and none of her attendants were acquainted with the person of Sir Launcelot.

The circumstances of the disorder under which she was said to labour shall be revealed in due course. In the mean time, our adventurer, though unaccountably affected, never dreamed of such an occurrence; but, being very much fatigued, resolved to indemnify himself for the loss of last night's repose; and this happened to be one of the few things in which Crabshaw felt an ambition to follow his master's example.

CHAPTER IX.

Which may serve to shew, that true patriotism is of no party.

THE knight had not enjoyed his repose above two hours, when he was disturbed by such a variety of noises as might have discomposed a brain of the firmest texture. The rumbling of carriages, and the rattling of horses' feet upon the pavement, were intermingled with loud shouts, and the noise of fiddle, French-horn, and bagpipe. A loud peal was heard ringing in the church-tower at some distance, while the inn resounded with clamour, confusion, and uproar.

Sir Launcelot, being thus alarmed, started from his bed; and running to the window, beheld a cavalcade of persons well mounted, and distinguished by blue cockades. They were generally attired like jockies, with gold-laced hats and buckskin breeches; and one of them bore a standard of

blue silk, inscribed, in white letters, with "LIBERTY AND THE LANDED INTEREST." He who rode at their head was a jolly figure, of a florid complexion and round belly, seemingly turned of fifty, and, in all appearance, of a choleric disposition. As they approached the market-place, they waved their hats, hazzaed, and cried aloud, "NO FOREIGN CONNEXIONS!—OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!" This acclamation, however, was not so loud or universal, but that our adventurer could distinctly hear a counter-cry, from the populace, of "NO SLAVERY—NO POPISH PRETENDER." An insinuation so ill-relished by the cavaliers, that they began to ply their horsewhips among the multitude; and were, in their turn, saluted with a discharge or volley of stones, dirt, and dead cats; in consequence of which some teeth were demolished, and many surtouts defiled.

Our adventurer's attention was soon called off from this scene to contemplate another procession of people, on foot, adorned with bunches of orange ribands, attended by a regular band of music, playing "*God save great George our King*;" and headed by a thin swarthy personage, of a sallow aspect and large goggling eyes, arched over with two thick semi-circles of hair, or rather bristles, jet black, and frouzy. His apparel was very gorgeous, though his address was very awkward: he was accompanied by the mayor, recorder, and heads of the corporation, in their formalities. His ensigns were known by the inscription, "*Liberty of Conscience and the Protestant succession*;" and the people saluted him as he passed with repeated cheers, that seemed to prognosticate success. He had particularly ingratiated himself with the good women who lined the street, and sent forth many ejaculatory petitions in his favour.

Sir Launcelot immediately comprehended the meaning of this solemnity: he perceived it was the prelude to the election of a member to represent the county in parliament; and he was seized with an eager desire to know the names and characters of the competitors.

In order to gratify this desire, he made repeated application to the bell-rope that depended from the ceiling of this apartment; but this produced nothing, except the repetition of the words, "Coming, sir!" which echoed from three or four different corners of the house. The waiters were so distracted by a variety of calls, that they stood motionless, in the state of the schoolman's ass between two bundles of hay, incapable of determining where they should first offer their attendance.

Our knight's patience was almost exhausted, when Crabshaw entered the room in a very strange equipage. One half of his face appeared close shaved, and the other covered with lather, while the blood trickled, in two rivulets, from his nose, upon a barber's cloth that was tucked under his chin; he looked grim with indignation; and, under his left-arm carried his cutlass, unsheathed. Where he had acquired so much of the profession of knight-errantry, we shall not pretend to determine; but, certain it is, he fell on his knees before Sir Launcelot, crying, with an accent of grief and distraction, "In the name of St. George for England, I beg a boon, sir knight, and thy compliance I demand, before the peacock and the ladies."

Sir Lancelot, astonished at this address, replied, in a lofty strain, "Valiant squire, thy boon is granted, provided it doth not contravene the laws of the land, and the constitutions of chivalry."—"Then I crave leave," answered Crabshaw, "to challenge and defy to mortal combat, that caitiff barber, who hath left me in this piteous condition; and I vow, by the peacock, that I will not shave my beard until I have shaved his head from his shoulders: so may I thrive in the occupation of an arrant squire."

Before his master had time to inquire into particulars, they were joined by a decent man in boots, who was likewise a traveller, and had seen the rise and progress of Timothy's disaster. He gave the knight to understand that Crabshaw had sent for a barber, and already undergone one-half of the operation, when the operator received the long-expected message from both the gentlemen who stood candidates at the election. The double summons was no sooner intimated to him, than he threw down his bason and retired with precipitation, leaving the squire in the suds. Timothy, incensed at this desertion, followed him with equal alacrity into the street, where he collared the shaver, and insisted upon being entirely trimmed, on pain of the bastinado. The other, finding himself thus arrested, and having no time to spare for altercation, lifted up his fist, and discharged it upon the snout of Crabshaw, with such force, that the unfortunate aggressor was fain to bite the ground; while the victor hastened away, in hope of touching the double wages of corruption.

The knight, being informed of these circumstances, told Timothy, with a smile, that he should have liberty to defy the barber; but, in the mean time, he ordered him to saddle Bronzomarte, and prepare for immediate service. While the squire was thus employed, his master engaged in conversation with the stranger, who happened to be a London dealer travelling for orders, and was well acquainted with the particulars which our adventurer wanted to know.

It was from this communicative tradesman he learned, that the competitors were Sir Valentine Quickset and Mr. Isaac Vanderpelt; the first, a mere fox-hunter, who depended for success in this election upon his interest among the high-flying gentry; the other, a stock-jobber and contractor, of foreign extract, not without a mixture of Hebrew blood, immensely rich, who was countenanced by his grace of ———, and supposed to have distributed large sums in securing a majority of votes among the yeomanry of the county possessed of small freeholds, and copyholders, a great number of which last resided in this borough. He said these were generally dissenters and weavers; and that the mayor, who was himself a manufacturer, had received a very considerable order for exportation; in consequence of which, it was believed, he would support Mr. Vanderpelt with all his influence and credit.

Sir Lancelot, roused at this intelligence, called for his armour; which being buckled on in a hurry, he mounted his steed, attended by Crabshaw on Gilbert, and rode, immediately, into the midst of the multitude by which the hustings were surrounded, just as Sir Valentine Quickset began to

harangue the people, from an occasional theatre, formed of a plank supported by the upper board of the public stocks; and an inferior rib of a wooden cage, pitched also for the accommodation of petty delinquents.

Though the singular appearance of Sir Launcelot at first attracted the eyes of all the spectators, yet, they did not fail to yield attention to the speech of his brother knight Sir Valentine, which ran in the following strain: "Gentlemen vreehoulders of this here county, I sha'n't pretend to meake a vine flourishing speech.—I'm a plain-spoken man, as you all know. I hope I shall always speak my maind without vear or vavour, as the zaying is. 'Tis the way of the Quicksets—we are no upstarts, nor vorreigners, nor have we any Jewish blood in our veins—we have lived in this here neighbourhood time out of mind; as you all know; and possess an estate of vive thousand clear, which we spend at whoam, among you, in old English hospitality.—All my vorefathers have been parliament-men, and I can prove that ne'er a one o'um gave a single vote for the court since the Revolution. Vor my own peart, I value not the ministry three skips of a louse, as the zaying is—I ne'er knew but one minister that was an honest man; and vor all the rest I care not if they were hanged as high as Haman, with a pox to'um—I'm, thank God, a vree-born, true-hearted Englishman, and a loyal, thof unworthy son of the church.—vor all they have done vor H———, I'd fair know what they have done vor the church, with a vengeance.—vor my own peart, I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign measures whareby this poor nation is broken-backed with a dismal load of debt; and taxes rise so high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen vreehoulders of this county, I value no minister a vig's end, d'ye see; if you will vavour me with your votes and interest, whareby I may be returned, I'll engage one half of my estate that I never cry yes to your shillings in the pound, but will cross the minister in every thing, as in duty bound, and as becomes an honest vreehoulder in the ould interest—but, if you sell your votes and your country for hire, you will be detested in this here world, and damned the next to all eternity; so I leave every man to his own conscience."

This eloquent oration was received by his own friends with loud peals of applause; which, however, did not discourage his competitor, who, confident of his own strength, ascended the rostrum, or, in other words, an old cask set up for the purpose. Having bowed all round to the audience with a smile of gentle condescension, he told them how ambitious he was of the honour to represent this county in parliament; and, how happy he found himself in the encouragement of his friends, who had so unanimously agreed to support his pretensions. He said, over and above the qualification he possessed among them, he had fourscore thousand pounds in his pocket, which he had acquired by commerce, the support of the nation under the present happy establishment, in defence of which he was ready to spend the last farthing. He owned himself a faithful subject to his majesty king, George, sincerely attached to the Protestant succession, in detestation and defiance of a Popish, an abjured, and outlawed pretender; and declared that he would exhaust his substance, and his blood, if necessary, in main;

taining the principles of the glorious Revolution. "This," cried he, "is the solid basis and foundation on which I stand."

These last words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when the head of the barrel, or puncheon, on which he stood, being frail and infirm, gave way; so that down he went with a crash, and in a twinkling disappeared from the eyes of the astonished beholders. The fox-hunters perceiving his disaster, exclaimed, in the phrase and accent of the chase, "Stole away! stole away!" and, with a hideous vociferation, joined in the sylvan chorus which the hunters halloo when the hounds are at fault.

The disaster of Mr. Vanderpelt was soon repaired by the assiduity of his friends, who disengaged him from the barrel in a trice, hoisted him on the shoulders of four strong weavers; and, resenting the unmannerly exultation of their antagonist, began to form themselves in order of battle.

An obstinate fray would have undoubtedly ensued, had not their mutual indignation given way to their curiosity, at the motion of our knight, who had advanced into the middle between the two fronts; and waving his hand, as a signal for them to give attention, addressed himself to them, with graceful demeanour, in these words: "Countrymen, friends, and fellow-citizens, you are this day assembled to determine a point of the utmost consequence to yourselves and your posterity; a point that ought to be determined by far other weapons than brutal force and factious clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the basis of that excellent constitution which hath long flourished the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the inestimable privilege of choosing a delegate properly qualified to represent you in the high court of parliament. This is your birth-right, inherited from your ancestors, obtained by their courage, and sealed with their blood. It is not only your birth-right, which you should maintain, in defiance of all danger, but also a sacred trust, to be executed with the most scrupulous care and fidelity. The person whom you trust, ought not only to be endued with the most inflexible integrity, but should likewise possess a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legislature. He must be well acquainted with the history, the constitution, and the laws of his country; he must understand the forms of business, the extent of the royal prerogative, the privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politics that prevail, and the connexions that subsist among the different powers of Europe; for, on all these subjects the deliberations of a House of Commons occasionally turn: but these great purposes will never be answered by electing an illiterate savage, scarce qualified, in point of understanding, to act as a country justice of peace; a man who has scarce ever travelled beyond the excursion of a fox-chase; whose conversation never rambles further than his stable, his kennel, and his barn-yard; who rejects decorum as degeneracy; mistakes rusticity for independence; ascertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and founds his triumph on feats of drinking; who holds his estate by a factious tenure; professes himself the blind slave of a party, without knowing the principles that gave it birth, or

the motives by which it is actuated; and thinks that all patriotism consists in railing, indiscriminately, at ministers, and obstinately opposing every measure of the administration. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be used as a dangerous tool in the hands of a desperate faction, by scattering the seeds of disaffection, embarrassing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy."

Here the knight was interrupted by the shouts and acclamations of the Vanderpelfites, who cried aloud, "Hear him! hear him! Long life to the iron-cased orator." This clamour subsiding, he prosecuted his harangue to the following effect:

"Such a man as I have described may be dangerous from ignorance; but is neither so mischievous nor so detestable as the wretch who, knowingly, betrays his trust, and sues to be the hireling and prostitute of a weak and worthless minister; a sordid knave, without honour or principle: who belongs to no family whose example can reproach him with degeneracy; who has no country to command his respect, no friends to engage his affection, no religion to regulate his morals, no conscience to restrain his iniquity, and who worships no God but Mammon. An insinuating miscreant, who undertakes for the dirtiest work of the vilest administration; who practises national usury, receiving, by wholesale, the rewards of venality, and distributing the wages of corruption by retail."

In this place our adventurer's speech was drowned in the acclamations of the fox-hunters, who now triumphed in their turn, and hoicked the speaker, exclaiming, "Well opened, Jowler—to 'un, to 'un again, sweet-lips! hey, Merry, Whitefoot!" After a short interruption, he thus resumed his discourse.

"When such a caitiff presents himself to you, like the devil with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil—it is not the offering of disinterested love; for, what should induce him, who has no affections, to love you, to whose persons he is an utter stranger? Alas! it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. He wants to buy you at one market, that he may sell you at another. Without doubt, his intention is to make an advantage of his purchase; and this aim he cannot accomplish, but by sacrificing, in some sort, your interest, your independency, to the wicked designs of a minister, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful discharge of his duty. But, even if he should not find an opportunity of selling you to advantage, the crime, the shame, the infamy, will still be the same in you, who, baser than the most abandoned prostitutes, have sold yourselves and your posterity for hire—for a paltry price, to be refunded with interest, by some minister, who will indemnify himself out of your own pockets; for, after all, you are bought and sold with your own money—the miserable pittance you may now receive is no more than a pitcherfull of water thrown in to moisten the sucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom. Let me, therefore, advise and exhort you, my countrymen, to avoid the opposite extremes of the ignorant clown and the designing courtier; and choose a man of honesty, intelligence, and moderation, who will ——"

The doctrine of moderation was a very unpopular subject in such an assembly; and accordingly they rejected it as one man. They began to think the stranger wanted to set up for himself; a supposition that could not fail to incense both sides equally, as they were both zealously engaged in their respective causes. The whigs and the Tories joined against this intruder, who being neither, was treated like a monster, or chimeræ in politics. They hissed, they hooted, and they hallooed; they annoyed him with missiles of dirt, sticks, and stones; they cursed, they threatened and reviled, till, at length, his patience was exhausted.

"Ungrateful and abandoned miscreants!" he cried, "I spoke to you as men and Christians, as free-born Britons and fellow-citizens; but I perceive you are a pack of venal, infamous scoundrels, and I will treat you accordingly." So saying, he brandished his lance; and riding into the thickest of the concourse, laid about him with such dexterity and effect, that the multitude was immediately dispersed, and he retired without further molestation.

The same good fortune did not attend squire Crabshaw in his retreat. The ludicrous singularity of his features, and the half-mown crop of hair that bristled from one side of his countenance, invited some wags to make merry at his expense. One of them clapped a furze-bush under the tail of Gilbert; who, feeling himself thus stimulated *a posteriori*, kicked, and plunged, and capered, in such a manner, that Timothy could hardly keep the saddle. In this commotion he lost his cap and his periwig; while the rabble pelted him in such a manner, that, before he could join his master, he looked like a pillar, or rather a pillory of mud.

CHAPTER X.

Which sheweth that he who plays at bowls will sometimes meet with rubbers.

SIR LAUNCELOT, boiling with indignation at the venality and faction of the electors, whom he had harangued to so little purpose, retired, with the most deliberate disdain, towards one of the gates of the town, on the outside of which his curiosity was attracted by a concourse of people, in the midst of whom stood Mr. Ferret, mounted upon a stool, with a kind of satchel hanging round his neck, and a phial displayed in his right hand; while he held forth to the audience in a very vehement strain of elocution.

Crabshaw thought himself happily delivered when he reached the suburbs, and proceeded without halting; but his master mingled with the crowd, and heard the orator express himself to this effect:

"Very likely you may undervalue me and my medicine, because I don't appear upon a stage of rotten boards, in a shabby velvet coat and tie-periwig, with a foolish fellow in a motley coat, to make you laugh, by making wry faces; but I scorn to use these dirty arts for engaging your attention. These paltry tricks, *ad captandum vulgus*, can have no effect but on idiots; and if you are idiots, I don't desire you should be my customers. Take

notice, I don't address you in the style of a mountebank, or a High German doctor; and yet, the kingdom is full of mountebanks, empirics, and quacks. We have quacks in religion, quacks in physic, quacks in law, quacks in politics, quacks in patriotism, quacks in government; High German quacks, that have blistered, sweated, bled, and purged the nation into an atrophy. But this is not all; they have not only evacuated her into a consumption, but they have intoxicated her brain until she is become delirious; she can no longer pursue her own interest, or, indeed, rightly distinguish it: like the people of Nineveh, she can hardly tell her right-hand from her left; but, as a changeling, is dazzled and delighted by an *ignis fatuus*, a Will-o'-the-Wisp, an exhalation from the vilest materials in nature, that lead her astray through Westphalian bogs and deserts, and will one day break her neck over some barren rocks, or leave her sticking in some H——n pit or quagmire. For my part, if you have a mind to betray your country, I have no objection. In selling yourselves and your fellow-citizens, you only dispose of a pack of rascals who deserve to be sold—If you sell one another, why should not I sell this here elixir of long life, which, if properly used, will protract your days till you shall have seen your country ruined? I shall not pretend to disturb your understandings, which are none of the strongest, with a hotch-potch of unintelligible terms, such as Aristotle's four principles of generation, unformed matter, privation, efficient and final causes. Aristotle was a pedantic blockhead, and still more knave than fool. The same censure we may safely put on that wiseacre Dioscorides, with his faculties of simples, his seminal, specific, and principal virtues; and that crazy commentator Galen, with his four elements, elementary qualities, his eight complexions, his harmonies and discords. Nor shall I expatiate on the alkahest of that mad scoundrel Paracelsus, with which he pretended to reduce flints into salt; nor the *archæus*, or *spiritus rector*, of that visionary Van Helmont, his simple, elementary water, his *gas*, ferments, and transmutations; nor shall I enlarge upon the salt, sulphur, and oil, the *acidum vagum*, the mercury of metals, and the volatilized vitriol of other modern chemists; a parcel of ignorant, conceited, knavish rascals, that puzzle your weak heads with such jargon, just as a Germanized m——r throws dust in your eyes, by hugging in and ringing the changes on the balance of power, the Protestant religion, and your allies on the continent; acting like the juggler, who picks your pockets while he dazzles your eyes, and amuses your fancy with twirling his fingers, and reciting the gibberish of *hocus potus*; for, in fact, the balance of power is a mere chimera: as for the Protestant religion, nobody gives himself any trouble about it; and allies on the continent we have none, or at least none that would raise a hundred men to save us from perdition, unless we paid an extravagant price for their assistance.

“ But to return to this here elixir of long life; I might embellish it with a great many high-sounding epithets; but I disdain to follow the example of every illiterate vagabond, that, from idleness, turns quack, and advertises his nostrum in the public papers. I am neither a felonious dry-salter, re-

turned from exile, an hospital stump-turner, a decayed staymaker, a bankrupt printer, or insolvent debtor, released by act of parliament. I did not pretend to administer medicines without the least tincture of letters, or suborn wretches to perjure themselves in false affidavits of cures that were never performed; nor employ a set of led-captains to harangue in my praise at all public places. I was bred regularly to the profession of chemistry, and have tried all the processes of alchemy; and I may venture to say, that this here elixir is, in fact, the *chruseon pepuromenon ek puras*, the visible, glorious, spiritual body, from whence all other beings derive their existence, as proceeding from their father the sun, and their mother the moon, as from a living and spiritual gold, which is mere fire; consequently, the common and universal first-created mover, from whence all moveable things have their distinct and particular motions; and also from the moon, as from the wife of the sun, and the common mother of all sublunary things: and for as much as man is, and must be, the comprehensive end of all creatures, and the microcosm, he is counselled, in the Revelations, to buy gold that is thoroughly fired, or rather pure fire, that he may become rich, and like the sun; as, on the contrary, he becomes poor when he abuses the arsenical poison; so that his silver, by the fire, must be calcined to a *caput mortuum*, which happens when he will hold and retain the menstruum, out of which he partly exists, for his own property, and doth not daily offer up the same in the fire of the sun, that the woman may be clothed with the sun, and become a sun, and thereby rule over the moon; that is to say, that he may get the moon under his feet. Now this here elixir, sold for no more than sixpence a phial, contains the essence of the alkahest, the archæus, the catholicon, the menstruum, the sun, moon; and to sum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and specific *chruseon pepuromenon ek puras*."

The audience were variously affected by this learned oration. Some of those who favoured the pretensions of the whig candidate, were of opinion that he ought to be punished for his presumption in reflecting so scurrilously on ministers and measures. Of this sentiment was our adventurer; though he could not help admiring the courage of the orator, and owning, within himself, that he had mixed some melancholy truths with his scurrility.

Mr. Ferret would not have stood so long in his rostrum, unmolested, had not he cunningly chosen his station immediately without the jurisdiction of the town, whose magistrates, therefore, could not take cognizance of his conduct; but application was made to the constable of the other parish, while our nostrum-monger proceeded in his speech, the conclusion of which produced such an effect upon his hearers, that his whole cargo was immediately exhausted. He had just stepped down from his stool, when the constable, with his staff, arrived, and took him under his guidance. Mr. Ferret, on this occasion, attempted to interest the people in his behalf, by exhorting them to vindicate the liberty of the subject against such an act of

oppression ; but finding them deaf to the tropes and figures of his elocution, he addressed himself to our knight, reminding him of his duty to protect the helpless and the injured, and earnestly soliciting his interposition.

Sir Launcelot, without making the least reply to his entreaties, resolved to see the end of this adventure ; and, being joined by his squire, followed the prisoner at a distance, measuring back the ground he had travelled the day before, until he reached another small borough, where Ferret was housed in the common prison.

While he sat a-horseback, deliberating on the next step he should take, he was accosted by the voice of Tom Clarke ; who called, in a whimpering tone, through a window, grated with iron, " For the love of God, Sir Launcelot ! do, dear sir, be so good as to take the trouble to alight and come up stairs—I have something to communicate of consequence to the community in general, and you in particular—Pray, do, dear sir knight. I beg a boon in the name of St. Michael and St. George for England."

Our adventurer, not a little surprised at this address, dismounted without hesitation, and being admitted to the common gaol, there found not only his old friend Tom, but also the uncle, sitting on a bench with a woollen night-cap on his head, and a pair of spectacles on his nose, reading very earnestly, in a book, which he afterwards understood was intitled, " The Life and Adventures of Valentine and Orson." The captain no sooner saw his great pattern enter, than he rose and received him with the salutation of, " What cheer, brother ?" and, before the knight could answer, added these words : " You see how the land lies—here have Tom and I been fast ashore these four-and-twenty hours ; and this berth we have got by attempting to tow your galley, brother, from the enemy's harbour. Adds bobbs ! if we had this here fellow whoreson for a consort, with all our tackle in order, brother, we'd soon shew 'em the topsail, slip our cable, and down with their barricadoes. But, howsomever, it don't signify talking—patience is a good stream-anchor, and will hold, as the saying is—but, damn my—as for the matter of my boltsprit.—Hearkye, hearkye, brother, damn'd hard to engage with three at a time, one upon my bow, one upon my quarter, and one right a-head, rubbing and drubbing, lying athwart hawse, raking fore and aft, battering and grappling, and lashing and clashing—adds heart, brother ; crash went the boltsprit—down came the round top—up with the dead-lights—I saw nothing but the stars at noon, lost the helm of my senses, and down I broached upon my broadside."

As Mr. Clarke rightly conceived that his uncle would need an interpreter, he began to explain these hints by giving a circumstantial detail of his own and the captain's disaster.

He told Sir Launcelot, that notwithstanding all his persuasion and remonstrances, Captain Crowe insisted upon appearing in the character of a knight-errant ; and, with that view, had set out from the public-house on the morning that succeeded his vigil in the church : that upon the highway they had met with a coach, containing two ladies, one of whom seemed to be under great agitation ; for, as they passed, she struggled with the other,

thrust out her head at the window, and said something which he could not distinctly hear; that Captain Crowe was struck with admiration at her unequalled beauty; and he (Tom) no sooner informed him who she was, than he resolved to set her at liberty, on the supposition that she was under restraint, and in distress: that he accordingly unsheathed his cutlass, and riding after the coach, commanded the driver to bring to, on pain of death: that one of the servants, believing him to be a highwayman, presented a blunderbuss, and, in all probability, would have shot him on the spot, had not he (the nephew) rode up, and assured them the gentleman was *non compos*; that, notwithstanding this intimation, all the three attacked him with the butt ends of their horsewhips, while the coach drove on; and although he laid about him with great fury, at last brought him to the ground by a stroke on the temple; that Mr. Clarke himself then interposed in defence of his kinsman, and was also severely beaten; that two of the servants, having applied to a justice of the peace residing near the field of battle, he had granted a warrant against the captain and his nephew, and, without examination, committed them as idle vagrants, after having seized their horses and their money, on pretence of their being suspected for highwaymen. "But, as there was no just cause of suspicion," added he, "I am of opinion the justice is guilty of a trespass, and may be sued for *falsum imprisonment*, and considerable damages obtained; for you will please to observe, sir, no justice has a right to commit any person till after due examination; besides, we were not committed for an assault and battery, *audita querela*, nor as wandering lunatics by the statute; who, to be sure, may be apprehended by a justice's warrant, and locked up and chained, if necessary, or be sent to their last legal settlement; but we were committed as vagrants and suspected highwaymen. Now we do not fall under the description of vagrants; nor did any circumstance appear to support the suspicion of robbery: for, to constitute robbery, there must be something taken; but here nothing was taken but blows, and they were upon compulsion. Even an attempt to rob, without any taking, is not felony, but a misdemeanor. To be sure, there is a taking in deed, and a taking in law; but still the robber must be in possession of a thing stolen; and we only attempted to steal ourselves away—My uncle, indeed, would have released the young lady *vi et armis*, had his strength been equal to his inclination; and in so doing, I would have willingly lent my assistance, both from a desire to serve such a beautiful young creature, and also in regard to your honour, for I thought I heard her call upon your name.

"Ha! how! what! whose name? say, speak—heaven and earth!" cried the knight, with marks of the most violent emotion. Clarke, terrified at his looks, replied, "I beg your pardon a thousand times; I did not say positively she did speak those words; but I apprehend she did speak them. Words, which may be taken, or interpreted, by law, in a general or common sense, ought not to receive a strained, or unusual construction; and ambiguous words——"—"Speak, or be dumb for ever!" exclaimed Sir Launcelot, in a terrific tone, laying his hand on his sword, "What young lady, ha! What

name did she call upon?" Clarke, falling on his knees, answered, not without stammering, "Miss Aurelia Darnel; to the best of my recollection, she called upon Sir Launcelot Greaves."—"Sacred powers!" cried our adventurer, "which way did the carriage proceed?"

When Tom told him that the coach quitted the post-road, and struck away to the right, at full speed, Sir Launcelot was seized with a pensive fit; his head sunk upon his breast, and he mused, in silence, for several minutes, with the most melancholy expression on his countenance; then, recollecting himself, he assumed a more composed and cheerful air, and asked several questions with respect to the arms on the coach, and the liveries worn by the servants. It was in the course of this interrogation that he discovered he had actually conversed with one of the footmen who had brought back Crabshaw's horse; a circumstance that filled him with anxiety and chagrin, as he had omitted to inquire the name of his master, and the place to which the coach was travelling; though, in all probability, had he made these inquiries, he would have received very little satisfaction, there being reason to think the servants were enjoined secrecy.

The knight, in order to meditate on this unexpected adventure, sat down by his old friend, and entered into a reverie, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and might have continued longer, had it not been interrupted by the voice of Crabshaw; who bawled aloud, "Look to it, my masters—as you brew you must drink—this shall be a dear day's work to some of you; for my part, I say nothing—the braying ass eats little grass—one barber shaves not so close, but another finds a few stubble—you wanted to catch a capon, and you've stole a cat—he that takes up his lodgings in a stable, must be contented to lie upon litter."

The knight, desirous of knowing the cause that prompted Timothy to apophthegmatize in this manner, looked through the grate, and perceived the squire fairly set in the stocks, surrounded by a mob of people. When he called to him, and asked the reason of this disgraceful restraint, Crabshaw replied, "There's no cake, but there's another of the same make—who never climbed, never fell—after clouds come clear weather. 'Tis all along of your honour I've met with this preferment; no deservings of my own, but the interest of my master. Sir knight, if you will stay the justice, hang the constable, release your squire, and burn the town, your name will be famous in story; but if you are content, I am thankful. Two hours are soon spent in such good company. In the mean time, look to'un, gaoler, there's a frog in the stocks."

Sir Launcelot, incensed at this affront offered to his servant, advanced to the prison-door, but found it fast locked; and, when he called to the turnkey, he was given to understand that he himself was prisoner. Enraged at this intimation, he demanded at whose suit; and was answered, through the wicket, "At the suit of the king, in whose name I will hold you fast, with God's assistance."

The knight's looks now began to lighten, he rolled his eyes around, and snatching up an oaken bench, which three ordinary men could scarce have

lifted from the ground, he, in all likelihood, would have shattered the door in pieces, had not he been restrained by the interposition of Mr. Clarke, who entreated him to have a little patience, assuring him he would suggest a plan that would avenge himself amply on the justice, without any breach of the peace. "I say, the justice," added Tom, "because it must be his doing. He is a little petulant sort of a fellow, ignorant of the law, guilty of numberless irregularities; and, if properly managed, may, for this here act of arbitrary power, be not only cast in a swingeing sum, but even turned out of the commission with disgrace."

This was a very seasonable hint; in consequence of which the bench was softly replaced, and captain Crowe deposited the poker, with which he had armed himself to second the efforts of Sir Launcelot. They now, for the first time, perceived that Ferret had disappeared; and, upon inquiry, found that he was, in fact, the occasion of the knight's detention and the squire's disgrace.

CHAPTER XI.

Description of a modern magistrate.

BEFORE the knight would take any resolution for extricating himself from his present embarrassment, he desired to be better acquainted with the character and circumstances of the justice by whom he had been confined, and likewise to understand the meaning of his own detention. To be informed in this last particular, he renewed his dialogue with the turnkey; who told him, through the grate, that Ferret no sooner perceived him in the gaol, without his offensive arms, which he had left below, than he desired to be carried before the justice, where he had given information against the knight, as a violator of the public peace, who strolled about the country with unlawful arms, rendering the highways unsafe, encroaching upon the freedom of elections, putting his majesty's liege subjects in fear of their lives, and, in all probability, harbouring more dangerous designs under an affected cloak of lunacy. Ferret, upon this information, had been released and entertained as an evidence for the king; and Crabshaw was put into the stocks, as an idle stroller.

Sir Launcelot being satisfied in these particulars, addressed himself to his fellow-prisoners, and begged they would communicate what they knew respecting the worthy magistrate, who had been so premature in the execution of his office. This request was no sooner signified, than a crew of naked wretches crowded around him; and, like a congregation of rooks, opened their throats all at once, in accusation of justice Gobble. The knight was moved at this scene, which he could not help comparing, in his own mind, to what would appear upon a much more awful occasion, when the cries of the widow and orphan, the injured and oppressed, would be uttered at the tribunal of an unerring judge, against the villanous and insolent authors of their calamity.

When he had, with some difficulty, quieted their clamours, and confined his interrogation to one person, of a tolerably decent appearance, he learned that justice Gobble, whose father was a tailor, had, for some time, served as a journeyman hosier in London, where he had picked up some law-terms by conversing with hackney-writers and attornies' clerks of the lowest order; that, upon the death of his master, he had insinuated himself into the good graces of the widow, who took him for her husband; so that he became a person of some consideration, and saved money apace; that his pride, increasing with his substance, was reinforced by the vanity of his wife, who persuaded him to retire from business, that they might live genteelly in the country; that his father dying, and leaving a couple of houses in this town, Mr. Gobble had come down, with his lady, to take possession, and liked the place so well, as to make a more considerable purchase in the neighbourhood; that a certain peer, being indebted to him in the large way of his business, and either unwilling, or unable to pay the money, had compounded the debt, by inserting his name in the commission; since which period his own insolence, and his wife's ostentation, had exceeded all bounds; that, in the exertion of his authority, he had committed a thousand acts of cruelty and injustice against the poorer sort of people, who were unable to call him to a proper account; that his wife domineered with a more ridiculous, though less pernicious usurpation, among the females of the place; that, in a word, she was the subject of continual mirth, and he the object of universal detestation.

Our adventurer, though extremely well disposed to believe what was said to the prejudice of Gobble, would not give entire credit to this description, without first inquiring into the particulars of his conduct. He therefore asked the speaker, what was the cause of his particular complaint. "For my own part, sir," said he, "I lived in repute, and kept a shop in this here town, well furnished with a great variety of articles. All the people in the place were my customers; but what I and many others chiefly depended upon, was the extraordinary sale at two annual customary fairs, to which all the country people, in the neighbourhood, resorted, to lay out their money. I had employed all my stock, and even engaged my credit, to procure a large assortment of goods for Lammas Market; but, having given my vote, in the election of a vestry-clerk, contrary to the interest of justice Gobble, he resolved to work my ruin. He suppressed the annual fairs, by which a great many people, especially publicans, earned the best part of their subsistence. The country people resorted to another town. I was overstocked with a load of perishable commodities, and found myself deprived of the best part of my home-customers by the ill-nature and revenge of the justice, who employed all his influence among the common people, making use of threats and promises, to make them desert my shop, and give their custom to another person, whom he settled in the same business under my nose. Being thus disabled from making punctual payments, my commodities spoiling, and my wife breaking her heart, I grew negligent and careless, took to drinking, and my affairs went to wreck. Being one

day in liquor, and provoked by the fleers and taunts of the man who had set up against me, I struck him at his own door; upon which I was carried before the justice, who treated me with such insolence, that I became desperate, and not only abused him in the execution of his office, but also made an attempt to lay violent hands upon his person. You know, sir, when a man is both drunk and desperate, he cannot be supposed to have any command of himself. I was sent hither to gaol. My creditors immediately seized my effects; and, as they were not sufficient to discharge my debts, a statute of bankruptcy was taken out against me; so that here I must lie until they think proper to sign my certificate, or the parliament shall please to pass an act for the relief of insolvent debtors."

The next person who presented himself in the crowd of accusers was a meagre figure, with a green apron; who told the knight that he had kept a public-house in town for a dozen years, and enjoyed a good trade; which was, in a great measure, owing to a skittle-ground, in which the best people of the place diverted themselves occasionally; that justice Gobble, being disobliged at his refusing to part with a gelding which he had bred for his own use, first of all shut up the skittle ground; but finding the publican still kept his house open, he took care that he should be deprived of his licence, on pretence that the number of alehouses was too great, and that this man had been bred to another employment. The poor publican, being thus deprived of his bread, was obliged to try the stay-making business, to which he had served an apprenticeship; but, being very ill qualified for this profession, he soon fell to decay, and contracted debts; in consequence of which he was now in prison, where he had no other support but what arose from the labour of his wife, who had gone to service.

The next prisoner who preferred his complaint against the unrighteous judge was a poacher, at whose practices justice Gobble had, for some years, connived, so as even to screen him from punishment, in consideration of being supplied with game gratis, till, at length, he was disappointed by accident. His lady had invited guests to an entertainment, and bespoke a hare, which the poacher undertook to furnish. He laid his snares, accordingly, over-night, but they were discovered and taken away by the game-keeper of the gentleman to whom the ground belonged. All the excuses the poacher could make proved ineffectual in appeasing the resentment of the justice and his wife at being thus disconcerted. Measures were taken to detect the delinquent in the exercise of his illicit occupation; he was committed to safe custody; and his wife, with five bantlings, was passed to her husband's settlement in a different part of the country.

A stout, squat fellow, rattling with chains, had just taken up the ball of accusation, when Sir Launcelot was startled with the appearance of a woman, whose looks and equipage indicated the most piteous distress. She seemed to be turned of the middle age, was of a lofty carriage, tall, thin, weather-beaten, and wretchedly attired; her eyes were inflamed with weeping, and her looks displayed that wildness and peculiarity which denote distraction. Advancing to Sir Launcelot, she fell upon her knees; and

clasping her hands together, uttered the following rhapsody, in the most vehement tone of affliction.

“Thrice potent, generous, and august emperor, here let my knees cleave to the earth, until thou shalt do me justice on that inhuman caitiff, Gobble. Let him disgorge my substance which he hath devoured; let him restore, to my widowed arms, my child, my boy, the delight of my eyes, the prop of my life, the staff of my sustenance, whom he hath torn from my embrace, stolen, betrayed, sent into captivity, and murdered!—Behold these bleeding wounds upon his lovely breast! See how they mangle his lifeless corse! Horror! give me my child, barbarians! his head shall lie upon his Suky’s bosom—she will embalm him with her tears.—Ha! plunge him in the deep! shall my boy then float in a watery tomb!—Justice, most mighty emperor! justice upon the villain who hath ruined us all!—May Heaven’s dreadful vengeance overtake him! May the keen storm of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! May peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow; so that all his days shall be filled with reproach and sorrow, and all his nights be haunted with horror and remorse! May he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge, without the means of execution! May all his offspring be blighted and consumed, like the mildewed ears of corn, except one, that shall grow up to curse his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave, as he himself has proved a curse to me and mine!”

The rest of the prisoners, perceiving the knight extremely shocked at her misery and horrid imprecation, removed her, by force, from his presence, and conveyed her to another room; while our adventurer underwent a violent agitation, and could not, for some minutes, compose himself so well as to inquire into the nature of this wretched creature’s calamity.

The shopkeeper, of whom he demanded this satisfaction, gave him to understand that she was born a gentlewoman, and had been well educated; that she married a curate, who did not long survive his nuptials; and, afterwards, became the wife of one Oakley, a farmer in opulent circumstances; that, after twenty years cohabitation with her husband, he sustained such losses by the distemper among the cattle, as he could not repair, and that this reverse of fortune was supposed to have hastened his death; that the widow, being a woman of spirit, determined to keep up and manage the farm, with the assistance of an only son, a very promising youth, who was already contracted in marriage with the daughter of another wealthy farmer. Thus the mother had a prospect of retrieving the affairs of the family, when all her hopes were dashed and destroyed by a ridiculous pique which Mrs. Gobble conceived against the young farmer’s sweetheart, Mrs. Susan Sedgemoor. This young woman, chancing to be at a country assembly, where the gravedigger of the parish acted as master of the ceremonies, was called out to dance before Miss Gobble, who happened to be there present also with her mother. The circumstance was construed into an unpardonable affront by the justice’s lady, who abused the director, in the most opprobrious terms, for his insolence and ill manners; and, retiring in a

storm of passion, vowed revenge against the saucy minx who had presumed to vie in gentility with Miss Gobble. The justice entered into her resentment. The gravedigger lost his place; and Suky's lover, young Oakley, was pressed for a soldier. Before his mother could take any steps for his discharge, he was hurried away to the East Indies by the industry and contrivance of the justice. Poor Suky wept and pined until she fell into a consumption. The forlorn widow, being thus deprived of her son, was overwhelmed with grief to such a degree, that she could no longer manage her concerns. Every thing went backward; she ran in arrears with her landlord; and the prospect of bankruptcy aggravated her affliction; while it added to her incapacity. In the midst of these disastrous circumstances, news arrived that her son Greaves had lost his life in a sea-engagement with the enemy; and these tidings almost instantly deprived her of reason. Then, the landlord seized for his rent, and she was arrested at the suit of justice Gobble, who had bought up one of her debts in order to distress her, and now pretended that her madness was feigned.

When the name of Greaves was mentioned, our adventurer started and changed colour; and, now the story was ended, asked, with marks of eager emotion, if the name of the woman's first husband was not Wilford. When the prisoner answered in the affirmative, he rose up, and striking his breast, "Good Heaven!" cried he, "the very woman who watched over my infancy, and even nourished me with her milk!—She was my mother's humble friend.—Alas! poor Dorothy! how would your old mistress grieve to see her favourite in this miserable condition!" While he pronounced these words, to the astonishment of the hearers, a tear stole softly down each cheek. Then, he desired to know if the poor lunatic had any intervals of reason; and was given to understand that she was always quiet, and generally supposed to have the use of her senses, except when she was disturbed by some extraordinary noise, or when any person touched upon her misfortune, or mentioned the name of her oppressor; in all which cases, she started out into extravagance and phrensy. They likewise imputed great part of the disorder to the want of quiet, proper food, and necessaries, with which she was but poorly supplied by the cold hand of chance-charity. Our adventurer was exceedingly affected by the distress of this woman, whom he resolved to relieve; and, in proportion as his commiseration was excited, his resentment rose against the miscreant, who seemed to have insinuated himself into the commission of the peace on purpose to harass and oppress his fellow-creatures.

Thus animated, he entered into consultation with Mr. Thomas Clarke, concerning the steps he should take, first for their deliverance, and then, for prosecuting and punishing the justice. In result of this conference, the knight called aloud for the gaoler, and demanded to see a copy of his commitment, that he might know the cause of his imprisonment, and offer bail; or, in case that he should be refused, move for a writ of Habeas Corpus. The gaoler told him the copy of the writ should be forthcoming; but, after he had waited some time, and repeated the demand before witnesses, it was

not yet produced. Mr. Clarke, then, in a solemn tone, gave the gaoler to understand, that an officer refusing to deliver a true copy of the commitment-warrant was liable to the forfeiture of one hundred pounds for the first offence, and for the second to a forfeiture of twice that sum, besides being disabled from executing his office.

Indeed, it was no easy matter to comply with Sir Launcelot's demand; for no warrant had been granted, nor was it now in the power of the justice to remedy this defect, as Mr. Ferret had taken himself away, privately, without having communicated the name and designation of the prisoner: a circumstance the more mortifying to the gaoler, as he perceived the extraordinary respect which Mr. Clarke and the captain paid to the knight, and was now fully convinced that he would be dealt with according to law. Disordered with these reflections, he imparted them to the justice, who had, in vain, caused search to be made for Ferret, and was now extremely well inclined to set the knight and his friends at liberty, though he did not at all suspect the quality and importance of our adventurer. He could not, however, resist the temptation of displaying the authority of his office, and, therefore, ordered the prisoners to be brought before his tribunal, that, in the capacity of a magistrate, he might give them a severe reproof, and proper caution with respect to their future behaviour.

They were, accordingly, led through the street in procession, guarded by the constable and his gang, followed by Crabshaw, who had by this time been released from the stocks, and surrounded by a crowd of people attracted by curiosity. When they arrived at the justice's house, they were detained, for some time, in the passage; then, a voice was heard, commanding the constable to bring in the prisoners, and they were introduced to the hall of audience, where Mr. Gobble sat in judgment, with a crimson-velvet night-cap on his head; and on his right-hand appeared his lady, puffed up with the pride and insolence of her husband's office, fat, frouzy, and not overclean, well stricken in years, without the least vestige of an agreeable feature, having a rubicund nose, ferret eyes, and imperious aspect. The justice himself was a little, affected, pert prig, who endeavoured to solemnize his countenance by assuming an air of consequence, in which pride, impudence, and folly, were strangely blended. He aspired at nothing so much as the character of an able spokesman; and took all opportunities of holding forth at vestry and quarter-sessions, as well as in the administration of his office in private. He would not, therefore, let slip this occasion of exciting the admiration of his hearers: and, in an authoritative tone, thus addressed our adventurer:

"The laws of this land has provided—I says, as how provision is made by the laws of this here land, in reverence to delinquens and manefactors, whereby the king's peace is upholden by we magistrates, who represents his majesty's person, better than in e'er a contagious nation under the sun; but, howsomever, that there king's peace, and this here magistrate's authority, cannot be adequably and identically upheld, if so be as how criminals escapes unpunished. Now, friend, you must be confidential in your own

mind, as you are a notorious criminal, who have trespassed again the laws on divers occasions and importunities; if I had a mind to exercise the rigour of the law according to the authority wherewith I am vested, you and your companions in iniquity would be sewerely punished by the statue; but we, magistrates, has a power to litigate the sewerity of justice; and so I am contented that you should be mercifully delt withal, and even dismissed."

To this harangue, the knight replied, with solemn and deliberate accent, "If I understand your meaning aright, I am accused of being a notorious criminal; but, nevertheless, you are contented to let me escape with impunity. If I am a notorious criminal, it is the duty of you, as a magistrate, to bring me to condign punishment; and if you allow a criminal to escape, unpunished, you are not only unworthy of a place in the commission, but become accessary to his guilt, and to all intents and purposes, *socius criminis*. With respect to your proffered mercy, I shall decline the favour; nor do I deserve any indulgence at your hands; for, depend upon it, I shall show no mercy to you in the steps I intend to take for bringing you to justice. I understand that you have been long hackneyed in the ways of oppression, and I have seen some living monuments of your inhumanity—of that hereafter. I myself have been detained in prison without cause assigned. I have been treated with indignity, and insulted by gaolers and constables; led through the streets like a felon, as a spectacle to the multitude; obliged to dance attendance in your passage, and afterwards branded with the name of a notorious criminal.—I now demand to see the information in consequence of which I was detained in prison, the copy of the warrant of commitment or detainer, and the face of the person by whom I was accused. I insist upon a compliance with these demands, as the privileges of a British subject; and, if it is refused, I shall seek redress before a higher tribunal."

The justice seemed to be not a little disturbed at this peremptory declaration; which, however, had no other effect upon his wife but that of enraging her choler and inflaming her countenance. "Sirrah! sirrah!" cried she, "do you dares to insult a worshipful magistrate on the bench?—Can you deny that you are a vagram, and a dilatory sort of a person? Ha'n't the man with the satchel made an affidavit of it?—If I was my husband, I'd lay you fast by the heels for your presumption; and ferk you with a primineery into the bargain, unless you could give a better account of yourself—I would."

Gobble, encouraged by this fillip, resumed his petulance, and proceeded in this manner: "Heark ye, friend, I might, as Mrs. Gobble very justly observes, trounce you for your audacious behaviour; but I scorn to take such advantages: howsomever, I shall make you give an account of yourself and your companions; for I believes as how you are in a gang, and all in a story, and perhaps you may be found one day in a cord.—What are you, friend? What is your station and degree?"—"I am a gentleman," replied the knight. "Aye, that is English for a sorry fellow," said the justice. "Every idle vagabond, who has neither home nor habitation, trade nor

profession, designs himself a gentleman. But I must know how you live?"—"Upon my means."—"What are your means?"—"My estate."—"Whence doth it arise?"—"From inheritance."—"Your estate lies in brass, and that you have inherited from nature; but do you inherit lands and tenements?"—"Yes."—"But they are neither here nor there, I doubt. Come, come, friend, I shall bring you about presently." Here the examination was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Fillet, the surgeon; who chancing to pass, and seeing a crowd about the door, went in to satisfy his curiosity.

CHAPTER XII.

Which shews there are more ways to kill a dog than hanging.

MR. FILLET no sooner appeared in the judgment-chamber of justice Gobble, than captain Crowe seizing him by the hand, exclaimed, "Body o'me! doctor, thou'rt come up in the nick of time to lend us a hand in putting about. We're a little in the stays here—but, howsomever, we've a good pilot, who knows the coast, and can weather the point, as the saying is. As for the enemy's vessel, she has had a shot or two already athwart her forefoot; the next, I do suppose, will strike the hull, and then you'll see her taken all a-back." The doctor, who perfectly understood his dialect, assured him he might depend upon his assistance; and advancing to the knight, accosted him in these words: "Sir Launcelot Greaves, your most humble servant—when I saw a crowd at the door, I little thought of finding you within, treated with such indignity—yet, I can't help being pleased with an opportunity of proving the esteem and veneration I have for your person and character:—you will do me a particular pleasure in commanding my best services."

Our adventurer thanked him for this instance of his friendship, which he told him he would use without hesitation; and desired he would procure immediate bail for him and his two friends, who had been imprisoned contrary to law, without any cause assigned.

During this short dialogue, the justice, who had heard of Sir Launcelot's family and fortune, though an utter stranger to his person, was seized with such pangs of terror and compunction as a grovelling mind may be supposed to have felt in such circumstances; and they seemed to produce the same unsavoury effects that are so humorously delineated by the inimitable Hogarth, in the print of Felix on his tribunal, done in the Dutch style. Nevertheless, seeing Fillet retire, to execute the knight's commands, he recollected himself so far as to tell the prisoners there was no occasion to give themselves any further trouble, for he would release them without bail or mainprize. Then, discarding all the insolence from his features, and assuming an aspect of the most humble adulation, he begged the knight ten thousand pardons for the freedoms he had taken, which were entirely owing to his ignorance of Sir Launcelot's quality. "Yes, I'll assure you, sir," said

the wife, "my husband would have bit off his tongue rather than say black is the white of your eye, if so be he had known your capacity.—Thank God, we have been used to deal with gentlefolks, and many's the good pound we have lost by them; but what of that? Sure we know how to behave to our betters. Mr. Gobble, thanks be to God, can defy the whole world to prove that he ever said an uncivil word, or did a rude thing to a gentleman, knowing him to be a person of fortune. Indeed, as to your poor gentry and riff-raff, your tag-rag and bob-tail, or such vulgar, scoundrelly people, he has always behaved like a magistrate, and treated them with the rigger of authority."—"In other words," said the knight, "he has tyrannized over the poor, and connived at the vices of the rich: your husband is little obliged to you for this confession, woman."—"Woman!" cried Mrs. Gobble, impurpled with wrath, and fixing her hands on her sides, by way of defiance, "I scorn your words.—Marry come up, woman! quotha; no more a woman than your worship." Then bursting into tears, "Husband," continued she, "if you had the soul of a louse, you would not suffer me to be abused at this rate; you would not sit still on the bench, and hear your spouse called such contemptible epitaphs.—Who cares for his title and his knightship? You and I, husband, knew a tailor that was made a knight; but thank God, I have noblemen to stand by me with their privileges and deroguetifs."

At this instant Mr. Fillet returned with his friend, a practitioner in the law, who freely offered to join in bailing our adventurer and the other two prisoners for any sum that should be required. The justice, perceiving the affair began to grow more and more serious, declared that he would discharge the warrants, and dismiss the prisoners.

Here Mr. Clarke interposing, observed, that against the knight no warrant had been granted, nor any information sworn to; consequently, as the justice had not complied with the form of proceeding directly by statute, the imprisonment was, *coram non iudice*, void.—"Right, sir," said the other lawyer; "if a justice commits a felon for trial without binding over the prosecutor to the assizes, he shall be fined."—"And again," cried Clarke, "if a justice issues a warrant for commitment where there is no accusation, action will lie against the justice."—"Moreover," replied the stranger, "if a justice of peace is guilty of any misdemeanor in his office, information lies against him in *Banco Regis*, where he shall be punished by fine and imprisonment."—"And besides," resumed the accurate Tom, "the same court will grant an information against a justice of peace, on motion, for sending even a servant to the house of correction or common gaol without sufficient cause."—"True!" exclaimed the other limb of the law; "and, for contempt of law, attachment may be had against justices of peace in *Banco Regis*: a justice of peace was fined a thousand marks for corrupt practices."

With these words, advancing to Mr. Clarke, he shook him by the hand, with the appellation of brother; saying, "I doubt the justice has got into a cursed *hovel*." Mr. Gobble himself seemed to be of the same opinion: he changed colour, several times, during the remarks which the lawyers had

made; and now, declaring that the gentlemen were at liberty, begged, in the most humble phrase, that the company would eat a bit of mutton with him, and, after dinner, the affair might be amicably compromised. To this proposal our adventurer replied, in a grave and resolute tone, "If your acting in the commission as a justice of the peace concerned my own particular only, perhaps I should wave any further inquiry, and resent your insolence no other way but by silent contempt. If I thought the errors of your administration proceeded from a good intention, defeated by want of understanding, I should pity your ignorance, and, in compassion, advise you to desist from acting a part for which you are so ill qualified; but, the preposterous conduct of such a man deeply affects the interest of the community, especially that part of it, which, from its helpless situation, is the more entitled to our protection and assistance. I am, moreover, convinced that your misconduct is not so much the consequence of an uninformed head, as the poisonous issue of a malignant heart, devoid of humanity, inflamed with pride, and rankling with revenge. The common prison of this little town is filled with the miserable objects of your cruelty and oppression. Instead of protecting the helpless, restraining the hands of violence, preserving the public tranquillity, and acting as a father to the poor, according to the intent and meaning of that institution of which you are an unworthy member; you have distressed the widow and the orphan, given a loose to all the insolence of office, embroiled your neighbours by fomenting suits and animosities, and playing the tyrant among the indigent and forlorn. You have abused the authority with which you were invested, entailed a reproach upon your office; and, instead of being revered as a blessing, you are detested as a curse among your fellow-creatures. This, indeed, is generally the case of low fellows, who are thrust into the magistracy without sentiment, education, or capacity. Among other instances of your iniquity, there is now, in prison, an unhappy woman, infinitely your superior in the advantages of birth, sense, and education, whom you have, even without provocation, persecuted to ruin and distraction, after having illegally and inhumanly kidnapped her only child, and exposed him to a violent death in a foreign land. Ah, caiff! if you were to forego all the comforts of life, distribute your means among the poor, and do the severest penance that ever priestcraft prescribed for the rest of your days, you could not atone for the ruin of that hapless family! a family, through whose sides you cruelly and perfidiously stabbed the heart of an innocent young woman, to gratify the pride and diabolical malice of that wretched, low-bred woman, who now sits at your right-hand as the associate of power and presumption. Oh! if such a despicable reptile shall annoy mankind with impunity; if such a contemptible miscreant shall have it in his power to do such deeds of inhumanity and oppression, what avails the law? Where is our admired constitution, the freedom, the security of the subject, the boasted humanity of the British nation? Sacred Heaven! if there was no human institution to take cognizance of such atrocious crimes, I would listen to the dictates of eternal justice; and,

arming myself with the right of nature, exterminate such villains from the face of the earth!"

These last words he pronounced in such a strain, while his eyes lightened with indignation, that Gobble and his wife underwent the most violent agitation; the constable's teeth chattered in his head, the gaoler trembled, and the whole audience was overwhelmed with consternation.

After a short pause, sir Launcelot proceeded, in a milder strain: "Thank Heaven, the laws of this country have exempted me from the disagreeable task of such an execution. To them we shall have immediate recourse, in three separate actions against you for false imprisonment; and, any other person who has been injured by your arbitrary and wicked proceedings, in me shall find a warm protector, until you shall be expunged from the commission with disgrace, and have made such retaliation, as your circumstances will allow, for the wrongs you have done the community."

In order to complete the mortification and terror of the justice, the lawyer, whose name was Fenton, declared that, to his certain knowledge, these actions would be reinforced with divers prosecutions for corrupt practices, which had lain dormant until some person of courage and influence should take the lead against justice Gobble; who was the more dreaded, as he acted under the patronage of Lord Sharpington. By this time, fear had deprived the justice and his helpmate of the faculty of speech. They were, indeed, almost petrified with dismay, and made no effort to speak; when Mr. Fillet, in the rear of the knight, as he retired with his company, took his leave of them in these words: "And now, Mr. Justice, *to dinner, with what appetite you may.*"

Our adventurer, though warmly invited to Mr. Fenton's house, repaired to a public inn, where he thought he should be more at his ease; fully determined to punish and depose Gobble from his magistracy; to effect a general goal delivery of all the debtors whom he had found in confinement; and, in particular, to rescue poor Mrs. Oakley from the miserable circumstances in which she was involved.

In the meantime, he insisted upon entertaining his friends at dinner; during which, many sallies of sea-wit and good humour passed between Captain Crowe and Doctor Fillet; which last had just returned from a neighbouring village, whither he was summoned to fish a man's yard-arm which had snapped in the slings. Their enjoyment, however, was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream from the kitchen; whither Sir Launcelot immediately sprung, with equal eagerness and agility. There he saw the landlady, who was a woman in years, embracing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket; while she exclaimed, "It is thy own flesh and blood, so sure as I'm a living soul. Ah! poor Greaves, poor Greaves; many a poor heart has grieved for thee!" To this salutation the youth replied, "I'm sorry for that, mistress. How does poor mother? How does Suky Sedgemore?"

The good woman of the house could not help shedding tears at these interrogations; while sir Launcelot, interposing, said, not without emotion, "I perceive you are the son of Mrs. Oakley. Your mother is in a bad state

of health, but in me you will find a real parent." Perceiving that the young man eyed him with astonishment, he gave him to understand that his name was Launcelot Greaves.

Oakley no sooner heard these words pronounced, than he fell upon his knees; and, seizing the knight's hand, kissed it eagerly, crying, "God for ever bless your honour; I am your name-son, sure enough!—But what of that? I can earn my bread without being beholden to any man."

When the knight raised him up, he turned to the woman of the house, saying, "I wanted to see mother; I'm afraid as how times are hard with her, and I have saved some money for her use." This instance of filial duty brought tears into the eyes of our adventurer, who assured him his mother should be carefully attended, and want for nothing; but, that it would be very improper to see her at present, as the surprise might shock her too much, considering that she believed him dead. "Ey, indeed!" cried the landlady, "we were all of the same opinion, being, as the report went, that poor Greaves Oakley was killed in battle."—"Lord! mistress," said Oakley, "there wa'n't a word of truth in it, I'll assure you. What, d'ye think I'd tell a lie about the matter? Hurt I was, to be sure; but that don't signify; we gave 'em as good as they brought, and so parted. Well, if so be I can't see mother, I'll go and have some chat with Suky. What d'ye look so glum for? She an't married, is she?"—"No, no," replied the woman, "not married, but almost heart-broken. Since thou wast gone, she has done nothing but sighed, and wept, and pined herself into a decay. I'm afraid thou hast come too late to save her life."

Oakley's heart was not proof against this information. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "O my dear, sweet, gentle Suky! Have I then lived to be the death of her whom I loved more than the whole world!" He would have gone instantly to her father's house, but was restrained by the knight and his company, who had now joined him in the kitchen.

The young man was seated at table; and gave them to understand, that the ship to which he belonged having arrived in England, he was indulged with a month's leave to see his relations; and that he had received about fifty pounds in wages and prize-money. After dinner, just as they began to deliberate upon the measures to be taken against Gobble, that gentleman arrived at the inn, and humbly craved admittance. Mr. Fillet, struck with a sudden idea, retired to another apartment with the young farmer; while the justice, being admitted to the company, declared that he came to propose terms of accommodation. He accordingly offered to ask pardon of sir Launcelot in the public papers, and pay fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as an atonement for his misbehaviour, provided the knight and his friends would grant him a general release. Our adventurer told him, he would willingly wave all personal concessions; but, as the case concerned the community, he insisted upon his leaving off acting in the commission, and making satisfaction to the parties he had injured and oppressed. This declaration introduced a discussion, in the course of which the justice's petulance began to revive; when Fillet, entering the room, told them he had

a reconciling measure to propose, if Mr. Gobble would, for a few minutes, withdraw. He rose up immediately, and was shewn into the room which Fillet had prepared for his reception. While he sat musing on this untoward adventure so big with disgrace and disappointment, young Oakley, according to the instructions he had received, appeared, all at once, before him, pointing to a ghastly wound which the doctor had painted on his forehead. The apparition no sooner presented itself to the eyes of Gobble, than, taking it for granted it was the spirit of the young farmer whose death he had occasioned, he roared aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us!" and fell, insensible, on the floor. There being found by the company, to whom Fillet had communicated his contrivance, he was conveyed to bed, where he lay, some time, before he recovered the perfect use of his senses. Then, he earnestly desired to see the knight; and assured him he was ready to comply with his terms, inasmuch as he believed he had not long to live. Advantage was immediately taken of this salutary disposition. He bound himself not to act as a justice of the peace, in any part of Great Britain, under the penalty of five thousand pounds. He burned Mrs. Oakley's note; paid the debts of the shopkeeper; undertook to compound those of the publican, and to settle him again in business; and, finally, discharged them all from prison, paying the dues out of his own pocket. These steps being taken with peculiar eagerness, he was removed to his own house, where he assured his wife he had seen a vision that prognosticated his death; and had immediate recourse to the curate of the parish for spiritual consolation.

The most interesting part of the task that now remained was, to make the widow Oakley acquainted with her good fortune, in such a manner as might least disturb her spirits, already but too much discomposed. For this purpose they chose the landlady: who, after having received proper directions how to regulate her conduct, visited her in prison that same evening. Finding her quite calm, and her reflection quite restored, she began with exhorting her to put her trust in Providence, which would never forsake the cause of the injured widow and fatherless; she promised to assist and befriend her on all occasions, as far as her abilities would reach; she gradually turned the conversation upon the family of the Greaves; and, by degrees, informed her, that sir Launcelot, having learned her situation, was determined to extricate her from all her troubles. Perceiving her astonished, and deeply affected at this intimation, she artfully shifted the discourse, recommended resignation to the Divine Will, and observed that this circumstance seemed to be an earnest of further happiness. "O I'm incapable of receiving more!" cried the disconsolate widow, with streaming eyes. "Yet, I ought not to be surprised at any blessing that flows from that quarter. The family of Greaves were always virtuous, humane, and benevolent. This young gentleman's mother was my dear lady and benefactress—he himself was suckled at these breasts. O, he was the sweetest, comeliest, best-conditioned babe!—I loved not my own Greaves with greater affection—but he, alas! is now no more!"—"Have patience, good neighbour," said the landlady of the White-Hart; "that is more than you have any right to

affirm—all that you know of the matter is by common report, and common report is commonly false; besides, I can tell you I have seen a list of the men that were killed in admiral P——'s ship when he fought the French in the East Indies, and your son was not in the number." To this intimation she replied, after a considerable pause, "Don't, my good neighbour, don't feed me with false hope. My poor Greaves, too, certainly perished in a foreign land—yet he is happy—Had he lived to see me in this condition, grief would soon have put a period to his days."—"I tell you, then," cried the visitant, "he is not dead. I have seen a letter that mentions his being well since the battle. You shall come along with me—you are no longer a prisoner, but shall live at my house, comfortably, till your affairs are settled to your wish."

The poor widow followed her in silent astonishment, and was immediately accommodated with necessities.

Next morning, her hostess proceeded with her in the same cautious manner, until she was assured that her son had returned. Being duly prepared, she was blessed with the sight of poor Greaves, and fainted away in his arms.

We shall not dwell upon this tender scene, because it is but of a secondary concern in the history of our knight-errant: let it suffice to say, their mutual happiness was unspeakable. She was afterwards visited by Sir Launcelot; whom she no sooner beheld, than springing forwards with all the eagerness of maternal affection, she clasped him to her breast, crying, "My dear child! my Launcelot! my pride! my darling! my kind benefactor! This is not the first time I have hugged you in these arms! O! you are the very image of Sir Everhard in his youth; but you have got the eyes, the complexion, the sweetness and complacency of my dear and ever-honoured lady!" This was not in the strain of hireling praise, but the genuine tribute of esteem and admiration: as such, it could not but be agreeable to our hero, who undertook to procure Oakley's discharge, and settle him in a comfortable farm on his own estate.

In the meantime, Greaves went with a heavy heart to the house of farmer Sedgemore, where he found Suky, who had been prepared for his reception, in a transport of joy, though very weak, and greatly emaciated. Nevertheless, the return of her sweetheart had such a happy effect on her constitution, that in a few weeks her health was perfectly restored.

This adventure of our knight was crowned with every happy circumstance that could give pleasure to a generous mind. The prisoners were released, and reinstated in their former occupations. The justice performed his articles from fear, and afterwards turned over a new leaf from remorse. Young Oakley was married to Suky, with whom he received a considerable portion. The new-married couple found a farm ready-stocked for them on the knight's estate; and the mother enjoyed a happy retreat in the character of the housekeeper at Greavesbury-Hall.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

In which our knight is tantalized with a transient glimpse of felicity.

THE success of our adventurer, which we have particularised in the last chapter, could not fail of enhancing his character, not only among those who knew him, but also among the people of the town, to whom he was not an utter stranger. The populace surrounded the house, and testified their approbation in loud huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inspired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to pursue his footsteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet, and his friend the lawyer, could not help conceiving an affection, and even a profound esteem, for the exalted virtue, the person, and the accomplishments of the knight, dashed, as they were, with a mixture of extravagance and insanity. Even Sir Launcelot himself was elevated to an extraordinary degree of self-complacency on the fortunate issue of his adventure; and became more and more persuaded that a knight-errant's profession might be exercised, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only person of the company who seemed unanimated with the general satisfaction was Mr. Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reason, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madness were synonymous terms; and that madness, though exhibited in the most advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but must continue a perversion of sense to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impression which the brain of his uncle had sustained from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had so lately operated; and began to fear it would

be, in a little time, quite necessary to have recourse to a commission of lunacy, which might not only disgrace the family of the Crowes, but also tend to invalidate the settlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with these cogitations, Mr. Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad consequences that would attend his uncle's perseverance in the execution of a scheme so foreign to his faculties; and entreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpose, either by arguments or authority; as, of all mankind, the knight alone had gained such an ascendancy over his spirits, that he would listen to his exhortations with respect and submission.

Our adventurer was not so mad, but that he saw and owned the rationality of these remarks. He readily undertook to employ all his influence with Crowe to dissuade him from his extravagant design; and seized the first opportunity of being alone with the captain, to signify his sentiments on this subject. "Captain Crowe," said he, "you are, then, determined to proceed in the course of knight-errantry?"—"I am," replied the seaman, "with God's help, d'ye see, and the assistance of wind and weather."—"What, do'st thou talk of wind and weather!" cried the knight, in an elevated tone of affected transport: "without the help of Heaven, indeed, we are all vanity, imbecility, weakness, and wretchedness; but if thou art resolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee so much as whisper a doubt, a wish, a hope, or sentiment, with respect to any other obstacle which wind or weather, fire or water, sword or famine, danger or disappointment, may throw in the way of thy career!—When the duty of thy profession calls, thou must, singly, rush upon innumerable hosts of armed men; thou must storm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and destruction; while, every step thou movest, thou art exposed to the horrible explosion of subterranean mines, which, being sprung, will whirl thee aloft in air, a mangled corse, to feed the fowls of Heaven: thou must leap into the abyss of dismal caves and caverns, replete with poisonous toads and hissing serpents; thou must plunge into seas of burning sulphur; thou must launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountains high, when the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempest blows, as if it would commix the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus involved, thou must turn thy prow full against the fury of the storm, and stem the boisterous surge to thy destined port, though at the distance of a thousand leagues—thou must—"

"Avast! avast, brother!" exclaimed the impatient Crowe; "you've got into the high latitudes, d'ye see! if so be as you spank it away at that rate, adad, I can't continue in tow—we must cast off the rope, or 'ware timbers.—As for your 'osts and breeches, and hurling aloft, d'ye see; your caves and caverns, whistling toads and serpents, burning brimstone and foaming billows, we must take our hap; I value 'em not a rotten ratline—but, as for sailing in the wind's eye, brother, you must give me leave—no offence, I

hope—I pretend to be a thorough-bred seaman, d'ye see—and I'll be damned if you, or e'er an arrant that broke biscuit, ever sailed in a three-mast vessel with five points of the wind, allowing for variation and leeway.—No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon travellers—I a'n't now to learn my compass."—"Tricks!" cried the knight, starting up, and laying his hand on the pommel of his sword, "what! suspect my honour!"

Crowe, supposing him to be really incensed, interrupted him with great earnestness, saying, "Nay! don't—What apize!—Adds buntlines!—I didn't go to give you the lie, brother, smite my limbs: I only said as how to sail in the wind's eye was impossible."—"And I say unto thee," resumed the knight, "nothing is impossible to a true knight-errant, inspired and animated by love."—"And I say unto thee," halloo'd Crowe, "if so be as how love pretends to turn his hawse-holes to the wind, he's no seaman, d'ye see, but a snooty-nosed, lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capstan—a-don't."

"He that does not believe that Love is an infallible pilot, must not embark upon the voyage of chivalry; for, next to the protection of Heaven, it is from Love that the knight derives all his prowess and glory. The bare name of his mistress invigorates his arm; the remembrance of her beauty infuses, in his breast, the most heroic sentiments of courage; while the idea of her chastity hedges him round like a charm, and renders him invulnerable to the sword of his antagonist. A knight without a mistress is a mere non-entity, or at least a monster in nature, a pilot without compass, a ship without rudder, and must be driven to and fro upon the waves of discomfiture and disgrace."

"An that be all," replied the sailor, "I told you before as how I've got a sweetheart, as true a hearted girl as ever swung in canvass—What thof she may have started a hoop in rolling—that signifies nothing—I'll warrant her tight as a nutshell."

"She must, in your opinion, be a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as you have given up the last, you must uphold her charms unequalled, and her person without a parallel."—"I do, I do uphold she will sail upon a parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was rigged to the northward of fifty."

"At that rate she must rival the attractions of her whom I adore; but that, I say, is impossible: the perfections of my Aurelia are altogether supernatural; and, as two suns cannot shine together, in the same sphere with equal splendour, so I affirm, and will prove with my body, that your mistress, in comparison with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian sun, a rushlight to the full-moon, or a stale mackerel's eye to a pearl of orient."—"Harkye, brother, you might give good words, however: an we once fall a-jawing, d'ye see, I can heave out as much bilge-water as another; and, since you besmear my sweetheart Besselia, I can as well bedaub your mistress Aurelia, whom I value no more than old junk, pork-slush, or stinking stock-fish."

"Enough, enough—such blasphemy shall not pass unchastised. In consideration of our having fed from the same table, and maintained,

together, a friendly, though short intercourse, I will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the first great town, where you can be furnished with horse and harnessing, with arms offensive and defensive; provide a trusty squire; assume a motto and device—declare yourself a son of chivalry; and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I shall fetch a compass; and wheresoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat; that shall decide and determine this dispute."

So saying, our adventurer stalked with great solemnity into another apartment; while Crowe, being sufficiently irritated, snapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honest Crowe thought himself scurvily used by a man whom he had cultivated with such humility and veneration; and, after an incoherent ejaculation of sea-oaths, went in quest of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky transaction.

In the mean time, Sir Launcelot having ordered supper, retired into his own chamber, and gave a loose to the most tender emotions of his heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the course of his correspondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered, with horror, the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment, so unsuitable to the whole tenor of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr. Clarke, with equal eagerness and astonishment; and was seized with the most ardent desire of unravelling a mystery so interesting to the predominant passion of his heart.—All these mingled considerations produced a kind of ferment in the economy of his mind, which subsided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his squire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his nose, and stood before him without speaking. When the knight asked whose livery was that he wore: he replied, "'Tis your honour's own livery—I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the score." Then, he proceeded to inform his master, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, insisted upon having, for their supper, the victuals which Sir Launcelot had bespoke; and that he, the squire, objecting to the proposal, one of them had seized the poker, and basted him with his own blood; that, when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his master, they cursed and abused him, calling him Sancho Panza, and such dogs' names; and bade him tell his master, Don Quixote, that, if he made any noise, they would confine him to his cage, and lie with his mistress Dulcinea. "To be sure, sir," said he, "they thought you as great a nin-compoop as your squire—trim-tram; like master, like man—but I hope as how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver."

"Miscreant!" cried the knight, "you have provoked the gentlemen with your impertinence, and they have chastised you as you deserve. I tell thee, Crabshaw, they have saved me the trouble of punishing thee with my own hands; and well it is for thee, sinner as thou art, that they themselves have

performed the office; for, had they complained to me of thy insolence and rusticity, by Heaven! I would have made thee an example to all the impudent squires upon the face of the earth. Hence, then, avaunt, caitiff.—Let his majesty's officers, who perhaps are fatigued with hard duty in the service of their country, comfort themselves with the supper which was intended for me, and leave me, undisturbed, to my own meditations."

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himself, that thenceforward he should let every cuckold wear his own horns; but, he could not help entertaining some doubts with respect to the courage of his master, who, he supposed, was one of those Hectors who have their fighting-days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a slight repast, retired to his repose; and had for some time, enjoyed a very agreeable slumber, when he was startled by a knocking at his chamber-door. "I beg your honour's pardon," said the landlady, "but there are two uncivil persons in the kitchen, who have well-nigh turned my whole house topsy-turvy. Not contented with laying violent hands on your honour's supper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are just arrived, and have called for a postchaise to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber-door to get out—and the young lawyer is like to be murdered for taking the ladies' part."

Sir Launcelot, though he refused to take notice of the insult which had been offered to himself, no sooner heard of the distress of the ladies, than he started up, huddled on his clothes, and, girding his sword to his loins, advanced, with a deliberate pace, to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young men dressed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great insolence and contempt. Tom was endeavouring to persuade them, that, in the constitution of England, the military was always subservient to the civil power; and that their behaviour to a couple of helpless young women was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expressly contrary to the law, inasmuch as they might be sued for an assault on an action of damages.

To this remonstrance the two heroes in red replied, by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in some pain for his ears.

While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honest Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other answer than a loud shriek. Our adventurer, advancing to this uncivil champion, accosted him thus in a grave and solemn tone: "Assuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own senses, that persons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majesty's honourable commission in the army, could behave so wide of the decorum due to society, of a proper respect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair-sex which ought to prevail in the breast of every

gentleman, and which, in particular, dignifies the character of a soldier. To whom shall that weaker, though more amiable part of the creation, fly for protection, if they are insulted and outraged by those whose more immediate duty it is to afford them security and defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a public inn, which may be deemed a temple sacred to hospitality; to disturb the quiet of your fellow-guests, some of them, perhaps, exhausted by fatigue, some of them invaded by distemper; to interrupt the king's lieges in their course of journeying upon their lawful occasions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpless young ladies, travelling, no doubt, upon some cruel emergency, which compels them, unattended, to encounter, in the night, the dangers of the highway?"

"Heark ye, don Bethlem," said the captain, strutting up, and cocking his hat in the face of our adventurer, "you may be as mad as e'er a straw-crowned monarch in Moorfields, for aught I care; but damme! don't you be saucy, otherwise I shall dub your worship with a good stick across your shoulders."—"How! petulant boy," cried the knight, "since you are so ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a lesson that you shall not easily forget." So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and called upon the soldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have seen the physiognomy of a stock-holder at Jonathan's when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bard when accosted by a bailiff, or the countenance of an alderman when his banker stops payment; if he has seen either of these phenomena, he may conceive the appearance that now exhibited by the visage of the ferocious captain, when the naked sword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes. Far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconscionable length, he stood motionless as a statue, staring with the most ghastly look of terror and astonishment. His companion, who partook of his panic, seeing matters brought to a very serious crisis, interposed, with a crest-fallen countenance, assuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they had done was entirely for the sake of the frolic.

"By such frolics," cried the knight, "you become nuisances to society, bring yourselves into contempt, and disgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the observation, that cruelty always resides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compassion; and, as you are probably of good families, I must insist upon this young man's drawing his sword, and acquitting himself in such a manner as may screen him from the most infamous censure which an officer can undergo."—"Lack-a-day, sir!" said the other, "we are no officers, but prentices to two London haberdashers, travellers for orders: captain is a good travelling name, and we have dressed ourselves like officers, to procure more respect upon the road."

The knight said he was very glad, for the honour of the service, to find they were impostors, though they deserved to be chastised for arrogant.

ing to themselves an honourable character which they had not spirit to sustain.

These words were scarce pronounced, when Mr. Clarke, approaching one of the bravadoes who had threatened to crop his ears, bestowed such a benediction on his jaw, as he could not receive without immediate humiliation; while Timothy Crabshaw, smarting from his broken head and his want of supper, saluted the other with a Yorkshire hug, that laid him across the body of his companion. In a word, the two pseudo-officers were very roughly handled for their presumption in pretending to act characters for which they were so ill qualified.

While Clarke and Crabshaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies passed through the kitchen so suddenly, that the knight had only a transient glimpse of their backs, and they disappeared before he could possibly make a tender of his services. The truth is, they dreaded nothing so much as their being discovered, and took the first opportunity of gliding into the chaise, which had been for some time waiting in the passage.

Mr. Clarke was much more disconcerted than our adventurer by their sudden escape. He ran, with great eagerness, to the door; and perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, saying, "Lord bless my soul, sir! didn't you see who it was?"—"Hah! how!" exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm, "who was it?"—"One of them," replied the lawyer, "was Dolly, our old landlady's daughter at the Black Lion.—I know her when first she lighted, notwithstanding her being neatly dressed in a green joseph, which, I'll assure you, sir, becomes her remarkably well—I'd never desire to see a prettier creature. As for the other, she's a very genteel woman, but whether old or young, ugly or handsome, I can't pretend to say, for she was masked.—I had just time to salute Dolly, and ask a few questions—but all she could tell me was, that the masked lady's name was Miss Meadows; and that she, Dolly, was hired as her waiting-woman."

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whose spirits had been in violent commotion, became suddenly calm and serene; and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had passed between him and Captain Crowe; when the hostess, addressing herself to our errant, "Well," said she, "I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the first fashion, at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handsome; but such a miracle as Miss Meadows I never yet did see. Lord! let me never thrive, but I think she is of something more than a human creature!—O had your honour but set eyes on her, you would have said it was a vision from Heaven, a cherubim of beauty—for my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream—then, so meek, so mild, so good-natured and generous! I say, blessed is the young woman who tends upon such a heavenly creature—and poor dear young lady! she seems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears stole down her lovely cheeks, and looked, for all the world, like orient pearl."

Sir Launcelot listened attentively to the description, which reminded

him of his dear Aurelia; and sighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAPTER II.

*Which shews,
That a man cannot always sip
When the cup is at his lip.*

THOSE who have felt the doubts, the jealousies, the resentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the despair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite disquiets of love, will be able to conceive the sea of agitation on which our adventurer was tossed all night long, without repose or intermission. Sometimes he resolved to employ all his industry and address in discovering the place in which Aurelia was sequestered, that he might rescue her from the supposed restraint to which she had been subjected. But, when his heart beat high with the anticipation of this exploit, he was suddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked, by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and signed by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and first unsettled his understanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were so strong, that he leaped from the bed; and, the fire being still burning in the chimney, lighted a candle, that he might once more banquet his spleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miss Darnel's mother, he kept in a small box, carefully deposited within his portmanteau. This being instantly unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in these words:

" SIR,

" OBLIGED as I am by the passion you profess, and the eagerness with which you endeavour to give me the most convincing proof of your regard, I feel some reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumstance which, in all probability, you will not learn without some disquiet. But the affair is become so interesting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your proposals may have been to those whom I thought it my duty to please by every reasonable concession, and howsoever you may have been flattered by the seeming complacency with which I have heard your addresses, I now find it absolutely necessary to speak in a decisive strain, to assure you that, without sacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correspondence; and, that your regard for me will be best shewn by your desisting from a pursuit, which is altogether inconsistent with the happiness of

" AURELIA DARNEL."

Having pronounced aloud the words that compose this dismissal, he hastily replaced the cruel scroll; and, being too well acquainted with the hand to harbour the least doubt of its being genuine, threw himself into his bed in a transport of despair, mingled with resentment, during the predominancy

of which he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to forget the unkindness of his mistress amidst the avocations of knight-errantry.

Such was the resolution that governed his thoughts. When he rose in the morning, he ordered Crabshaw to saddle Bronzomarte, and demanded a bill of his expense. Before these orders could be executed, the good woman of the house, entering his apartment, told him, with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miss Meadows, had dropped her pocket-book in the next chamber, where it was found by the hostess, who now presented it unopened.

Our knight, having called in Mrs. Oakley and her son as witnesses, unfolded the book without reading one syllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving, at once, that the loss of this treasure might be attended with the most embarrassing consequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a case which demanded the immediate interposition and assistance of chivalry, he declared that he himself would convey it safely into the hands of Miss Meadows; and desired to know the road she had pursued, that he might set out in quest of her without a moment's delay. It was not without some difficulty that this information was obtained from the post-boy, who had been enjoined secrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handsome reward for his promised discretion. The same method was used to make him disgorge his trust; he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a post-chaise for despatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his squire to follow his track with the horses.

Yet, whatever haste he made, it is absolutely necessary, for the reader's satisfaction, that we should outstrip the chaise, and visit the ladies before his arrival. We shall, therefore, without circumlocution, premise that Miss Meadows was no other than that paragon of beauty and goodness, the accomplished Miss Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekness of resignation peculiar to herself, for some years submitted to every species of oppression which her uncle's tyranny of disposition could plan, and his unlimited power of guardianship execute, till, at length, it rose to such a pitch of despotism as she could not endure. He had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, esq. a young man who possessed a pretty considerable estate in the north country; who liked Aurelia's person, but was enamoured of her fortune, and had offered to purchase Anthony's interest and alliance with certain concessions which could not but be agreeable to a man of loose principle, who would have found it a difficult task to settle the accounts of his wardship.

According to the present estimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance, as a future son-in-law, to any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, straight, and muscular; with a fair, sleek, unmeaning face, that promised more simplicity than ill-nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an estate of five thousand a-year. Miss Darnel, however, had penetration enough to discover

and despise him, as a strange composition of rapacity and profusion, absurdity and good-sense, bashfulness and impudence, self-conceit and diffidence, awkwardness and ostentation, insolence and good-nature, rashness and timidity. He was continually surrounded and preyed upon by certain vermin called led-captains and buffoons, who shewed him in leading-strings like a sucking giant, rifled his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and exposed him, in a thousand ludicrous attitudes, for the diversion of the public; while, all the time he knew their knavery, saw their drift, detested their morals, and despised their understanding. He was so infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather suffered himself to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a bridge alone: and involved himself in a thousand difficulties, the natural consequences of an error in the first concoction, which, though he plainly saw it, he had not resolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of squire Sycamore, who professed himself the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miss Aurelia Darnel. He had, in this pursuit, persevered with more constancy and fortitude than he ever exerted in any other instance. Being generally needy from extravagance, he was stimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully mitigated by his followers, who hoped to share the spoils of his success. These motives were reinforced by the incessant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel; who, seeing his ward in the last year of her minority, thought there was no time to be lost in securing his own indemnification, and snatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animosity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonstrances, proof against ill usage, and resolutely averse to the proposed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his constancy and moral character; and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and instances of his distraction, which he particularised with the most malicious exaggerations.

In spite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to surmount her objections to the purposed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Instead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he resolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would invest him with the uncontrolled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in consequence of which he hoped to obtain a commission, to secure a jury to his wish, and be appointed sole committee of her person, as well as steward on her estate, of which he would then be heir-apparent.

As the first steps towards the execution of this honest scheme, he had subjected Aurelia to the superintendancy and direction of an old duenna, who had been formerly the procuress of his pleasures; and hired a new set of servants, who were given to understand, at their first admission, that the young lady was disordered in her brain.

An impression of this nature is easily preserved among servants when the master of the family thinks his interest is concerned in supporting the im-

posture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the vivacity of her resentment under ill usage, were, by the address of Anthony, and the prepossession of his domestics, perverted into the effects of insanity; and the same interpretation was strained upon her most indifferent words and actions.

The tidings of Miss Darnel's disorder were carefully circulated in whispers, and soon reached the ears of Mr. Sycamore, who was not at all pleased with the information. From his knowledge of Anthony's disposition, he suspected the truth of the report; and, unwilling to see such a prize ravished, as it were, from his grasp, he, with the advice and assistance of his myrmidons, resolved to set the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage: for he argued in this manner, "If she is in fact *compos mentis*, her gratitude will operate in my behalf, and even prudence will advise her to embrace the proffered asylum from the villany of her uncle. If she is really disordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into marriage, and then I become her trustee of course."

The plan was well conceived, but Sycamore had not discretion enough to keep his own counsel. From weakness and vanity he blabbed the design which, in a little time, was communicated to Anthony Darnel, and he took his precaution accordingly. Being infirm in his own person, and consequently unfit for opposing the violence of some desperadoes whom he knew to be the satellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the house of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had imposed upon with the fiction of her being disordered in her understanding, and amused with a story of a dangerous design upon her person. Thus cautioned and instructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and servants to receive Aurelia and her governaute at a third house, to which she had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation; and in this journey it was that she had been so accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interposition and prowess of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, she recognised his features as he passed the coach; and, struck with the apparition, shrieked aloud. She had been assured by her guardian, that his design was to convey her to her own home; but perceiving, in the sequel, that the carriage struck off upon a different road, and finding herself in the hands of strangers, she began to dread a much more disagreeable fate, and to conceive doubts and ideas that filled her tender heart with horror and affliction. When she expostulated with the duenna, she was treated like a changeling, admonished to be quiet, and reminded that she was under the direction of those who would manage her with a tender regard to her own welfare and the honour of her family. When she addressed herself to the old gentleman, who was not much subject to the emotions of humanity, and besides, firmly persuaded that she was deprived of her reason; he made no answer, but laid his finger on his mouth, by way of enjoining silence.

This mysterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor, hapless, young lady; and her terrors waxed so strong, that when she saw Tom Clarke,

whose face she knew, she called aloud for assistance, and even pronounced the name of his patron, Sir Launcelot Greaves, which she imagined might stimulate him the more to attempt something for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miscarried. Miss Darnel's new keeper having in the course of his journey, halted for refreshment at the Black-Lion, of which, being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were entirely devoted to his will and pleasure; Aurelia found an opportunity of speaking, in private, to Dolly, who had a very prepossessing appearance. She conveyed a purse of money into the hands of this young woman; telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that she was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as she apprehended, of assassination. This hint, which she communicated in a whisper while the governante stood at the other end of the room, was sufficient to interest the compassion of Dolly in her behalf. As soon as the coach departed, she made her mother acquainted with the transaction; and, as they naturally concluded that the young lady expected their assistance, they resolved to approve themselves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having enlisted in their design a trusty countryman, one of her own professed admirers, they set out together for the house of the gentleman in which the fair prisoner was confined, and waited for her, in secret, at the end of a pleasant park, in which they naturally concluded she might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event justified their conception; on the very first day of their watch they saw her approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horses to a stake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared; and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horses, one of which she mounted in the utmost hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord prepared for the purpose, gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then, he mounted before Dolly, and through unfrequented paths conducted his charge to an inn on the post-road, where a chaise was ready for their reception.

As he refused to proceed further, lest his absence from his own home should create suspicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally, but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who, indeed, had no inclination to be discharged, such an affection and attachment had she already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though she knew neither her story nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and assumed the fictitious name of Meadows until she should be better acquainted with the disposition and discretion of her new attendant.

The first resolution she could take, in the present flutter of her spirits, was to make the best of her way to London, where she thought she might find an asylum in the house of a female relation, married to an eminent physician, known by the name of Kawdle. In the execution of this hasty resolve, she travelled, at a violent rate, from stage to stage, in a carriage

drawn by four horses, without halting for necessary refreshment or repose, until she judged herself out of danger of being overtaken. As she appeared overwhelmed with grief and consternation, the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her distress with diverting discourse; and, among other less interesting stories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe, which she had seen and heard recited while they remained at the Black-Lion; nor did she fail to introduce Mr. Thomas Clarke in her narrative, with such a favourable representation of his person and character, as plainly discovered that her own heart had received a rude shock from the irresistible force of his qualifications.

The history of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, distracted as her ideas must have been by the circumstances of her present situation. The particulars of his conduct since the correspondence between him and her had ceased, she heard with equal concern and astonishment; for, how far soever she deemed herself detached from all possibility of future connexion with that young gentleman, she was not made of such indifferent stuff, as to learn, without emotion, the calamitous disorder of an accomplished youth, whose extraordinary virtues she could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the post-road, taken precautions to conceal their route, and made such progress that they were now within one day's journey of London, the careful and affectionate Dolly, seeing her dear lady quite exhausted with fatigue, used all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears, that flowed from the heart, in persuading Aurelia to enjoy some repose; and so far she succeeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This recess from incredible fatigue was a pause that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vast labyrinth, in which Aurelia might have been for ever lost to his inquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which succeeded his departure from the White-Hart, that Sir Launcelot arrived at the inn, where Miss Aurelia Darnel had bespoke a dish of tea, and a post-chaise for the next stage. He had, by inquiry, traced her a considerable way, without ever dreaming who the person really was whom he thus pursued; and now he desired to speak with her attendant. Dolly was not a little surprised to see Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whose character she had conceived a very sublime idea from the narrative of Mr. Thomas Clarke; but, she was still more surprised when she gave her to understand that he had charged himself with the pocket-book, containing the bank-notes which Miss Meadows had dropped in the house where they had been threatened with insult. Miss Darnel had not yet discovered her disaster, when her attendant, running into the apartment, presented the prize which she had received from our adventurer, with his compliments to Miss Meadows, implying a request to be admitted into her presence, that he might make a personal tender of his best services.

It is not to be supposed that the amiable Aurelia heard, unmoved, such a

message from a person whom her maid discovered to be the identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whose story she had so lately related: but, as the ensuing scene requires fresh attention in the reader, we shall defer it till another opportunity, when his spirits shall be recruited from the fatigues of this chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Exhibiting an interview, which, it is to be hoped, will interest the curiosity of the reader.

THE mind of the delicate Aurelia was strangely agitated by the intelligence which she received, with her pocket-book, from Dolly. Confounded as she was by the nature of her situation, she at once perceived that she could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuse complying with the request of Sir Launcelot; but, in the first hurry of her emotion, she directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that she might be excused for wearing a mask at the interview which he desired, as she had particular reasons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that disguise. Our adventurer submitted to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunctions of his order, and the duties of humanity; and he was admitted without further preamble.

When he entered the room, he could not help being struck with the presence of Aurelia. Her stature was improved since he had seen her; her shape was exquisitely formed; and she received him with an air of dignity which impressed him with a very sublime idea of her person and character. She was no less affected at the sight of our adventurer, who, though cased in armour, appeared with his head uncovered; and the exercise of travelling had thrown such a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expressive, that we will venture to say, there was not, in all England, a couple that excelled this amiable pair in personal beauty and accomplishments. Aurelia shone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddess; and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine poet Ariosto says of the prince Zerbino:

" Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa."

" When Nature stamped him, she the dye destroy'd."

Our adventurer, having made his obeisance to this supposed Miss Meadows, told her, that although he thought himself highly honoured in being admitted to her presence, and allowed to pay his respects to her, as superior beings are adored, unseen; yet, his pleasure would receive a very considerable addition, if she would be pleased to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpse of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her mask, saying, with a faltering accent, "I cannot be so ungrateful as to deny such a small favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the most important obligations."

The unexpected apparition of Miss Aurelia Darnel, beaming with all the emanations of ripened beauty, blushing with all the graces of the most lovely confusion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled transport of astonishment, admiration, affliction, and awe. The colour vanished from his cheeks, and he stood gazing upon her, in silence, with the most emphatic expression of countenance.

Aurelia was infected by his disorder : she began to tremble, and the roses fluctuated on her face. "I cannot forget," said she, "that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves; and that he, at the same time, rescued from the most dreadful death a dear and venerable parent."—"Would to Heaven she still survived!" cried our adventurer, with great emotion: "she was the friend of my youth, the kind patroness of my felicity! My guardian angel forsook me when she expired! Her last injunctions are deep engraven on my heart!"

While he pronounced these words, she lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes; and, after some pause, proceeded in a tremulous tone, "I hope, sir—I hope you have—I should be sorry—pardon me, sir, I cannot reflect upon such an interesting subject unmoved—." Here she fetched a deep sigh, that was accompanied with a flood of tears; while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmost eagerness of attention.

Having recollected herself a little, she endeavoured to shift the conversation: "You have been abroad since I had the pleasure to see you—I hope you were agreeably amused in your travels."—"No, madam," said our hero, drooping his head, "I have been unfortunate." When she, with the most enchanting sweetness of benevolence, expressed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not past remedy; he lifted up his eyes, and fixed them upon her again with a look of tender dejection: "Cut off," said he, "from the possession of what my soul held most dear, I wished for death, and was visited by distraction!—I have been abandoned by my reason—my youth is for ever blasted."

The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more; her knees began to totter; the lustre vanished from her eyes, and she fainted in the arms of her attendant. Sir Launcelot, aroused by this circumstance, assisted Dolly in seating her mistress on a couch, where she soon recovered, and saw the knight on his knees before her. "I am still happy," said he, "in being able to move your compassion, though I have been held unworthy of your esteem."—"Do me justice," she replied; "my best esteem has been always inseparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves."—"Is it possible?" cried our hero; "then surely I have no reason to complain. If I have moved your compassion, and possess your esteem, I am but one degree short of supreme happiness—that, however, is a gigantic step.—O Miss Darnel! when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment." So saying, he gently touched her hand, in order to press it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the very individual ring which he had presented in her mother's presence, as an interchanged testimony of plighted faith. Starting

at the well-known object, the sight of which conjured up a strange confusion of ideas—"This," said he, "was once the pledge of something still more cordial than esteem." Aurelia, blushing at this remark, while her eyes lightened with unusual vivacity, replied, in a severer tone, "Sir, you best know how it lost its original signification."—"By Heaven! I do not, madam!" exclaimed our adventurer. "With me it was ever held a sacred idea throned within my heart, cherished with such fervency of regard, with such reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreasonably pays to those sainted relics that constitute the object of his adoration."—"And, like those relics," answered Miss Darnel, "I have been insensible of my votary's devotion. A saint I must have been, or something more, to know the sentiments of your heart by inspiration."—"Did I forbear," said he, "to express, to repeat, to enforce, the dictates of the purest passion that ever warmed the human breast, until I was denied access, and formally discarded by that cruel dismissal?"—"I must beg your pardon, sir," cried Aurelia, interrupting him hastily, "I know not what you mean."—"That fatal sentence," said he, "if not pronounced by your own lips, at least written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile, for ever from the paradise of your affection."—"I would not," she replied, "do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to suppose him capable of imposition; but you talk of things to which I am an utter stranger. I have a right, sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me your breaking off a connexion, which—I would—rather wish—had never——" "Heaven and earth! what do I hear?" cried our impatient knight; "have I not the baneful letter to produce? What else but Miss Darnel's explicit and express declaration could have destroyed the sweetest hope that ever cheered my soul; could have obliged me to resign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wished to live; could have filled my bosom with unutterable sorrow and despair; could have even divested me of reason, and driven me from the society of men, a poor, forlorn, wandering lunatic, such as you see me now prostrate at your feet; all the blossoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?"

Aurelia, looking wistfully at her lover, "Sir," said she, "you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety! you are imposed upon, if you have received any such letter: you are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Darnel could be so insensible, ungrateful, and—inconstant."

This last word she pronounced with some hesitation, and a downcast look, while her face underwent a total suffusion, and the knight's heart began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion. He eagerly imprinted a kiss upon her hand, exclaiming, in interrupted phrase, "Can it be possible?—Heaven grant—Sure this is no illusion!—O madam! shall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is bursting with a thousand fond thoughts and presages. You shall see that dire paper which hath been the source of all my woes—it is the constant companion of my travels—last night I nourished my chagrin with the perusal of its horrid contents."

Aurelia expressed great impatience to view the cruel forgery, for such

she assured him it must be; but, he could not gratify her desire till the arrival of his servant with the portmanteau. In the mean time, tea was called. The lovers were seated; he looked and languished, she flushed and faltered; all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter. Their mutual disorder communicated itself to the kind-hearted, sympathising Dolly, who had been witness to the interview, and deeply affected with the disclosure of the scene. Unspeakable was her surprise when she found her mistress, miss Meadows, was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whose eulogium she had heard so eloquently pronounced by her sweetheart Mr. Thomas Clarke; a discovery which still more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully at the progress of their mutual explanation; and was now so disconcerted, that she scarce knew the meaning of the orders she had received: she set the kettle on the table, and placed the teaboard on the fire. Her confusion, by attracting the notice of her mistress, helped to relieve her from her own embarrassing situation. She, with her own delicate hands, rectified the mistake of Dolly; who still continued to sob, and said, "Yaw may think, my leady Darnel, as how I'aive yeaten hool-cheese; but it y'an't soa—I'se think, vor mai peart, as haw I'aive been bewitched."

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at the simplicity of Dolly, whose goodness of heart and attachment Aurelia did not fail to extol, as soon as her back was turned. It was in consequence of this commendation, that, the next time she entered the room, our adventurer, for the first time, considered her face, and seemed to be struck with her features. He asked her some questions, which she could not answer to his satisfaction; applauded her regard for her lady, and assured her of his friendship and protection. He now begged to know the cause that obliged his Aurelia to travel at such a rate, and in such an equipage; and she informed him of those particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

Sir Launcelot glowed with resentment when he understood how his dear Aurelia had been oppressed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether-lip, rolled his eyes around, started from his seat, and striding across the room, "I remember," said he, "the dying words of her who now is a saint in heaven—'That violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive.'—What followed, it would ill become me to repeat; but she concluded with these words—'The rest we must leave to the dispensations of Providence.'—Was it not Providence that sent me hither, to guard and protect the injured Aurelia?" Then, turning to miss Darnel, whose eyes streamed with tears, he added—"Yea, divine creature! Heaven, careful of your safety, and in compassion to my sufferings, hath guided me hither in this mysterious manner, that I might defend you from violence, and enjoy this transition from madness to deliberation, from despair to felicity."

So saying, he approached this amiable mourner, this fragrant flower of beauty, glittering with the dew-drops of the morning; this sweetest, gentlest,

and loveliest ornament of human nature! He gazed upon her with looks of love ineffable: he sat down by her; he pressed her soft hand in his; he began to fear that all he saw was the flattering vision of a distempered brain. He looked and sighed; and turning up his eyes to heaven, breathed, in broken murmurs, the chaste raptures of his soul. The tenderness of this communication was too painful to be long endured. Aurelia industriously interposed other subjects of discourse, that his attention might not be dangerously overcharged, and the afternoon passed insensibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind, never more to quit this idol of his soul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happiness was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror; and a servant coming in, said, he believed some rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. The supposition of such distress operated like gunpowder on the disposition of our adventurer; who, without considering the situation of Aurelia, and indeed without seeing, or being capable to think on her, or any other subject for the time being, ran directly to the stable, and mounting the first horse which he found saddled, issued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his sword. He rode full speed to the spot whence the cries seemed to proceed; but they sounded more remote as he advanced. Nevertheless, he followed them to a considerable distance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges; and at last came so near, that he could plainly distinguish the voice of his own squire, Timothy Crabshaw, bellowing for mercy, with hideous vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition, he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horse plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend; but he found it impracticable to disengage him. It was with some difficulty that he himself clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmost impatience of anxiety, ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate squire, and between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left among strangers, unguarded, and alarmed. In the midst of this emotion, he bethought himself of hallooing aloud, that, in case he should be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and assisted. He accordingly practised this expedient, which was not altogether without effect; for, he was immediately answered by an old friend, no other than his own steed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his master's voice, neighed strenuously at a small distance. The knight being well acquainted with the sound, heard it with astonishment; and, advancing in the right direction, found his noble charger fastened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him; then, laying the reins upon his neck, allowed him to choose his own path, in which he began to travel with equal steadiness and expedition. They had not proceeded far when the knight's ears were again saluted by the cries of Crabshaw: which Bronzomarte no sooner heard than he pricked up his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been sensible of the squire's distress, and hastened to his relief. Sir Launcelot, notwithstanding his own disquiet, could not help observing and admiring this generous sensibility of his horse:

he began to think himself some hero of romance mounted upon a winged steed, inspired with reason, directed by some humane enchanter, who pitied virtue in distress. All circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced some such delirium. All night he continued the chase; the voice, which was repeated at intervals, still retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the east; when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miserable squire stretched upon the grass, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the lance suspended at the saddle-bow, and the portmanteau safely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight, riding up to Crabshaw, with equal surprise and concern, asked what had brought him there; and Timothy, after some pause, during which he surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, answered, "The devil!"—"One would imagine, indeed, you had some such conveyance," said Sir Launcelot. "I have followed your cries since last evening I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, say, what damage have you sustained, that you lie in that wretched posture, and groan so dismally?"—"I can't guess," replied the squire; "if it bea'n't that mai hoole carcass is drilled into oilethools, and my flesh pinched into a jelly."—"How! wherefore?" cried the knight, "who were the miscreants that treated you in such a barbarous manner? Do you know the ruffians?"—"I know nothing at all," answered the peevish squire, "but that I was tormented by vive hundred and vifty thousand legions of devils, and there's an end oon't!"—"Well, you must have a little patience, Crabshaw—there's a alve for every sore."—"Yaw mought as well tell ma, for every zow there's zir-reverence."—"For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your ease.—Try if you can get up and mount Gilbert, that you may be conveyed to some place where you can have proper assistance.—So—well done!—cheerly!"

Timothy actually made an effort to rise; but fell down again, and uttered a dismal yell. Then, his master exhorted him to take advantage of a park-wall by which he lay, and raise himself gradually upon it. Crabshaw, eyeing him askance, said, by way of reproach, for his not alighting and assisting him in person, "Thatch your house with t—d, and you'll have more teachers than reachers!" Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made shift to stand upon his legs; and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert, though not without a world of Oh's! and Ah's! and other ejaculations of pain and impatience.

As they jogged on together, our adventurer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the disaster which had befallen the squire; but all the information he could obtain amounted to a very imperfect sketch of the adventure. By dint of a thousand interrogations, he understood, that Crabshaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three persons on horseback with Venetian masks on their faces, which he mistook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly: that they not only presented pistols to his breast, and led his horse out of the highway, but pricked him with

goads, and pinched him, from time to time, till he screamed with the torture: that he was led through unfrequented places across the country, sometimes at an easy trot, sometimes at full gallop; and tormented, all night, by those hideous demons, who vanished at daybreak, and left him lying on the spot where he was found by his master.

This was a mystery which our hero could by no means unriddle: it was the more unaccountable, as the squire had not been robbed of his money, horses, and baggage. He was even disposed to believe that Crabshaw's brain was disordered, and the whole account he had given no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the post-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were covered with blood, and all the rest of his body speckled with livid marks of contusion. But he was still more chagrined when the landlord informed him that he was thirty miles distant from the place where he had left Aurelia; and that his way lay through cross-roads, which were almost impassable at that season of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions that his squire should be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable chamber, as he complained more and more; and, indeed, was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, the pain, and terror, he had undergone. A neighbouring apothecary being called, and giving it as his opinion that he could not, for some days, be in a condition to travel, his master deposited a sum of money in his hands, desiring he might be properly attended till he should hear further. Then, mounting Bronzomarte, he set out with a guide for the place he had left, not without a thousand fears and perplexities, arising from the reflection of having left the jewel of his heart with such precipitation.

CHAPTER IV.

Which it is to be hoped the reader will find an agreeable melody of mirth and madness, sense and absurdity.

IT was not without reason that our adventurer afflicted himself; his fears were but too prophetic. When he alighted at the inn, which he had left so abruptly the preceding evening, he ran directly to the apartment where he had been so happy in Aurelia's company; but her he saw not—all was solitary. Turning to the woman of the house, who had followed him into the room, "Where is the lady?" cried he, in a tone of impatience. Mine hostess, screwing up her features into a very demure aspect, said she saw so many ladies, she could not pretend to know who he meant. "I tell thee, woman," exclaimed the knight, in a louder accent, "thou never sawest such another—I mean, that miracle of beauty——"

"Very like," replied the dame, as she retired to the room door. "Husband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty—hi, hi, hi. Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty?—O la! hi, hi, hi." Instead of answering this question, the innkeeper advancing, and sur-

veyung Sir Launcelot, "Friend," said he, "you are the person that carried off my horse out of the stable."—"Tell me not of a horse—Where is the young lady?"—"Now I will tell you of the horse, and I'll make you find him too, before you and I part."—"Wretched animal! how darest thou dally with my impatience?—Speak, or despair.—What is become of Miss Meadows?—Say, did she leave this place of her own accord, or was she—hah!—speak—answer; or, by the powers above—" "I'll answer you flat—she you call Miss Meadows is in very good hands—so you may make yourself easy on that score."—"Sacred Heaven! Explain your meaning, miscreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the insolent publicans of the realm."—So saying, he seized him with one hand; and dashing him on the floor, set one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that prostrate attitude. The ostler and waiter flying to the assistance of their master, our adventurer unsheathed his sword, declaring he would dismiss their souls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the satisfaction he required.

The hostess being, by this time, terrified almost out of her senses, fell on her knees before him, begging he would spare their lives, and promising to declare the whole truth. He would not, however, remove his foot from the body of her husband, until she told him, that, in less than half an hour after he had sallied out upon the supposed robbers, two chaises arrived, each drawn by four horses; that two men, armed with pistols, alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady; and, notwithstanding her struggling and shrieking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himself her guardian; that the maid was left to the care of a third servant, to follow with a third chaise, which was got ready with all possible despatch, while the other two proceeded at full speed on the road to London. It was by this communicative lackey the people of the house were informed that the old gentleman, his master, was squire Darnel, the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy sharper, who wanted to make a prey of her fortune.

The knight, fired even almost to phrensy by this intimation, spurned the carcass of his host; and his eye gleaming terror, rushed into the yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte and pursue the ravisher, when he was diverted from his purpose by a new incident.

One of the postilions, who had driven the chaise in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that instant; when, seeing our hero, he ran up to him cap in hand, and presenting a letter, accosted him in these words: "Please your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the West Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman, that I promised to deliver into your honour's own hands."

The knight, snatching the letter with the utmost avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in these terms:

"Honoured Sir,

"The man az gi'en me leave to lat yaw knaw my dear leady is going to

Loondon with her unkle squire Darnel—Be not conzarned, honoured sir, vor I'se take it on mai life to let yaw know wheare we be zettled, if zo be I can vind wheare you loadge in Loondon. The man zays yaw may put it in the pooblic prints. I houp the bareheir will be honest enuff to deliver this scrowl; and that your honour will pardon your umbil servannt to cummand,

“DOROTHY COWSLIP.”

“P. S. Please my kaind sarvice to laayer Clarke. Squire Darnel's man is very civil for sartain; but I've no thoughts on him, I'll assure yaw.—Marry hap, worse ware may have a better chap, as the zaying goes.”

Nothing could be more seasonable than the delivery of this billet; which he had no sooner perused than his reflection returned, and he entered into a serious deliberation with his own heart. He considered that Aurelia was, by this time, far beyond a possibility of being overtaken, and that by a precipitate pursuit he should only expose his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his mistress, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her sentiments by means of this lackey, of whom he perceived by the letter she had already made a conquest. He therefore resolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leisurely to London; and, instead of taking any rash step which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain, in seeming quiet, until she should be settled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected, in due time, to receive the most interesting information.

These reflections had an instantaneous effect upon our hero, whose rage immediately subsided, and whose visage gradually resumed its natural cast of courtesy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the postilion with such a remuneration as sent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generosity and immense fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next step was to see Bronzomarte properly accommodated; then, he ordered a refreshment for himself, and retired into an apartment, where mine host, with his wife, and all the servants, waited on him, to beseech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the false information they had received from the gentleman's servant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the least resentment against such inconsiderable objects. He not only pardoned them without hesitation, but assured the landlord he would be accountable for the horse; which, however, was that same evening brought home by a countryman, who had found him pounded, as it were, within the walls of a ruined cottage. As the knight had been greatly fatigued, without enjoying any rest for eight-and-forty hours, he resolved to indulge himself with one night's repose, and then return to the place where he had left his squire indisposed; for, by this time, even his concern for Timothy had recurred.

On a candid scrutiny of his own heart, he found himself much less unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia; for, instead of being, as formerly, tormented with the pangs of despairing love, which had actually unsettled his understanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inspired the tender breast of Aurelia with mutual affection; and though she was invidiously snatched from his embrace in the midst of such endearments as had wound up his soul to ecstasy and transport, he did not doubt of being able to rescue her from the power of an inhuman kinsman, whose guardianship would soon, of course, expire; and, in the mean time, he rested with the most perfect dependence on her constancy and virtue.

As he next day crossed the country, ruminating on the disaster that had befallen his squire, and could now compare circumstances coolly, he easily comprehended the whole scheme of that adventure, which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emissaries to draw him from the inn, where he proposed to execute his design upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of such information as he received from one stage to another; and that, receiving more particulars at the White-Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he formed the scheme in which Crabshaw was an involuntary instrument towards the seduction of his master.

Amusing himself with these and other cogitations, our hero, in the afternoon, reached the place of his destination; and entering the inn where Timothy had been left at sick quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary retiring, precipitately, in a very unsavoury pickle, from the chamber of his patient. When he inquired about the health of his squire, this retainer to medicine, wiping himself all the while with a napkin, answered, in manifest confusion, that he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way, from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a most furious delirium.

Then, he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed; and concluded with telling him the poor squire's brain was so outrageously disordered, that he had rejected all administration, and just thrown an urinal in his face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he resolved that Crabshaw should have the benefit of further advice; and asked if there was not a physician in the place. The apothecary, after some interjections of hesitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd sort of a humorist; but, he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profession, and was not much used to the forms of prescription. He was counted a scholar, to be sure; but as to his medical capacity—he would not take upon him to say—"No matter," cried Sir Launcelot; "he may strike out some lucky thought for the benefit of the patient, and I desire you will call him instantly."

While the apothecary was absent on this service, our adventurer took it in his head to question the landlord about the character of this physician,

which had been so unfavourably represented ; and received the following information.

“ For my pearl, measter, I knows nothing amiss of the doctor—he’s a quiet sort of an inoffensive man ; uses my house sometimes, and pays for what he has, like the rest of my customers. They says he deals very little in physic stuff, but cures his patients with fasting and water-gruel, whereby he can’t expect the apothecary to be his friend. You knows, master, one must live, and let live, as the saying is. I must say, he, for the value of three guineas, set up my wife’s constitution in such a manner, that I have saved, within these two years, I believe, forty pounds in pothecary’s bills. But what of that ? Every man must eat, thof at another’s expense ; and I should be in a deadly hole myself, if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel, because it is good for the constitution. Thank God, I have as good a constitution as e’er a man in England ; but for all that, I and my whole family bleed and purge, and take a diet-drink twice a year, by way of serving the pothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour.”

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dressed remarkably plain ; seemed to be turned of fifty ; had a careless air, and a sarcastical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the sick man’s chamber, he asked some questions concerning the disease ; and, when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, said, “ It lies all here ;” the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied, “ If that be all, there’s nothing in it.”

Upon a more particular inquiry about the symptoms, he was told that the blood was seemingly viscous, and salt upon the tongue ; the urine remarkably acrosaline ; and the *feces atrabilious* and *foetid*. When the doctor said he would engage to find the same phenomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms, the apothecary added, that the patient was manifestly *comatose*, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and *borborygmata*. “ A f—t for your *borborygmata* !” cried the physician. “ What has been done ?” To this question he replied that venesection had been three times performed ; that a vesicatory had been applied *inter scapulas* ; that the patient had taken occasionally of a cathartic apozem ; and, between whiles, alexipharmic boluses, and neutral draughts. “ Neutral, indeed !” said the doctor ; “ so neutral, that I’ll be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the disease.” So saying, he brushed into Crabshaw’s chamber, followed by our adventurer, who was almost suffocated at his first entrance. The day was close ; the window-shutters were fastened ; a huge fire blazed in the chimney ; thick harateen curtains were close drawn round the bed, where the wretched squire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurse, who had all the exteriors of a bawd given to drink, sat stewing in this apartment like a damned soul in some infernal bagnio : but rising when the company entered, made her courtesies with great decorum, “ Well,” said the doctor, “ how does your patient, nurse ?”—“ Blessed be

God for it, I hope in a fair way—to be sure, his apozem has had a blessed effect—five-and-twenty stools since three o'clock in the morning. But then a'would not suffer the blisters to be put upon his thighs. Good lack! a'has been mortally obstropolous, and out of his senses all this blessed day."—"You lie!" cried the squire; "I a'n't out of my seven senses, thof I'm half mad with vexation."

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapless squire appeared very pale and ghastly; and having surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, addressed him in these words: "Sir Knight, I beg a boon; be pleased to tie a stone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck of nurse, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree; and in so doing you will do a charitable deed to your fellow-creatures; for he and she do the devil's work in partnership, and have sent many score of their betters home to him before their time."—"Oh! he begins to talk sensibly.—Have 'a 'good heart!" said the physician. "What is your disorder?"—"Physic."—"What do you complain of?"—"The doctor."—"Does your head ache?"—"Yea, with impertinence."—"Have you a pain in your back?"—"Yea, where the blister lies."—"Are you sick at stomach?"—"Yea, with hunger."—"Do you feel any shiverings?"—"Always at sight of the apothecary."—"Do you perceive any load in your bowels?"—"I would the apothecary's conscience was as clear."—"Are you thirsty?"—"Not thirsty enough to drink barley-water."—"Be pleased to look into his fauces," said the apothecary; "He has got a rough tongue, and a very foul mouth, I'll assure you."—"I have known that the case with some limbs of the faculty, where they stood more in need of correction than of physic.—Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without further question.—Here, nurse, open that window, and throw these phials into the street. Now, lower the curtain, without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stifled in his own steam. In the next place, take off two-thirds of these coals and one-third of these blankets.—How do'st feel now, my heart?"—"I should feel heart-whole if so be as yow would throw the noorse a'ter the bottles, and the pothecary a'ter the noorse; and oorder me a pound of chops for my dinner; for I be so hoongry, I could eat a horse behind the saddle."

The apothecary, seeing what passed, retired of his own accord, holding up his hand, in sign of astonishment. The nurse was dismissed in the same breath. Crabshaw rose, dressed himself without assistance, and made a hearty meal on the first eatable that presented itself to view. The knight passed the evening with the physician; who, from his first appearance, concluded he was mad; but, in the course of the conversation, found means to resign that opinion, without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curiosity. The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty sarcasms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a sort of cynic philosopher, tinctured with mis-

santhropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries; whom, however, it was by no means his interest to disoblige.

Next day, Crabshaw being, to all appearance, perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, paid the landlord, and set out on his return for the London road, resolving to lay aside his armour at some distance from the metropolis; for, ever since his interview with Aurelia, his fondness for chivalry had been gradually abating. As the torrent of his despair had disordered the current of his sober reflection, so now, as that despair subsided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately, in their ancient channel. All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happiness, formed on the possession of the incomparable Aurelia; determined to wait, with patience, until the law should supersede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the interest of his passion.

He had, for some time, travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a confused noise, and when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld, at a little distance, a rabble of men and women variously armed, with flails, pitchforks, poles, and muskets, acting offensively against a strange figure on horseback, who, with a kind of lance, laid about him with incredible fury. Our adventurer was not so totally abandoned by the spirit of chivalry, to see, without emotion, a single knight in danger of being overpowered by such a multitude of adversaries. Without staying to put on his helmet, he ordered Crabshaw to follow him in the charge against those plebeians: then, couching his lance, and giving Bronzomarte the spur, he began his career with such impetuosity, as overturned all that happened to be in his way, and intimidated the rabble to such a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of sheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil in *propria persona*. He came in the very nick of time to save the life of the other errant, against whom three loaded muskets were actually levelled at the very instant that our adventurer began his charge. The unknown knight was so sensible of the seasonable interposition, that, riding up to our hero, "Brother," said he, "this is the second time you have help me off when I was bump ashore. Bess Mizzen, I must say, is no more than a leaky bumboat, in comparison of the glorious galley you want to man. I desire that, henceforth, we may cruise in the same latitudes, brother; and I'll be damned if I don't stand by you as long as I have a stick standing, or can carry a rag of canvass."

By this address our knight recognised the novice captain Crowe, who had found means to accommodate himself with a very strange suit of armour. By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps used by the light-horse, with straps buckled under his chin, and contrived, in such a manner, as to conceal his whole visage except the eyes. Instead of cuirass, mail, greaves, and other pieces of complete armour, he was cased in a postilion's leathern jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron: his buckler was a potlid, his lance a hop-pole shod with iron, and a basket-hilt broadsword, like that

of Hudibras, depending by a broad buff belt that girded his middle. His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper. Sir Launcelot would not lose time in examining particulars, as he perceived some mischief had been done, and that the enemy had rallied at a distance; he therefore commanded Crowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedition; but he did not perceive his squire was taken prisoner; nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, Tom Clarke, had been disabled and secured in the beginning of the fray. The truth is, the poor captain had been so belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder he remembered his own name.

CHAPTER V.

Containing adventures of chivalry, equally new and surprising.

THE knight, Sir Launcelot, and the novice, Crowe, retreated, with equal order and expedition, to the distance of half a league from the field of battle; where the former halting, proposed to make a lodgement in a very decent house of entertainment, distinguished by the sign of St. George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon, an achievement in which temporal and spiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two such figures alighting at the inn-gate, did not pass through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the guests and attendants, some of whom fairly took to their heels, on the supposition that these outlandish creatures were the *avant couriers* or heralds of a French invasion. The fears and doubts, however, of those who ventured to stay, were soon dispelled, when our hero accosted them in the English tongue; and, with the most courteous demeanour, desired to be shewn into an apartment.

Had Captain Crowe been spokesman, perhaps their suspicions would not have so quickly subsided; for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry, but also in his external appearance, and particularly in those dialects of the English language which are used by the terrestrial animals of this kingdom. He desired the ostler to take his horse in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a safe riding. He ordered the waiter, who shewed them into a parlour, to bear a hand, ship his oars, mind his helm, and bring alongside a short allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a slug into his bread-room; for there was such a heaving and pitching, that he believed he should shift his ballast. The fellow understood no part of this address but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he disappeared. Then Crowe, throwing himself into an elbow-chair, "Stop my hawse-holes," cried he, "I can't think what's the matter, brother; but, egad, my head sings and simmers like a pot of chowder. My eyesight yaws to and again, d'ye see; then there's such a walloping and whushing in my hold—smite my—Lord have mercy upon us!—Here, you swab! ne'er mind a glass—hand me the noggin."

The latter part of this address was directed to the waiter, who had

returned with a quartern of brandy; which Crowe, snatching eagerly, started into his bread-room at one cant. Indeed, there was no time to be lost, inasmuch as he seemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he swallowed this cordial, by which he was instantaneously revived.

He then desired the servant to unbuckle the straps of his helmet; but this was a task which the drawer could not perform, even though assisted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot; for the head and jaws were so much swelled with the discipline they had undergone, that the straps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts.

Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring surgeon passed by the door on horseback; a circumstance which the waiter, who saw him from the window, no sooner disclosed, than the knight had recourse to his assistance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in silent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulse; and then declared, that as the inflammation was very great, and going on with violence to its *acme*, it would be necessary to begin with copious phlebotomy, and then to empty the intestinal canal. So saying, he began to strip the arm of the captain; who, perceiving his aim, "Avast, brother!" cried he; "you go the wrong way to work—you may as well rummage the after-hold when the damage is in the fore-castle. I shall right again when my jaws are unhooped."

With these words he drew a clasp-knife from his pocket; and advancing to a glass, applied it so vigorously to the leather straps of his headpiece, that the Gordian knot was cut without any other damage to his face than a moderate scarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally strong, and a whole week's growth of a very bushy beard, produced, on the whole, a most hideous caricatura. After all, there was a necessity for the administration of the surgeon, who found divers contusions on different parts of the skull, which even the tin cap had not been able to protect from the weapons of the rustics.

These being shaved and dressed *secundum artem*, and the operator dismissed with a proper acknowledgment, our knight detached one of the post-boys to the field of action, for intelligence concerning Mr. Clarke and square Timothy; and, in the interim, desired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures since he parted from him at the White-Hart.

A connected relation, in plain English, was what he had little reason to expect from the novice; who, nevertheless, exerted his faculties to the utmost, for his satisfaction. He gave him to understand, that in steering his course to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himself with tackle, he had fallen in, by accident, at a public-house, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle—that seeing him do his business like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice: and the tinker, after having considered the subject, had undertaken to make him such a suit of armour as neither sword nor lance should penetrate—that they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of lined iron, the lance, and

the broadsword, were purchased, together with a copper saucepan, which the artist was now at work upon, in converting it to a shield; but, in the mean time, the captain being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accommodated himself with a potlid, and taken to the highway, notwithstanding all the entreaties, tears, and remonstrances, of his nephew Tom Clarke; who could not, however, be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had undertaken—that this being but the second day of his journey, he descried five or six men on horseback, bearing up full in his teeth; upon which he threw his sails a-back, and prepared for action—that he hailed them at a considerable distance, and bade them bring-to; when they came alongside, notwithstanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their courses, and furl their topsails, otherwise he would be foul of their quarters—that hearing this salute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth shook in the wind; then he halloed, in a loud voice, that his sweetheart, Besselia Mizzen, wore the broad pendant of beauty; to which they must strike their topsails, on pain of being sent to the bottom—that after having eyed him for some time with astonishment, they clapped on all their sails, some of them running under his stern, and others athwart his fore-foot, and got clear off—that not satisfied with running a-head, they all of a sudden tacked about; and one of them, boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him such a drubbing about his upper-works, that the lights danced in his lanterns: that he returned the salute with his hop-pole so effectually, that his aggressor broached-to in the twinkling of a handspike; and then he was engaged with all the rest of the enemy, except one, who sheered off, and soon returned with a mosquito fleet of small craft, who had done him considerable damage; and, in all probability, would have made a prize of him, hadn't he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He said, that in the beginning of the conflict, Tom Clarke rode up to the foremost of the enemy, as he did suppose, in order to prevent hostilities; but, before he got up to him near enough to hold discourse, he was pooped with a sea that almost sent him to the bottom, and then towed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had scarce finished his narration, which consisted of broken hints and unconnected explosions of sea terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commission of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a constable, who had, in custody, the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabshaw, surrounded by five men on horseback, and an innumerable posse of men, women, and children, on foot. The captain, who always kept a good look-out, no sooner descried this cavalcade and procession, than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and advised that they should crowd away with all the cloth they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion; and determined, at any rate, to procure the enlargement of the prisoners.

The justice, ordering his attendants to stay without the gate, sent his compliments to Sir Launcelot Greaves, and desired to speak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted, and could not help staring at sight of Crowe, who, by this time, had no remains of the human physio-

gnomy, so much was the swelling increased and the skin discoloured. The gentleman, whose name was Mr. Elmy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his business. He said, information had been lodged with him, as a justice of the peace, against two armed men on horseback, who had stopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even assaulted, maimed, and wounded divers persons, contrary to the king's peace, and in violation of the statute: that, by the description, he supposed the knight and his companion to be the persons against whom the complaint had been lodged; and, understanding his quality from Mr. Clarke, whom he had known in London, he was come to wait upon him, and, if possible, effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer, having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole story, as it had been just related by the captain, and Mr. Elmy had no reason to doubt the truth of the narrative, as it confirmed every circumstance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole history of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimsical resolution of his uncle captain Crowe. Mr. Elmy now told the knight, that the persons whom the captain had stopped were farmers, returning from a neighbouring market; a set of people naturally boorish, and at that time elevated with ale to an uncommon pitch of insolence: that one of them in particular, called Prickle, was the most quarrelsome fellow in the whole county, and so litigious, that he had maintained above thirty lawsuits, in eight-and-twenty of which he had been condemned in costs. He said, the others might be easily influenced in the way of admonition; but, there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law: he therefore proposed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity; and his clerk being in attendance, the court was immediately opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr. Clarke had made such good use of his time, in explaining the law to his audience, and displaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his sentiments the constable, and the commonality, tag-rag, and bob-tail; and even staggered the majority of the farmers, who at first had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake being first called to the bar, and sworn touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves and captain Crowe, declared that the said Crowe had stopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear: that he afterwards saw the said Crowe, with a pole or weapon, value threepence, breaking the king's peace, by committing assault and battery against the heads and shoulders of his majesty's liege subjects, Geoffrey Prickle, Hodge Dolt, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catherine Rubble, and Margery Litter; and that he saw Sir Launcelot Greaves, baronet, aiding, assisting, and comforting the said Crowe, contrary to the king's peace, and against the form of the statute.

Being asked if the defendant, when he stopped them, demanded their

money, or threatened violence; he answered, he could not say, inasmuch as the defendant spoke in an unknown language. Being interrogated if the defendant did not allow them to pass without using any violence, and if they did not pass unmolested, the deponent replied in the affirmative. Being required to tell for what reason they returned, and if the defendant, Crowe, was not assaulted before he began to use his weapon, the deponent made no answer. The depositions of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken to much the same purpose, and his worship earnestly exhorted them to an accommodation, observing, that they themselves were, in fact, the aggressors, and that captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himself in his own defence.

They were all pretty well disposed to follow his advice, except farmer Prickle, who, entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared that the law should determine it at next 'size; and, in the mean time, insisted that the defendants should find immediate bail, or go to prison, or be set in the stocks. He affirmed that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons, not usually worn, to the terror of others, which is in itself a breach of the peace; but that they had, moreover, with force of arms, that is to say, with swords, staves, and other warlike instruments, by turns, made an assault and *affray*, to the terror and disturbance of him and divers subjects of our lord the king then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of the said lord the king, and against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity.

The peasant had purchased a few law-terms at a considerable expense, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr. Elmy, finding him obstinately deaf to all proposals of accommodation, held the defendants to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the parish freely offering themselves as sureties. Mr. Clarke, with Timothy Crabshaw, against whom nothing appeared, were now set at liberty; when the former, advancing to his worship, gave information against Geoffrey Prickle, and declared, upon oath, that he had seen him assault captain Crowe without any provocation; and when he, the deponent, interposed, to prevent further mischief, the said Prickle had likewise assaulted and wounded him the deponent, and detained him for some time in false imprisonment without warrant or authority.

In consequence of this information, which was corroborated by divers evidences selected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon farmer Prickle, who was given to understand that he must either find bail or be forthwith imprisoned. This *honest* boor, who was in opulent circumstances, had made such popular use of the benefits he possessed, that there was not a housekeeper in the parish who would not have rejoiced to see him hanged. His dealings and connexions, however, were such, that none of the other four would have refused to bail him, had not Clarke given them to understand, that, if they did, he would make them all principals and parties, and have two separate actions against each. Prickle happened

to be at variance with the innkeeper; and the curate durst not disoblige the vicar, who, at that very time, was suing the farmer for the small tithes. He offered to deposit a sum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail; but this was rejected, as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He sent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good customer, but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciseman presented himself as surety; but he, not being a housekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on farmer Prickle, were successively refused, because they could not prove that they had paid poor and lot and parish taxes.

The farmer, finding himself thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of visiting the inside of a prison, was seized with a paroxysm of rage, during which he inveighed against the bench; reviled the two adventurers present; declared, that he believed, and would lay a wager of twenty guineas, that he had more money in his pocket than e'er a man in the company; and in the space of a quarter of an hour, swore forty oaths, which the justice did not fail to number. "Before we proceed to other matters," said Mr. Elmy, "I order you to pay forty shillings for the oaths you have sworn, otherwise I will cause you to be set in the stocks without further ceremony."

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the sum, declared that he could afford to pay for swearing as well as e'er a justice in the county, and repeated his challenge of the wager; which our adventurer now accepted, protesting, at the same time, that it was not a step taken from any motive of pride, but entirely with a view to punish an insolent plebeian, who could not otherwise be chastised without a breach of the peace. Twenty guineas being deposited on each side in the hands of Mr. Elmy, Prickle, with equal confidence and despatch, produced a canvass bag, containing two hundred and seventy pounds; which, being spread upon the table, made a very formidable shew, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders, and induced many of them to believe he had ensured his conquest.

Our adventurer asking if he had any thing further to offer, and being answered in the negative, drew forth, with great deliberation, a pocket-book, in which there was a considerable parcel of bank-notes, from which he selected three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibited them upon the table, to the astonishment of all present. Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loss, said it might be necessary to make him prove the notes were honestly come by; and sir Launcelet started up in order to take vengeance upon him for this insult, but was withheld by the arms and remonstrances of Mr. Elmy, who assured him that Prickle desired nothing so much as another broken head, to lay the foundation of a new prosecution.

The knight, calmed by this interposition, turned to the audience, saying, with the most affable deportment, "Good people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket the spoils of such a contemptible rascal. I shall beg the favour of this worthy gentleman to take up those twenty guineas, and distr-

dute them, as he shall think proper, among the poor of the parish; but, by this benefaction, I do not hold myself acquitted for the share I had in the bruises some of you have received in this unlucky fray; and therefore I give the other twenty guineas to be divided among the sufferers, to each according to the damage he or she shall appear to have sustained; and I shall consider it as an additional obligation if Mr. Elmy will, likewise, superintend this retribution."

At the close of this address, the whole yard and gateway rung with acclamation; while honest Crowe, whose generosity was not inferior even to that of the accomplished Greaves, pulled out his purse, and declared, that as he had begun the engagement, he would at least go share and share alike in new-caulking their seams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a dispute with his novice, told him he considered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that subject hereafter.

This point being adjusted, Mr. Elmy assumed all the solemnity of the magistrate, and addressed himself to Prickle in these words: "Farmer Prickle, I am both sorry and ashamed to see a man of your years and circumstances so little respected that you cannot find sufficient bail for forty pounds; a sure testimony that you have neither cultivated the friendship nor deserved the goodwill of your neighbours. I have heard of your quarrels and your riots, your insolence and litigious disposition, and often wished for an opportunity of giving you a proper taste of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers—you have, in the hearing of all these people, poured forth a torrent of abuse against me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magistrate; your abusing me personally, perhaps I should have overlooked with the contempt it deserves; but, I should ill vindicate the dignity of my office as a magistrate, by suffering you to insult the bench with impunity. I shall therefore imprison you for contempt, and you shall remain in gaol until you can find bail on the other prosecutions."

Prickle, the first transports of his anger having subsided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was, indeed, extremely mortified at the prospect of being sent to gaol so disgracefully. His countenance fell; and, after a hard internal struggle, while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus, he said, he hoped his worship would not send him to prison. He begged pardon of him and our adventurers for having abused them in his passion; and observed, that as he had received a broken head, and paid two-and-twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be said to have escaped altogether without punishment, even if the plaintiff should agree to exchange releases.

Sir Launcelot, seeing this stubborn rustic effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr. Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his request; and a mutual release being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expense; and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruised in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were desired to wait upon Mr.

Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The justice was prevailed upon to spend the evening with sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom supper was bespoke; but the first thing the cook prepared, was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monstrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindness and complacency, shook Mr. Clarke by the hand, expressed his satisfaction at meeting with his old friends again; and told him softly, that he had compliments for him from Mrs. Dolly Cowslip, who now lived with his Aurelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence, and, after some hesitation, "Lord bless my soul!" cried he, "I'll be shot, then, if the pretended Miss Meadows wa'n't the same as Miss Darnell!" He then declared himself extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into such an agreeable situation, passed many warm encomiums on her goodness of heart and virtuous inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight whether she did not look very pretty in her green joseph. In the mean time, he procured a plaister for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was sent to bed betimes with a moderate dose of sack-whey, to promote perspiration. The other three passed the evening to their mutual satisfaction; and the justice, in particular, grew enamoured of the knight's character, dashed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a sober and rational conversation, and give some account of other guests who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters.—But as we have already trespassed on the reader's patience, we shall give him a short respite until the next chapter makes its appearance.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the rays of chivalry shine with renovated lustre.

OUR hero little dreamed that he had a formidable rival in the person of the knight, who arrived, about eleven, at the sign of the St.-George, and, by the noise he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than squire Sycamore; who, having received advice that Miss Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field in quest of that lovely fugitive, hoping that, should he have the good fortune to find her in her present distress, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chase so close, that immediately after our adventurer's departure, he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed, and there he learned the particulars which we have related above.

Mr. Sycamore had a great deal of childish romantic in his disposition; and, in the course of his amours, is said to have always taken more pleasure in the pursuit than in the final possession. He had heard of Sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in some measure infected; and he dropped an insinuation that he could eclipse his rival even in his own lunatic sphere. This hint was not lost upon his companion, counsellor, and buffoon, the

facetious Davy Dawdle, who had some humour, and a great deal of mischief in his composition. He looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool; yet, the two characters suited each other so well, that they could hardly exist asunder. Davy was an artful sycophant, but he did not flatter in the usual way; on the contrary, he behaved *en cavalier*, and treated Sycamore, on whose bounty he subsisted, with the most sarcastic familiarity. Nevertheless, he seasoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that subdued the bitterness of it; and was now become so necessary to the squire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not, some how or other, connected. There had been a warm dispute betwixt them about the scheme of contesting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the lists of chivalry. Sycamore had insinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a lance, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle, snatching the hint, "I had, some time ago," said he, "contrived a scheme for you, which I was afraid you had not address enough to execute—It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, to go in quest of Greaves as a knight-errant, defy him as a rival, and establish a compact by which the vanquished should obey the injunctions of the victor."—"That is my very idea," cried Sycamore. "Your idea," replied the other; "had you ever an idea of your own conception?" Thus the dispute began, and was maintained with great vehemence; until, other arguments failing, the squire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this proposal Dawdle answered by the interjection, "Pish!" which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance. "You are in the right," said Dawdle, "to use such an argument, as you know is by me unanswerable: a wager of twenty guineas will, at any time, overthrow and confute all the logic of the most able syllogist who has not got a shilling in his pocket."

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration; and, after a short pause, said, "I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money!"—"I am surprised you should give yourself that trouble—I never ask what you do with yours."—"You have no occasion to ask; you know pretty well how it goes."—"What, do you upbraid me with your favours?—'tis mighty well, Sycamore."—"Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront."—"Zounds, affront! what d'ye mean?"—"I'll assure you, Davy, you don't know me, if you think I could be so ungenerous as to—a—to—" "I always thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generosity—though, to be sure, it is often very absurdly displayed."—"Aye, that's one of my greatest foibles; I can't refuse even a scoundrel when I think he is in want.—Here, Dawdle, take that note."—"Not I sir,—what d'ye mean?—What right have I to your notes?"—"Nay, but Dawdle—come."—"By no means—it looks like the abuse of good-nature—all the world knows you are good-natured to a fault."—"Come, dear Davy, you shall—you must oblige me."—Thus urged, Dawdle accepted the bank-note with great reluctance, and restored the idea to the right owner.

A suit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his ances-

tors, he gave orders for having the pieces scoured and furbished up; and his heart dilated with joy when he reflected upon the superb figure he should make when cased in complete steel, and armed at all points for the combat.

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle insisted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds; and the headpiece being adjusted, made such a clatter about his ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almost started from their sockets. His voice was lost within a vizor; and his friend affected not to understand his meaning, when he made signs with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to close with him, that he might wrest the cudgel from his hand. At length he desisted, saying, "I'll warrant the helmet sound by its ringing!" and taking it off, found the squire in a cold sweat. He would have achieved his first exploit on the spot, had his strength permitted him to assault Dawdle; but, what with want of air, and the discipline he had undergone, he had well-nigh swooned away; and before he retrieved the use of his members, he was appeased by the apologies of his companion, who protested he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection for the head it covered.

His excuses were accepted; the armour was packed up; and next morning Mr. Sycamore set out from his own house, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his squire at the approaching combat. He was also attended by a servant on horseback, who had charge of the armour, and another, who blew the trumpet. They no sooner understood that our hero was housed at the George, than the trumpeter sounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and disturbed honest Captain Crowe in the middle of his first sleep. Their next step was to pen a challenge; which, when the stranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered, with great ceremony, into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in these words:

"To the Knight of the Crescent, greeting.

"WHEREAS, I am informed you have the presumption to lay claim to the heart of the peerless Aurelia Darnel, I give you notice, that I can admit no rivalship in the affection of that paragon of beauty; and I expect that you will either resign your pretensions, or make it appear in single combat according to the law of arms and the institutions of chivalry, that you are worthy to dispute her favour with him of the Griffin.

"POLYDORE."

Our adventurer was not a little surprised at this address; which, however, he pocketed in silence, and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by some person who wanted to amuse himself with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures. Mr. Thomas Clarke, who saw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the emotions with which it was read, hied him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there

learned that the stranger was squire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet; and, in the apprehension that bloodshed would ensue, resolved to alarm his uncle, that he might assist in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet, and now peevishly asked the meaning of that damned piping, as if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the transaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain said, he did not suppose as how they would engage by candle-light; and that, for his own part, he should turn out in the larboard watch long enough before any signals could be hoisted out for forming the line. With this assurance, the lawyer retired to his nest, where he did not fail to dream of Mrs. Dolly Cowslip; while Sir Launcelot passed the night awake, in ruminating on the strange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the sender was Mr. Sycamore, and hesitated, with himself, whether he should not punish him for his impertinence; but, when he reflected on the nature of the dispute, and the serious consequences it might produce, he resolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit founded upon absurdity. Even in his maddest hours, he never adopted those maxims of knight-errantry which related to challenges. He always perceived the folly and wickedness of defying a man to mortal fight because he did not like the colour of his beard, or the complexion of his mistress; or of deciding, by homicide, whether he or his rival deserved the preference, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which should be the happy lover. It was his opinion that chivalry was a useful institution while confined to its original purposes of protecting the innocent, assisting the friendless, and bringing the guilty to condign punishment; but he could not conceive how these laws should be answered by violating every suggestion of reason, and every precept of humanity.

Captain Crowe did not examine the matter so philosophically. He took it for granted, that in the morning the two knights would come to action, and slept sound on that supposition. But, he rose before it was day, resolved to be somehow concerned in the fray; and understanding that the stranger had a companion, set him down immediately for his own antagonist. So impatient was he to establish this secondary contest, that by daybreak he entered the chamber of Dawdle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and roused him with a halloo that might have been heard at the distance of half a league. Dawdle, started by this terrific sound, sprung out of bed, and stood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been so dreadfully alarmed. But, when he beheld the head of Crowe so swelled and swathed, so livid, hideous, and grisly, with a broadsword by his side, and a case of pistols in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of some murdered man; his hair bristled up, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked; he would have prayed, but his tongue denied its office. Crowe, seeing his perturbation,—“Mayhap, friend,” said he, “you take me for a buccaneer; but I am no such person.—My name is Captain Crowe—I come not for your silver nor your gold, your rigging nor

your stowage ; but hearing as how your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launcelot Greaves to action, d'ye see ! I desire, in the way of friendship, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as their seconds, may lie board and board for a few glasses, to divert one another, d'ye see !" Dawdle, hearing this request, began to retrieve his faculties ; and throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet when the ghost appears, exclaimed, in theatrical accent—

“ Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Art thou a spirit of grace, or goblin damn'd ? ”

As he seemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain began to think that he really saw something preternatural, and stared wildly around. Then, addressing himself to the terrified Dawdle, “ Damn'd ! ” said he, “ for what should I be damn'd ? If you are afraid of goblins, brother, put your trust in the Lord, and he'll prove a sheet-anchor to you.” The other, having by this time recollected himself perfectly, continued, notwithstanding, to spout tragedy ; and, in the words of Macbeth, pronounced—

“ What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.”——

“ 'Ware names, Jack ! ” cried the impatient mariner ; “ if so be as how you'll bear a hand and rig yourself, and take a short trip with me into the offing, we'll overhaul this here affair in the turning of a capstan.”

At this juncture they were joined by Mr. Sycamore, in his nightgown and slippers. Disturbed by Crowe's first salute, he had sprung up, and now expressed no small astonishment at first sight of the novice's countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle—“ Who have we got here ? ” said he ; “ Rawhead and Bloodybones ? ” When his friend, slipping on his clothes, gave him to understand that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errand, he treated him with more civility. He assured him that he should have the pleasure to break a spear with Mr. Dawdle, and signified his surprise that Sir Launcelot had made no answer to his letter. It being, by this time, clear daylight, and Crowe extremely interested in this affair, he broke, without ceremony, into the knight's chamber, and told him, abruptly, that the enemy had brought-to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action. “ I've hailed his consort,” said he, “ a shambling chattering fellow : he took me first for a hobgoblin ; then called me names, a tiger, wrynose-o'ross, and a Persian bear ; but egad, if I come athwart him, I'll make him look like the bear and ragged staff before we part—I wool ! ”

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain ex-

pected to find in our adventurer; who told him, in a peremptory tone, that he had no design to come to action, and desired to be left to his repose. Crowe forthwith retired, crestfallen, and muttered something which was never distinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr. Dawdle brought him a formal message from the knight of the Griffin, desiring he would appoint the lists, and give security of the field. To which request, he made answer, in a very composed and solemn accent, "If the person who sent you, thinks I have injured him, let him, without disguise, or any such ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong, and then I shall give such satisfaction as may suit my conscience and my character. If he hath bestowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me as a favoured rival, I shall not wrong the lady so much as to take any step that may prejudice her choice, especially a step that contradicts my own reason as much as it would outrage the laws of my country. If he, who calls himself knight of the Griffin, is really desirous of treading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of signaling his valour in the cause of virtue. Should he, notwithstanding this declaration, offer violence to me in the course of my occasions, he will always find me in a posture of defence; or, should he persist in repeating his importunities, I shall, without ceremony, chastise the messenger." His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr. Sycamore, who now became more insolent and ferocious, on the supposition of our knight's timidity. Sir Launcelot, meanwhile, went to breakfast with his friends; and having put on his armour, ordered the horses to be brought forth. Then he paid the bill; and, walking deliberately to the gate, in presence of squire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted, at one spring, into the saddle of Bronzomarte, whose neighing and curveting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accomplished master.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to insult his rival personally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack some jokes on the figure and horsemanship of Crowe, who again declared he should be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage: nor did Mr. Clarke's black patch and rueful countenance pass unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Crabshaw, he beheld his brother squire with the contempt of a veteran, and Gilbert paid him his compliments with his heels at parting: but, when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr. Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to sound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagonist.

Perhaps he would have contented himself with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle further inflamed his envy and ambition by launching out in praise of Sir Launcelot. He observed that his countenance was open and manly; his joints strong knit, and his form unexceptionable; that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the saddle like a winged Mercury: nay, he even hinted, it was lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Crescent happened to be so pacifically disposed. His patron sickened at these praises, and took fire at the last observation. He affected to undervalue personal beauty,

though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himself in that particular: he said he was at least two inches taller than Greaves; and as to shape and air, he would make no comparisons; but, with respect to riding, he was sure he had a better seat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager five hundred to fifty guineas that he would unhorse him at the first encounter. "There is no occasion for laying wagers," replied Mr. Dawdle; "the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop." Sycamore, after some hesitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe, and this condition was accepted; for, though Davy had no stomach to the trial, he could not readily find an excuse for declining it; besides, he had discovered the captain to be a very bad horseman, and resolved to eke out his own scanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The servants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour; and, in a little time, Mr. Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But, the scene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter; and therefore we shall reserve it for a more conspicuous place in these memoirs.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing the achievements of the knights of the Griffin and Rescuer.

MR. SYCAMORE (alias the knight of the Griffin, so denominated from a griffin painted on his shield), being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain implement, which he flattered himself would ensure a victory over the novice Crowe, they set out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope, and pranced along the highway that led towards London, that being the road which our adventurer pursued. As they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they, in less than two hours, came up with Sir Launcelot and his company; and Sycamore sent another formal defiance to the knight by his trumpeter; Dawdle having, for good reasons, declined that office.

Our adventurer, hearing himself thus addressed, and seeing his rival, who had passed him, posted to obstruct his progress, armed cap-à-pée, with his lance in the rest, determined to give the satisfaction that was required, and desired that the regulations of the combat might be established. The knight of the Griffin proposed, that the vanquished party should resign all pretensions to Miss Aurelia Darnel in favour of the victor; that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle should run a tilt with Captain Crowe; that Squire Crabshaw and Mr. Sycamore's servants should keep themselves in readiness to assist their respective masters occasionally, according to the law of arms; and that Mr. Clarke should observe the motions of the trumpeter, whose province was to sound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to these regulations, notwithstanding the earnest and pathetic remonstrances of the young lawyer, who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants, in their turns, to refrain from an action that

might be attended with bloodshed and murder, and was contrary to the laws both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and entreaties, by threatening them with prosecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next: they persisted in their resolution, and his uncle would have begun hostilities on his carcass, had he not been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who exhorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the consequences of the combat. He relished this advice so well, that he had actually moved off to some distance; but his apprehensions and concern for his friends co-operating with an insatiable curiosity, detained him in sight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the ground, and the same precautions being taken by the seconds on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with some scruples, which were probably engendered by the martial appearance and well-known character of his antagonist. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vanished, because it plainly appeared, that the knight's backwardness was not owing to personal timidity; and he foresaw that the prosecution of this joke might be attended with very serious consequences to his own life and reputation. He therefore desired a parley, in which he observed his affection for Miss Darnel was of such a delicate nature, that should the discomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory must render him the most miserable wretch upon earth. He proposed, therefore, that her sentiments and choice should be ascertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combatting Aurelia's inclination than of opposing the knight of the Griffin in arms; and that if he had the least reason to think Mr. Sycamore, or any other person, was distinguished by her preference, he would instantly give up his suit as desperate. At the same time, he observed, that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract; that he had insulted a gentleman; and not only challenged, but even pursued him, and blocked up his passage in the public highway; outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not suffer to pass unpunished. Accordingly he insisted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr. Sycamore as a craven and a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle; who told him, that should he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

These two observations gave a necessary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their stations: the trumpet sounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuosity. Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr. Sycamore's steed, or some other object had an unlucky effect on his eyesight, certain it is he started at about midway, and gave his rider such a violent shake, as discomposed his attitude, and disabled him from using his lance to the best advantage. Had our hero continued his career, with his lance couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcass; but Sir Launcelot, perceiving his rival's spear unrested, had just time to

throw up the point of his own, when the two horses closed with such a shock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the saddle, was overthrown, and his armour crashed around him as he fell.

The victor, seeing him lie without motion, alighted immediately, and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was assisted by the trumpeter. When the head-piece was removed, the hapless knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, though he was only in a swoon, from which he soon recovered by the effect of the fresh air, and the aspersion of cold water, brought from a small pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognised his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his person, he closed his eyes from vexation; told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, though he himself owed his mischance to the fault of his own horse; and observed, that this ridiculous affair would not have happened, but for the mischievous instigation of that scoundrel Dawdle, on whose ribs he threatened to revenge this mishap.

Perhaps Captain Crowe might have saved him the trouble, had the wag honourably adhered to the institutions of chivalry, in his conflict with our novice: but, on this occasion his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided, at the inn, a blown bladder, in which several smooth pebbles were enclosed; and this he sily fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the signal for battle. Instead of bearing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the straight line, so as to avoid the lance of his antagonist, and rattled his bladder with such effect, that Crowe's horse, pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled across some ploughed land with such precipitation that the rider was obliged to quit his spear, and lay fast hold on the mane, that he might not be thrown out of the saddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, seeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and belaboured his shoulders without fear of retaliation.

Mr. Clarke, seeing his kinsman so roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his assistance; but, before he came up, the aggressor had retired; and now, perceiving that fortune had declared against his friend and patron, very honourably abandoned him in his distress, and went off at full speed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabshaw without his share in the noble achievements of this propitious day. He had, by this time, imbibed such a tincture of errantry, that he firmly believed himself and his master equally invincible; and this belief operating upon a perverse disposition, rendered him as quarrelsome in his sphere as his master was mild and forbearing. As he sat on horseback, in the place assigned to him and Sycamore's lackey, he managed Gilbert in such a manner as to invade, with his heels, the posteriors of the other's horse; and this insult produced some altercation, which ended in mutual assault. The footman handled the butt-end of his horsewhip with great dexterity about the head of Crabshaw, who, declared, afterwards, that it sung and simmered like a kettle of cod-fish: but the squire, who understood the nature of long lashes, as having been a carter from his infancy,

found means to twine his thong about the neck of his antagonist, and pull him off his horse half strangled, at the very instant his master was thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not much regard the punctilios of chivalry; but, taking it for granted he had a right to make the most of his advantage, resolved to carry off the *spolia opima*. Alighting with great agility, "Brother," cried he, "I think as haw yawrs bean't a butcher's horse, a doan't carry calves well—I'se make yaw know your churning days, I wool!—what yaw look as if yaw was crow-troden, you do—now, you shall pay the score you have been running on my pate, you shall, brother."

So saying, he rifled his pockets, stripped him of his hat and coat, and took possession of his master's portmanteau. But he did not long enjoy his plunder; for the lackey complaining to Sir Launcelot of his having been despoiled, the knight commanded his squire to refund, not without menaces of subjecting him to the severest chastisement for his injustice and rapacity. Timothy represented, with great vehemence, that he had won the spoils in fair battle, at the expense of his head and shoulders, which he immediately uncovered, to prove his allegation: but his remonstrance having no effect upon his master, "Waunds!" cried he, "an I mun gee thee back the pig, I'se gee thee back the poke also; I'm a drubbing still in thy debt."

With these words he made a most furious attack upon the plaintiff with his horsewhip; and, before the knight could interpose, repaid the lackey with interest. As an appurtenance, to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the risk of another assault from the novice Crowe, who was so transported with rage at the disagreeable trick which had been played upon him by his fugitive antagonist, that he could not, for some time, pronounce an articulate sound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be ascertained. Snatching up his pole, he ran towards the place where Mr. Sycamore sat on the grass, supported by the trumpeter; and would have finished what our adventurer had left undone, if the knight of the Crescent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at the knight of the Griffin, and signified his displeasure in a resolute tone: then he collated the lackey, who was just disengaged from the chastising hand of Crabshaw; and swinging his lance with his other hand, encountered the squire's ribs by accident.

Timothy was not slow in returning the salutation with the weapon which he still wielded; Mr. Clarke, running up to the assistance of his uncle, was opposed by the lackey, who seemed extremely desirous of seeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hostilities against the footman, while Crowe grappled with Crabshaw; a battle-royal ensued, and was maintained with great vigour, and some bloodshed on all sides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by some weighty remonstrances, applied to the squire, put an end to the conflict. Crabshaw immediately desisted, and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who seemed to sympathise very little

with his distress. The lackey took to his heels; Mr. Clarke wiped his bloody nose, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggressor in the crown-office; and Captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, seemed to imply that he was almost sick of his new profession. "D—n my eyes, if you call this—start my timbers, brother—look ye, d'ye see—a lousy, lubberly, cowardly son of a—among the breakers, d'ye see—lost my steerage way—split my binnacle; hawl away—O! damn all arrantry—give me a tight vessel, d'ye see, brother—mayhap you mayn't—snatch my—sea-room and a spanking gale—odds heart! I'll hold a whole year's—smite my limbs; it don't signify talking."

Our hero consoled the novice for his disaster, by observing, that if he had got some blows, he had lost no honour. At the same time he observed, that it was very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to succeed in the paths of chivalry who had passed the better part of his days in other occupations; and hinted, that as the cause which had engaged him in this way of life no longer existed, he was determined to relinquish a profession, which, in a peculiar manner, exposed him to the most disagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this insinuation, while the other personages of the drama were employed in catching the horses, which had given their riders the slip. As for Mr. Sycamore, he was so bruised by his fall, that it was necessary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town; and the servant was despatched for this convenience, Sir Launcelot staying with him until it arrived.

When he was safely deposited in the carriage, our hero took leave of him in these terms: "I shall not insist upon your submitting to the terms you yourself proposed before this rencounter. I give you free leave to use all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your suit with the young lady of whom you profess yourself enamoured. Should you have recourse to sinister practices, you will find Sir Lanacelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct, not in the character of a lunatic knight-errant, but as a plain English gentleman jealous of his honour and resolute in his purpose."

To this address Mr. Sycamore made no reply; but, with a sullen aspect, ordered the carriage to proceed; and it moved accordingly, to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction.

Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding-coat, hat, and boots; and Crowe, parting with his skull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained, in some respects, the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphosed, they pursued their way at an easy pace; Mr. Clarke endeavouring to amuse them with a learned dissertation on the law, tending to demonstrate that Mr. Sycamore was by his behaviour of that day, liable to three different actions, besides a commission of lunacy; and that Dawdle might be prosecuted for having practised subtle craft to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for assault and battery; "Because, for why? The said Crowe having run away, as might be easily proved, before any blows were given, the said Dawdle, by pursuing him even to the

high road, putting him in fear, and committing battery on his body, became, to all intents and purposes, the aggressor; and an indictment would lie in *Bence Regis*."

The captain's pride was so shocked at these observations, that he exclaimed with equal rage and impatience, "You lie, you dog, in *Bilkum Regis*—you lie, I say, you lubber, I did not run away; nor was I in fear, d'ye see. It was my son of a bitch of a horse that would not obey the helm, d'ye see, whereby I couldn't use my metal, d'ye see.—As for the matter of fear, you and fear may kiss my—so don't go and heave your stink-pots at my character, d'ye see! or—agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a—I wool." Tom protested he meant nothing but a little speculation, and Crowe was appeased.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden, without any further adventure, and passed the night in great tranquillity.

Next morning, even after the horses were ordered to be saddled, Mr. Clarke, without ceremony, entered the apartment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs. Dolly Cowslip. This young woman, advancing to the knight, cried, "O, Sir Launcelot! my dear leady, my dear leady!"—but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears, which the tender-hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful shower of sympathy.

Our adventurer, starting at this exclamation, "O Heavens!" cried he, "where is my Aurelia? Speak! where did you leave that jewel of my soul? Answer me in a moment—I am all terror and impatience!"

Dolly, having recollected herself, told him that Mr. Darnel had lodged his niece in the New Buildings by May Fair; that on the second night after their arrival, a very warm expostulation had passed between Aurelia and her uncle, who, next morning, dismissed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her mistress; and that same day moved to another part of the town, as she afterwards learned of the landlady, though she could not inform her whither they were gone. That when she was turned away, John Clump, one of the footmen, who pretended to have a kindness for her, had faithfully promised to call upon her, and let her know what passed in the family; but, as he did not keep his word, and she was an utter stranger in London, without friends or settlement, she had resolved to return to her mother, and travelled so far on foot since yesterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the most dismal tidings from her lamentable preamble, was pleased to find his presaging fears disappointed; though he was far from being satisfied with the dismissal of Dolly, from whose attachment to his interest, joined to her influence over Mr. Clump, he had hoped to reap such intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his desires. After a minute's reflection, he saw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs. Cowslip, and lodge her at the place where Mr. Clump had promised to visit her with intelligence; for, in all probability, it was not for want of inclination that he had not kept his promise.

Dolly did not express any aversion to the scheme of returning to London, where she hoped, once more, to rejoin her dear lady, to whom, by this time, she was attached by the strongest ties of affection; and her inclination in this respect was assisted by the consideration of having the company of the young lawyer, who, it plainly appeared, had made strange havoc in her heart, though it must be owned, for the honour of this blooming damsel, that her thoughts had never once deviated from the paths of innocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot surveyed this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himself disposed to take care of her fortune; and, from this day, he began to ruminate on a scheme which was afterwards consummated in her favour.—In the mean time, he laid injunctions on Mr. Clarke to conduct his addresses to Mrs. Cowalip according to the rules of honour and decorum, as he valued his countenance and friendship. His next step was to procure a saddle-horse for Dolly, who preferred this to any other sort of carriage, and thereby gratified the wish of her admirer, who longed to see her on horseback in her green joseph.

The armour, including the accoutrements of the novice and the squire, were left in the care of the innkeeper; and Timothy Crabshaw was so metamorphosed by a plain livery-frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty recognised his person. As for the novice Crowe, his head had almost resumed its natural dimensions; but then, his whole face was so covered with a livid suffusion, his nose appeared so flat, and his lips so tumefied, that he might very well have passed for a Caffre or Ethiopian. Every circumstance being now adjusted, they departed from Bugden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield, and, in the evening, arrived at the Bull-and-Gate inn in Holborn, where they established their quarters for the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our hero descends into the mansions of the damned.

THE first step which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that succeeded his arrival in London, was to settle Mrs. Dolly Cowalip in lodgings, at the house where John Clump had promised to visit her, as he did not doubt, that though the visit was delayed, it would some time or other be performed, and in that case he might obtain some intelligence of Aurelia. Mr. Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the same house, on his earnestly desiring he might be intrusted with the office of conveying information and instruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himself resolved to live retired until he should receive some tidings relating to Miss Darnel that would influence his conduct; but he proposed to frequent places of public resort *incognito*, that he might have some chance of meeting, by accident, with the mistress of his heart.

Taking it for granted that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuse him in his hours of solitude and disappointment, he invited that original

to be his guest, at a small house which he determined to hire, ready-furnished, in the neighbourhood of Golden-square. The captain thanked him for his courtesy, and frankly embraced his offer, though he did not much approve of the knight's choice in point of situation. He said he would recommend him to a special good upper-deck, hard by St. Catherine's in Wapping, where he would be delighted with the prospect of the street forwards, well frequented by passengers, carts, drays, and other carriages; and having, backwards, an agreeable view of Alderman Parson's great brewhouse, with two hundred hogs feeding almost under the window. As a further inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of salutation; nor did he forget the sweet sound of mooring and unmooring ships in the river, and the pleasing objects on the other side of the Thames, displayed in the oaty docks and cabbage-gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not insensible to the beauties of this landscape; but his pursuit lying another way, he contented himself with a less enchanting situation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendship.

At night, Mr. Clarke arrived at our hero's house with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her that his master, squire Darnel, was to set out early in the morning for Yorkshire; but he could give no account of her lady, who had, the day before, been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney-coach, attended by her uncle and an ill-looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey; so that he feared she was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehension was even roused by a suspicion that a man of Darnel's violent temper and unprincipled heart might have practised upon the life of his lovely niece; but, upon recollection, he could not suppose that he had recourse to such infamous expedients, knowing, as he did, that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be easily proved he had conveyed her from the lodging in which she resided.

His first fears now gave way to another suggestion, that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with his proposals, had trumped up a spurious claim against her, and, by virtue of a writ, confined her in some prison or spunging-house. Possessed with this idea, he desired Mr. Clarke to search the sheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any such writ had been granted, and he himself resolved to make a tour of the great prisons belonging to the metropolis, to inquire if perchance she might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if possible, to apprise her of his place of abode by a paragraph in all the daily papers, signifying that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his house near Golden Square.

All these resolutions were punctually executed: no such writ had been taken out in the sheriff's office; and, therefore, our hero set out on his great expedition, accompanied by Mr. Clarke, who had contracted some acquaintance with the commanding officers in these garrisons, in the course of his

clerkship and practice as an attorney. The first day they spent in prosecuting their inquiry through the Gate House, Fleet, and Marshalsea. The next, they allotted to the King's Bench, where they understood there was a great variety of prisoners. There they proposed to make a minute scrutiny, by the help of Mr. Norton, the deputy-marshal, who was Mr. Clarke's intimate friend, and had nothing at all of the gaoler either in his appearance or in his disposition, which was remarkably humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures.

The knight having bespoken dinner at a tavern in the Borough, was, together with Captain Crowe, conducted to the prison of the King's Bench, which is situated in St.-George's Fields, about a mile from the end of Westminster-bridge; and appears like a neat, little, regular town, consisting of one street, surrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground, which may be termed a garden, where the prisoners take the air, and amuse themselves with a variety of diversions. Except the entrance where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a gaol, or bears the least colour of restraint. The street is crowded with passengers. Tradesmen of all kinds here exercise their different professions. Hawkers of all sorts are admitted to call and vend their wares, as in any open street of London. Here are butchers' stands, chandlers' shops, a surgery, a tap-house well frequented, and a public kitchen, in which provisions are dressed for all the prisoners *gratis*, at the expense of the publican. Here the voice of misery never complains, and, indeed, little else is to be heard but the sounds of mirth and jollity. At the further end of the street, on the right hand, is a little paved court, leading to a separate building, consisting of twelve large apartments, called state-rooms, well furnished and fitted up for the reception of the better sort of crown prisoners; and, on the other side of the street, facing a separate division of the ground called the common side, is a range of rooms occupied by prisoners of the lowest order, who share the profits of a begging-box, and are maintained by this practice, and some established funds of charity. We ought also to observe, that the gaol is provided with a neat chapel, in which a clergyman, in consideration of a certain salary, performs divine service every Sunday.

Our adventurer having searched the books, and perused the description of all the female prisoners who had been, for some weeks, admitted into the gaol, obtained not the least intelligence of his concealed charmer, but resolved to alleviate his disappointment by the gratification of his curiosity.

Under the auspices of Mr. Norton, he made a tour of the prison, and in particular visited the kitchen, where he saw a number of spits loaded with a variety of provision, consisting of butcher's meat, poultry, and game. He could not help expressing his astonishment with uplifted hands, and congratulating himself, in secret, upon his being a member of that community which had provided such a comfortable asylum for the unfortunate. His ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noise in the street; and Mr. Norton, declaring he was sent for to the lodge, consigned our hero to the care of one Mr. Felton, a prisoner of a very decent appearance, who paid

his compliments with a good grace, and invited the company to repose themselves in his apartment, which was large, commodious, and well furnished. When Sir Launcelot asked the cause of that uproar, he told him that it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two of the prisoners, to be decided in the ground or garden of the place.

Captain Crowe expressing an eager curiosity to see the battle, Mr. Felton assured him there would be no sport, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghills. "But in half an hour," said he, "there will be a battle of some consequence between two of the demagogues of the place, Dr. Crabclaw and Mr. Tapley; the first a physician, and the other a brewer. You must know, gentlemen, that this microcosm, or republic in miniature, is, like the great world, split into factions. Crabclaw is the leader of one party, and the other is headed by Tapley; both are men of warm and impetuous temper, and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, insomuch that it was dangerous to walk the street on account of the continual skirmishes of their partisans. At length some of the more sedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon some remedy for these growing disorders, proposed that the dispute should be at once decided by single combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the proposal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas; and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which considerable sums of money are depending. As for Mr. Norton, it is not proper that he should be present, or seem to countenance such violent proceedings, which, however, it is necessary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of those humours, which being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury, in conspiracy and rebellion."

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means such a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependants, to above five hundred, were restrained within the bounds of any tolerable discipline, or prevented from making their escape, which they might, at any time, accomplish, either by stealth or open violence, as it could not be supposed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and shutting the door, could resist the efforts of a whole multitude.

"Your wonder, good sir," said Mr. Felton, "will vanish, when you consider it is hardly possible that the multitude should co-operate in the execution of such a scheme; and that the keeper perfectly understands the maxim, *divide et impera*. Many prisoners are restrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy-marshal, whose friendship and good offices they have experienced; some, no doubt, are actuated by motives of discretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other; and I am firmly persuaded that there are not ten prisoners within the place that would make their escape if the doors were laid open. This is a step which no man would take unless his fortune was altogether desperate, because it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expose him to the most imminent risk of being retaken, and treated with the utmost severity. The majority of the prisoners live in the most lively hope of being released by

the assistance of their friends, the compassion of their creditors, or the favour of the legislature. Some, who are cut off from all these proposals, are become naturalized to the place, knowing they cannot subsist in any other situation. I myself am one of these. After having resigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained there nine years in prison because one person refuses to sign my certificate. I have long outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the least countenance or favour: I am grown old in confinement, and lay my account with ending my days in gaol, as the mercy of the legislature in favour of insolvent debtors is never extended to uncertified bankrupts, taken in execution. By dint of industry, and the most rigid economy, I make shift to live independent in this retreat. To this scene my faculty of subsisting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to escape, where should I go? All my views of fortune have been long blasted. I have no friends nor connexions in the world. I must, therefore, starve in some sequestered corner, or be recaptured, and confined for ever to close prison, deprived of the indulgences which I now enjoy."

Here the conversation was broke off by another uproar, which was the signal to battle between the doctor and his antagonist. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undressed, and the stakes deposited. The doctor seemed of the middle age and middle stature, active and alert, with an strabilarious aspect, and a mixture of rage and disdain expressed in his countenance. The brewer was large, raw-boned, and round as a butt of beer; but very fat, unwieldy, short-winded, and phlegmatic. Our adventurer was not a little surprised when he beheld, in the character of seconds, a male and a female stripped naked from the waist upwards, the latter ranging on the side of the physician; but the commencement of the battle prevented his demanding, of his guide, an explanation of this phenomenon. The doctor, retiring some paces backwards, threw himself into the attitude of a battering-ram, and rushed upon his antagonist with great impetuosity, foreseeing that, should he have the good fortune to overturn him in the first assault, it would not be an easy task to raise him up again, and put him in a capacity of offence. But, the momentum of Crabclaw's head, and the concomitant efforts of his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapley, who stood as firm as the Acroceraunian promontory; and stepping forward with his projected fist, something smaller and softer than a sledge-hammer, struck the physician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the assistance of his female second, he was on his legs again; and, grappling with his antagonist, endeavoured to tip him the fall; but, instead of accomplishing his purpose, he received a cross-buttock, and the brewer, throwing himself upon him as he fell, had well-nigh smothered him on the spot. The Amazon flew to his assistance; and Tapley shewing no inclination to get up, she smote him on the temple till he roared. The male second, hastening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately surrounded with black circles; and she

returned the salute with a blow which brought a double stream of blood from his nostrils, greeting him, at the same time, with the opprobrious appellation of a leasy son of a b—h. A combat more furious than the first would have ensued, had not Felton interposed, with an air of authority, and insisted on the man's leaving the field; an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, saying, "Well, damme, Felton, you're my friend and commander; I'll obey your order—but the b—h will be foul of me before we sleep—" Then Felton advancing to his opponent, "Madam," said he, "I'm very sorry to see a lady of your rank and qualifications, expose yourself in this manner—for God's sake, behave with a little more decorum, if not for the sake of your own family, at least for the credit of your sex in general."—"Hark ye, Felton," said she, "decorum is founded upon a delicacy of sentiment and deportment which cannot consist with the disgraces of a gaol and the miseries of indigence.—But I see the dispute is now terminated, and the money is to be drunk; if you'll dine with us, you shall be welcome; if not, you may die in your sobriety, and be damned."

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man; yet, he would not honour the festival with his presence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr. Felton's apartment, where he sat some time without opening his mouth, so astonished he was at what he had seen and heard.

"I perceive, sir," said the prisoner, "you are surprised at the manner in which I accosted that unhappy woman; and perhaps you will be more surprised when you hear that, within these eighteen months, she was actually a person of fashion, and her opponent (who by-the-bye is her husband) universally respected as a man of honour and a brave officer."—"I am, indeed," cried our hero, "overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as stimulated by an eager curiosity to know the fatal causes which have produced such a deplorable reverse of character and fortune. But I will restrain my curiosity till the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have hespoke dinner; a favour which I hope Mr. Norton will have no objection to your granting, as he himself is to be of the party." The prisoner thanked him for his kind invitation; and they adjourned, immediately, to the place, taking up the deputy-marshal in their passage, through the lodge or entrance of the prison.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing further anecdotes relating to the children of wretchedness.

DINNER being cheerfully discussed, and our adventurer expressing an eager desire to know the history of the male and female who had acted as squires or seconds to the champions of the King's Bench, Felton gratified his curiosity to this effect:—

"All that I know of Captain Clewline, previous to his commitment, is, that he was commander of a ship of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant officer; that he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London, against the inclination, and without the knowledge of her father, who renounced her for this act of disobedience; that the captain consoled himself for the rigour of the parent with the possession of this lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in person, but highly accomplished in her mind, and amiable in her disposition. Such, a few months ago, were those three persons whom you saw acting in such a vulgar capacity. When they first entered the prison, they were undoubtedly the handsomest couple mine eyes ever beheld; and their appearance won universal respect, even from the most brutal inhabitants of the gaol.

"The captain having unwarily involved himself as a security for a man to whom he had lain under obligations, became liable for a considerable sum; and his own father-in-law, being the sole creditor of the bankrupt, took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him for having espoused his daughter. He watched an opportunity until the captain had actually stepped into the post-chaise with his lady for Portsmouth, where his ship lay, and caused him to be arrested in the most public and shameful manner. Mrs. Clewline had like to have sunk under the first transports of her grief and mortification; but these subsiding, she had recourse to personal solicitation. She went with her only child in her arms (a lovely boy) to her father's door; and, being denied admittance, kneeled down in the street, imploring his compassion in the most pathetic strain; but this hard-hearted citizen, instead of recognizing his child, and taking the poor mourner to his bosom, insulted her from the window with the most bitter reproach, saying, among other shocking expressions, "Strumpet, take yourself away with your brat, otherwise I shall send for the beadle, and have you to Bridewell!"

"The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart by this usage, and fainted in the street, from whence she was conveyed to a public-house, by the charity of some passengers. She afterwards attempted to soften the barbarity of her father by repeated letters, and by interesting some of his friends to intercede with him in her behalf; but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, she accompanied her husband to the prison of the King's Bench, where she must have felt, in the severest manner, the fatal reverse of circumstance to which she was exposed.

"The captain, being disabled from going to sea, was superseded; and he saw all his hopes blasted in the midst of an active war, at a time when he had the fairest prospects of fame and fortune. He saw himself reduced to extreme poverty, cooped up, with the tender partner of his heart, in a wretched hovel, amidst the refuse of mankind, and on the brink of wanting the common necessities of life. The mind of a man is ever ingenious in finding resources. He comforted his lady with vain hopes of having friends who would effect his deliverance; and repeated assurances of this kind so long, that she at length began to think they were not altogether void of foundation.

"Mrs. Clewline, from a principle of duty, resolutely all her fortitude, that she might not only bear her fate with patience, but even contribute to alleviate the woes of her husband, whom her affection had ruined. She affected to believe the suggestions of his pretended hope; she interchanged with him assurances of better fortune; her appearance exhibited a calm, while her heart was torn with anguish. She assisted him in writing letters to former friends, the last consolation of the wretched prisoner; she delivered these letters with her own hand, and underwent a thousand mortifying repulses, the most shocking circumstances of which she concealed from her husband. She performed all the menial offices in her own little family, which was maintained by pawning her apparel; and both the husband and wife in some measure sweetened their cares, by prattling and toying with their charming little boy, on whom they doted with an enthusiasm of fondness. Yet, even this pleasure was mingled with the most tender and melancholy regret. I have seen the mother hang over him with the most affecting expression of this kind in her aspect, the tears contending with the smiles upon her countenance, while she exclaimed: 'Alas, my poor prisoner! little did your mother once think she should be obliged to nurse you in a gaol.' The captain's paternal love was dashed with impatience: he would snatch up the boy in a transport of grief, press him to his breast, devour him as it were with kisses, throw up his eyes to Heaven in the most emphatic silence; then, convey the child hastily to his mother's arms, pull his hat over his eyes, stalk out into the common walk; and, finding himself alone, break out into tears and lamentation.

"Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what further grief awaited them! The small-pox broke out in the prison, and poor Tommy Clewline was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable, you may conceive the consternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their distress was rendered inconceivable by indigence; for, by this time, they were so destitute, that they could neither pay for common attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did, on that occasion, what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures. I wrote to a physician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to visit the poor little patient: I engaged a careful woman-prisoner as a nurse, and Mr. Norton supplied them with money and necessaries. These helps were barely sufficient to preserve them from the horrors of despair, when they saw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathsome, pestilential malady, during the excessive heat of the dog-days, and struggling for breath in the noxious atmosphere of a confined cabin, where they scarce had room to turn on the most necessary occasions. The eager curiosity with which the mother eyed the doctor's looks as often as he visited the boy; the terror and trepidation of the father, while he desired to know his opinion; in a word, the whole tenor of their distress, baffled all description.

"At length the physician, for the sake of his own character, was obliged to be explicit; and, returning with the captain to the common walk, told him in my hearing, that the child could not possibly recover. This sentence

seemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who stood motionless, and seemingly bereft of sense. I led him to my apartment, where he sat a full hour in that state of stupefaction: then, he began to groan hideously; a shower of tears burst from his eyes; he threw himself on the floor, and uttered the most piteous lamentation that ever was heard. Meanwhile, Mrs. Norton, being made acquainted with the doctor's prognostic, visited Mrs. Clewline, and invited her to the lodge. Her prophetic fears immediately took the alarm. 'What!' cried she, starting up, with a frantic wildness in her looks, 'then our case is desperate—I shall lose my dear Tommy!—The poor prisoner will be released by the hand of Heaven!—Death will convey him to the cold grave!' The dying innocent, hearing this exclamation, pronounced these words: 'Tommy won't leave you, my dear mamma—If death comes to take Tommy, papa shall drive him away with his sword!' This address deprived the wretched mother of all resignation to the will of Providence; she tore her hair, dashed herself on the pavement, shrieked aloud, and was carried off in a deplorable state of distraction.

"That same evening the lovely babe expired, and the father grew frantic. He made an attempt on his own life; and being with great difficulty restrained, his agitation sunk into a kind of sullen insensibility, which seemed to absorb all sentiment, and gradually vulgarized his faculty of thinking. In order to dissipate the violence of his sorrow, he continually shifted the scene from one company to another, contracted abundance of low connexions, and drowned his cares in repeated intoxication. The unhappy lady underwent a long series of hysterical fits, and other complaints, which seemed to have a fatal effect on her brain as well as constitution. Cordials were administered to keep up her spirits; and she found it necessary to protract the use of them, to blunt the edge of grief by overwhelming reflection, and remove the sense of uneasiness, arising from a disorder in her stomach. In a word, she became an habitual dram-drinker; and this practice exposed her to such communication, as debauched her reason, and perverted her sense of decorum and propriety. She and her husband gave a loose to vulgar excess, in which they were enabled to indulge, by the charity and interest of some friends, who obtained half-pay for the captain.

"They are now metamorphosed into the shocking creatures you have seen; he into a riotous plebeian, and she into a ragged trull. They are both drunk every day, quarrel and fight with one another, and often insult their fellow-prisoners. Yet, they are not wholly abandoned by virtue and humanity. The captain is scrupulously honest in all his dealings, and pays off his debts punctually every quarter, as soon as he receives his half pay. Every prisoner in distress is welcome to share his money while it lasts; and his wife never fails, while it is in her power, to relieve the wretched; so that their generosity, even in this miserable disguise, is universally respected by their neighbours. Sometimes the recollection of their former rank comes over them like a qualm, which they dispel with brandy, and then, humorously rally one another on their mutual degeneracy. She often stops me in the walk; and, pointing to the captain, says, 'My husband, though

he is become a blackguard gaol-bird, must be allowed to be a handsome fellow still.' On the other hand, he will frequently desire me take notice of his rib, as she chances to pass.—'Mind that draggle-tailed, drunken drab,' he will say, 'What an antidote it is!—yet, for all that, Felton, she was a fine woman when I married her.—Poor Bess! I have been the ruin of her, that is certain; and deserve to be damned for bringing her to this pass!'

"Thus they accommodate themselves to each other's infirmities, and pass their time, not without some taste of plebeian enjoyment—but, name their child, they never fail to burst into tears, and still feel a return of the most poignant sorrow."

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear this story unmoved. Tom Clarke's cheeks were bedewed with the drops of sympathy; while, with much sobbing, he declared his opinion, that an action would lie against the lady's father.

Captain Crowe having listened to the story with uncommon attention, expressed his concern that an honest seaman should be so taken in stays; but he imputed all his calamities to his wife: "For why?" said he, "a seafaring man may have a sweetheart in every port; but he should steer clear of a wife, as he would avoid a quicksand.—You see, brother, how this here Clewline lags a-stern in the wake of a sniveling b—; otherwise, he would never make a weft in his ensign for the loss of a child—Odds heart! he could have done no more if he had sprung a topmast, or started a timber."

The knight declaring that he would take another view of the prison in the afternoon, Mr. Felton insisted upon his doing him the honour to drink a dish of tea in his apartment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation. Thither they accordingly repaired, after having made another circuit of the gaol; and the tea-things were produced by Mrs. Felton, when she was summoned to the door, and, in a few minutes, returning, communicated something in a whisper to her husband. He changed colour, and repaired to the staircase, where he was heard to talk aloud in an angry tone.

When he came back, he told the company he had been teased by a very importunate beggar. Addressing himself to our adventurer, "You took notice," says he, "of a fine lady flaunting about our walk in all the frippery of fashion.—She was lately a gay young widow, that made a great figure at the court end of the town; she distinguished herself by her splendid equipage, her rich liveries, her brilliant assemblies, her numerous routs, and her elegant taste in dress and furniture. She is nearly related to some of the best families in England; and, it must be owned, mistress of many fine accomplishments. But, being deficient in true delicacy, she endeavoured to hide that defect by affectation. She pretended to a thousand antipathies which did not belong to her nature. A breast of veal threw her into mortal agonies. If she saw a spider, she screamed; and, at the sight of a mouse, she fainted away.' She could not, without horror, behold an entire joint of meat; and nothing but fricassees and other made-dishes, were seen upon her table. She caused all her floors to be lined with green baize, that she might trip along them with more ease and pleasure. Her footmen wore

clogs, which were deposited in the hall; and both they and her chairmen were laid under the strongest injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds *per annum*, and she made shift to spend four times that sum. At length it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value; but, far from retrenching, she seemed to increase in extravagance, until her effects were taken in execution, and her person here deposited in safe custody.

"When one considers the abrupt transition she underwent, from her spacious apartments to a hovel scarce eight feet square; from sumptuous furniture to bare benches; from magnificence to meanness; from affluence to extreme poverty; one would imagine she must have been totally overwhelmed by such a sudden gush of misery. But this was not the case: she has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She forthwith accommodated herself to the exigency of her fortune; yet, she still affects to keep state amidst the miseries of a gaol, and this affectation is truly ridiculous. She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon. She maintains a female attendant, for the sole purpose of dressing her person. Her cabin is the least cleanly in the whole prison. She has learned to eat bread and cheese, and drink porter; but she always appears once a day dressed in the pink of fashion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's shop, the baker's, and the tap-house, though there is nothing got in this place but with ready-money. She has even borrowed small sums from divers prisoners, who were themselves on the brink of starving. She takes pleasure in being surrounded with duns; observing, that by such people a person of fashion is to be distinguished. She writes circular letters to her former friends and acquaintance; and by this method has raised pretty considerable contributions, for she writes in a most elegant and irresistible style. About a fortnight ago she received a supply of twenty guineas; when, instead of paying her little gaol-debts, or withdrawing any part of her apparel from pawn, she laid out the whole sum in a fashionable suit and laces; and, next day, borrowed of me a shilling to purchase a neck of mutton for her dinner.—She seems to think her rank in life entitles her to this kind of assistance. She talks very pompously of her family and connexions, by whom, however, she has been long renounced. She has no sympathy nor compassion for the distresses of her fellow-creatures; but she is perfectly well-bred: she bears a repulse the best of any woman I ever knew; and her temper has never been once ruffled since her arrival at the King's Bench.—She now entreated me to lend her half-a-guinea, for which, she said, she had the most pressing occasion, and promised, upon her honour, it should be repaid to-morrow; but I lent a deaf ear to her request, and told her, in plain terms, that her honour was already bankrupt."

Sir Launcelot, thrusting his hand mechanically into his pocket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and desired Felton to accommodate her with that trifle in his own name; but he declined the proposal, and refused to touch the money. "God forbid," said he, "that I should attempt to thwart your charitable intention; but this, my good sir, is no object—she has

many resource. Neither should we number the clamorous beggar among those who really feel distress; he is generally gorged with bounty misapplied. The liberal hand of charity should be extended to modest want, that pines in silence, encountering cold, nakedness, and hunger, and every species of distress. Near you may find the wretch of keen sensations blasted by accident in the blossom of his fortune, shivering in the solitary room of indigence, disdaining to beg, and even ashamed to let his misery be known. Here you may see the parent, who has known happier times, surrounded by his tender offspring, naked and forlorn, demanding food which his circumstances cannot afford.

“That man of decent appearance and melancholy aspect, who lifted his hat as you passed him in the yard, is a person of unblemished character. He was a reputable tradesman in the city, and failed through inevitable losses. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against him by his sole creditor, a quaker, who refused to sign his certificate. He has lived these three years in prison, with a wife and five small children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten shillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give security for paying the remainder in three years, by instalments. The honest quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any dishonest practices; but, he rejected the proposal with the most mortifying indifference, declaring, that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his house, and kneeling before him with her five lovely children, implored mercy with tears and exclamations. He stood this scene unmoved, and even seemed to enjoy the prospect, wearing the looks of complacency while his heart was steeled with rancour. ‘Woman,’ said he, “these be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtered. ‘Go thy ways in peace; I have taken my resolution.’ Her friends maintained the family for some time. But it is not in human charity to persevere; some of them died; some of them grew unfortunate; some of them fell off; and now, the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence; from whence he has no prospect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have bestowed upon the lady would make this poor man and his family sing with joy.”

He had scarce pronounced these words, when our hero desired the man might be called; and, in a few minutes, he entered the apartment with a low obeisance. “Mr. Coleby,” said the knight, “I have heard how cruelly you have been used by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling present, if it can be of any service to you in your distress.” So saying, he put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was so confounded at such an unlooked-for acquisition, that he stood motionless and silent, unable to thank the donor; and Mr. Feiton conveyed him to the door, observing that his heart was too full for utterance. But, in a little time, his wife bursting into the room with her five children, looked around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed, “This is the angel sent by Providence to succour me and my poor innocents!” Then, falling at his feet, she pressed his hand, and bathed it with her tears: he

raised her up with that complacency which was natural to his disposition. He kissed all her children, who were remarkably handsome, and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, assured her she might always apply to him in her distress.

After her departure, he produced a bank-note of twenty pounds, and would have deposited it in the hands of Mr. Felton, to be distributed in charities among the objects of the place; but, he desired it might be left with Mr. Norton, who was the proper person for managing his benevolence, and he promised to assist the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

CHAPTER X.

In which Captain Crowe is sublimed into the regions of astrology.

THREE whole days had our adventurer prosecuted his inquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he sought in every place of public and of private entertainment or resort, without obtaining the least satisfactory intelligence; when he received, one evening, from the hands of a porter, who instantly vanished, the following billet:

"If you would learn the particulars of Miss Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling Hospital, precisely at seven o'clock this evening, when you shall be met by a person who will give you the satisfaction you desire, together with his reason for addressing you in this mysterious manner."

Had this intimation concerned any other subject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himself in what manner he should take a hint so darkly communicated: but his eagerness to retrieve the jewel he had lost, divested him of all his caution. The time of assignation was already at hand; and neither the captain nor his nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been disposed to make use of their attendance. He, therefore, after a moment's hesitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmost agitation and anxiety, lest the hour should be elapsed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of those defective spirits which cannot subsist for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could disburden his cares, his doubts, and his humours; an humble friend, who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate free of all reserve and restraint. Though he loved his nephew's person, and admired his parts, he considered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who presumed upon his superior understanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was something in his character that overawed the seaman, and kept him at a disagreeable distance. He had, in this dilemma, cast his eyes upon Timothy Crabshaw, and admitted him to a considerable share of familiarity and fellowship. These companions had been

employed in smoking a social pipe at an alehouse in the neighbourhood when the knight made his excursion; and, returning to the house about supper-time, found Mr. Clarke in waiting.

The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten without seeing our adventurer, who had been used to be extremely regular in his economy; and the captain and he supped in profound silence. Finding, upon inquiry among the servants, that the knight went out abruptly, in consequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be visited with the apprehension of a duel, and sat the best part of the night by his uncle, sweating with the expectation of seeing our hero brought home a breathless corpse, but, no tidings of him arriving, he, about two in the morning, repaired to his own lodgings, resolved to publish a description of Sir Launcelot in the newspapers if he should not appear next day.

Crowe did not pass the time without uneasiness. He was extremely concerned at the thought of some mischief having befallen his friend and patron; and he was terrified with the apprehensions, that in case Sir Launcelot was murdered, his spirit might come and give him notice of his fate. Now he had an insuperable aversion to all correspondence with the dead; and, taking it for granted that the spirit of his departed friend could not appear to him except when he should be alone, and a-bed in the dark, he determined to pass the remainder of the night without going to bed. For this purpose his first care was to visit the garret in which Timothy Crabshaw lay fast asleep, snoring with his mouth wide open. Him the captain with difficulty roused, by dint of promising to regale him with a bowl of rum punch in the kitchen, where the fire, which had been extinguished, was soon rekindled. The ingredients were fetched from a public-house in the neighbourhood; for the captain was too proud to use his interest in the knight's family, especially at these hours, when all the rest of the servants had retired to their repose; and he and Timothy drank together until day-break, the conversation turning upon hobgoblins and God's revenge against murder.

The cook-maid lay in a little apartment contiguous to the kitchen; and, whether disturbed by these horrible tales of apparitions, or titilated by the savoury steams that issued from the punch-bowl, she made a virtue of necessity, or appetite; and dressing herself in the dark, suddenly appeared before them, to the no small perturbation of both. Timothy, in particular, was so startled, that, in his endeavours to make a hasty retreat towards the chimney-corner, he overturned the table; the liquor was spilt, but the bowl was saved by falling on a heap of ashes. Mrs. Cook having reprimanded him for his foolish fear, declared she had got up betimes in order to scour her saucepans; and the captain proposed to have the bowl replenished, if materials could be procured. This difficulty was overcome by Crabshaw; and they sat down, with their new associate, to discuss the second edition.

The knight's sudden disappearing being brought on the carpet, their female companion gave it as her opinion, that nothing would be so likely to bring this affair to light, as going to a cunning-man, whom she had lately

consulted about a silver spoon that was mislaid; and who told her all the things that she ever did, and ever would happen to her through the whole course of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence, and Crowe asked if the spoon had been found. She answered in the affirmative; and said, the cunning-man described to a hair, the person that should be her true lover and her wedded husband; that he was a seafaring man, that he was pretty well stricken in years; a little passionate or so; and that he went with his fingers clinched-like, as it were. The captain began to sweat at this description, and mechanically thrust his hands into his pockets; while Crabshaw, pointing to him, told her, he believed she had got the right sow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that mayhap, for all that, he should not be brought up by such a grappling neither. Then, he asked if this cunning-man dealt with the devil; declaring, in that case he would keep clear of him; for why? because he must have sold himself to Old Scratch; and being a servant of the devil, how could he be a good subject to his majesty? Mrs. Cook assured him the conjuror was a good Christian, and that he gained all his knowledge by conversing with the stars and planets. Thus satisfied, the two friends resolved to consult him as soon as it should be light; and being directed to the place of his habitation, set out for it by seven in the morning.

They found the house forsaken, and had already reached the end of the lane in their return, when they were accosted by an old woman, who gave them to understand, that if they had occasion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as she did suppose they had, from their stopping at the house where Dr. Grubble lived, she would conduct them to a person of much more eminence in that profession. At the same time, she informed them, that the said Grubble had been lately sent to Bridewell, a circumstance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foresee. The captain, without any scruple, put himself and his companion under convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous house, standing in a blind alley; which door having opened with a key, drawn from her pocket, she introduced them into a parlour, where they saw no other furniture than a naked bench, and some frightful figures on the bare walls, drawn, or rather scrawled, with charcoal.

Here she left them locked-in, until she should give the doctor notice of their arrival; and they amused themselves with deciphering these characters and hieroglyphics. The first figure that engaged their attention was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both considered as an unfavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own person. Crabshaw observed, that the figure so suspended was clothed in a sailor's jacket and trowsers; a truth which the captain could not deny; but, on the other hand, he affirmed, that the said figure exhibited the very nose and chin of Timothy, together with the hump on one shoulder. A warm dispute ensued; and, being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have dissolved the new-cemented friendship of those two originals,

had it not been interrupted by the old sybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them above. She likewise told them that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occasioned a fresh contest: the captain insisted upon Crabshaw's making sail a-head, in order to look out afore; but Timothy persisted in refusing this honour, declaring he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentlewoman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabshaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other.

The farmer was dragged up stairs like a bear to the stake, not without reluctance and terror, which did not at all abate at the sight of the conjuror, with whom he was immediately shut up by his conductress, after she had told him, in a whisper, that he must deposit a shilling in a little black coffin, supported by a human skull and thigh-bones crossed, on a stool covered with black baize that stood in one corner of the apartment. The squire, having made this offering with fear and trembling, ventured to survey the objects around him, which were very well calculated to augment his confusion. He saw divers skeletons hung by the head, the stuffed skin of a young alligator, a calf with two heads, and several snakes suspended from the ceiling, with the jaws of a shark, and a starved weazel. On another funeral table he beheld two spheres, between which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandish characters and mathematical diagrams. On one side stood an inkstand with paper; and behind this desk appeared the conjuror himself in sable vestments, his head so overshadowed with hair, that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could distinguish nothing but a long white beard, which, for ought he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as a two-legged astrologer.

This apparition, which the squire did not eye without manifest discomposure, extending a white wand, made certain evolutions over the head of Timothy, and having muttered an ejaculation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward and declare his name. Crabshaw, thus adjured, advanced to the altar; and, whether from design, or (which is more probable) from confusion, answered, "Samuel Crowe." The conjuror, taking up the pen, and making a few scratches on the paper, exclaimed, in a terrific accent, "How! miscreant! attempt to impose upon the stars?—You look more like a *crab* than a *crow*, and was born under the sign of Cancer." The squire, almost annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying, "I pray yaw, my lord conjuror's worship, pardon my ignorance, and down't go to baind me oover to the Red Sea, like—I'se a poor Yorkshire tyke, and wou'd no more cheat the stars than I would cheat my own vather, as the saying is—a must be a good hand at *trapping* that catches the stars a *napping*—But, as your honour's worship observed, my name is Tim Crabshaw, of the East Raiding, groom and squair to Sir Launcelot Greaves, baron knight, and arrant knight, who ran mad for a wench, as your worship's conjuration well knoweth. The person below is Captain Crowe; and we coom, by Margery Cook's recommendation, to seek after my master, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord knows how and where."

Here he was interrupted by the conjuror, who exhorted him to sit down and compose himself till he should cast a figure. Then, he scrawled the paper; and waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberish concerning the number, the names, the houses, and revolutions of the planets, with their conjunctions, oppositions, signs, circles, cycles, trines, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had its proper effect in disturbing the brain of Crabshaw, he proceeded to tell him, from the stars, that his name was Crabshaw, or Crabsclaw; that he was born in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of poor, yet honest parents, and had some skill in horses; that he served a gentleman whose name began with the letter G——, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family; but whether he would return alive or dead, the stars had not yet determined.

Poor Timothy was thunderstruck to find the conjuror acquainted with all these circumstances, and begged to know if he might be so bauld as to ask a question or two about his own fortune. The astrologer pointing to the little coffin, our squire understood the hint, and deposited another shilling. The sage had recourse to his book, erected another scheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand; and having excited another mystical preamble, expounded the book of fate in these words:

“You shall neither die by war nor water, by hunger or by thirst, nor be brought to the grave by old age or distemper; but, let me see—aye, the stars will have it so—you shall be—exalted—hah!—aye, that is—hanged for horse-stealing.”—“O, good my lord conjuror!” roared the squire, “I’d as lief give forty shillings as be hanged.”—“Peace, sirrah!” cried the other, “would you contradict or reverse the immutable decrees of fate? Hanging is your destiny; and hanged you shall be—and comfort yourself with the reflection, that as you are not the first, so neither will you be the last to swing upon Tyburn-tree.” This comfortable assurance composed the mind of Timothy, and in a great measure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded, in a whining tone, to ask, whether he should suffer for the first fact; whether it would be for a horse or a mare, and of what colour; that he might know when his hour was come. The conjuror gravely answered, that he would steal a dapple gelding on a Wednesday, be cast at the Old Bailey on a Thursday, and suffer on a Friday; and he strenuously recommended it to him to appear in the cart with a nosegay in one hand, and the *Whole Duty of Man* in the other. “But if in case it should be in the winter,” said the squire, “when a nosegay can’t be had?”—“Why, then,” replied the conjuror, “an orange will do as well.”

These material points being adjusted to the entire satisfaction of Timothy, he declared he would bestow another shilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deserve so much at his hands; but, he could not help loving him better than ever a friend he had in the world. So saying, he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and desired to know the fate of his horse Gilbert. The astrologer having again consulted his art, pronounced that Gilbert would die of the staggers, and his carcass be given to the hounds; a sentence which made a much deeper impression upon Crab-

shaw's mind than did the prediction of his own untimely and disgraceful fate. He shed a plenteous shower of tears, and his grief broke forth in some passionate expressions of tenderness. At length, he told the astrologer he would go and send up the captain, who wanted to consult him about Margery Cook, because as how she had informed him, that Dr. Grubbe had described just such another man as the captain for her true love; and he had no great stomach to the match, if so be as the stars were not bent upon their coming together.

Accordingly, the squire being dismissed by the conjuror, descended to the parlour with a rueful length of face, which being perceived by the captain, he demanded, "What cheer ho?" with some signs of apprehension. Crabshaw making no return to this salute, he asked if the conjuror had had taken an observation, and told him any thing. Then, the other replied, he had told him more than he desired to know. "Why, an that be the case," said the seaman, "I have no occasion to go aloft this trip, brother."

This evasion would not serve his turn. Old Tisiphone was at hand, and led him up, growling, into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed to the coffin, where he presented half-a-crown, in hope of rendering the fates more propitious, the usual ceremony was performed; and the doctor addressed him in these words: "Approach, Raven." The captain advancing, "You an't much mistaken, brother," said he, "heave your eye into the binnacle, and box your compass, you'll find I'm a Crowe, not a raven; thof, indeed, they be both fowls of a feather, as the saying is."—"I know it," cried the conjuror, "thou art a northern crow—a sea crow; not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon—a crow to be plucked—to be flayed—to be basted—to be broiled by Margery upon the gridiron of matrimony—" The novice, changing colour at this denunciation, "I do understand your signals, brother," said he; "and if it be set down in the logbook of fate that we must grapple, why then 'ware timbers. But, as I know how the land lies, d'ye see, and the current of my inclination sets me off, I shall haul up close to the wind, and mayhap we shall clear Cape Margery. But, howsomever, we shall leave that reef in the foretopsail:—I was bound upon another voyage, d'ye see—to look and to see, and to know, if so be as how I could pick up any intelligence along-shore concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who slipped his cable last night, and has lost company, d'ye see."—"What!" exclaimed the cunning man, "art thou a crow, and can'st not smell carrion? If thou would'st grieve for Greaves, behold his naked carcass lies unburied, to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens."—"What, broached too?"—"Dead! as a boiled lobster."—"Odd's heart, friend, these are the heaviest tidings I have heard these seven long years—there must have been deadly odds when he lowered his topsails—Smite my eyes! I had rather the Mufti had foundered at sea, with myself and all my generation on board.—Well fare thy soul, flower of the world! Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering." Here the tears of unaffected sorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the seaman's cheeks—then his grief giving

way to his indignation, "Hark ye, brother conjurer," said he, "you can spy foul weather before it comes; damn your eyes! why did you not give us warning of this here squall? Blast my limbs! I'll make you give an account of this here damned, horrid, confounded murder, d'ye see—mayhap you yourself was concerned, d'ye see.—For my own part, brother, I put my trust in God, and steer by the compass, and I value not your paw-wawing, and your conjuration of a rope's end, d'ye see."

The conjuror was by no means pleased either with the matter or the manner of his address: he therefore began to sooth the captain's choler, by representing that he did not pretend to omniscience, which was the attribute of God alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect; and all that it could perform, was to discover certain partial circumstances of any particular object to which its inquiries were directed: that being questioned by the other man concerning the cause of his master's disappearing, he had exercised his skill upon the subject, and found reason to believe that Sir Launcelot was assassinated; that he should think himself happy in being the instrument of bringing the murderers to justice, though he foresaw they would of themselves save him that trouble, for they would quarrel about dividing the spoil, and one would give information against the other.

The prospect of this satisfaction appeased the resentment, and in some measure mitigated the grief, of Captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony; and being joined by Crabshaw, proceeded, with a heavy heart, to the house of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domestics at breakfast, without exhibiting the least symptom of concern for their absent master. Crowe had been wise enough to conceal from Crabshaw what he had learned of the knight's fate. This fatal intelligence he reserved for the ear of his nephew, Mr. Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the squire, he did nothing but ruminate, in rueful silence, upon the dappled gelding, the nosegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert: him he forthwith visited in the stable, and saluted with the kiss of peace. Then, he bemoaned his fortune with tears; and, by the sound of his own lamentation, was lulled asleep among the litter.

CHAPTER XI.

In which the clouds that cover the catastrophe begin to disperse.

WE must now leave Captain Crowe, and his nephew, Mr. Clarke, arguing with great vehemence, about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjuror, and penetrate, at once, the veil that concealed our hero. Know, then, reader, that Sir Launcelot Greaves, repairing to the place described in the billet which he had received, was accosted by a person, muffled in a cloak, who began to amuse him with a feigned story of Aurelia; to which, while he listened with great attention, he found himself suddenly surrounded

by armed men, who seized and pinioned down his arms, took away his sword, and conveyed him, by force, into a hackney-coach provided for the purpose. In vain he expostulated on this violence with three persons who accompanied him in the vehicle; he could not extort one word by way of reply; and from their gloomy aspects, he began to be apprehensive of assassination. Had the carriage passed through any frequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants; but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houses.

After having travelled about two miles, the coach stopped at a large iron gate, which, being opened, our adventurer was led in silence through a spacious house into a tolerably decent apartment, which he understood was intended for his bedchamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was visited by a man of no very prepossessing appearance, who endeavoured to smooth his countenance, which was naturally stern; welcomed our adventurer to his house, exhorted him to be of good cheer, assuring him he should want for nothing, and desired to know what he would choose for supper.

Sir Launcelot, in answer to this civil address, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reasons for which his arms were tied like those of the worst malefactor; the other postponed, till to-morrow, the explanation he demanded; but, in the mean time, unbound his fetters, and, as he declined eating, left him alone to his repose. He took care, however, in retiring, to double-lock the door of the room whose windows were grated on the outside with iron.

The knight being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the present adventure with equal surprise and concern; but the more he revolved circumstances, the more was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the state of the mind, a very subtle philosopher is often puzzled by a very plain proposition; and this was the case of our adventurer. What made the strongest impression upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on suspicion of treasonable practices, by a warrant from a secretary of state, in consequence of some false, malicious information; and that his prison was no other than the house of a messenger, set apart for the accommodation of suspected persons. In this opinion he comforted himself by recollecting his own conscious innocence, and reflecting that he should be entitled to the privilege of *habeas corpus*, as the act including that inestimable jewel was, happily, not suspended at this time.

Consoled by this self-assurance, he quietly resigned himself to slumber; but, before he fell asleep, he was very disagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once saluted with a noise from the next room, conveyed in distinct bounces against the wainscot; then, a hoarse voice exclaimed, "Bring up the artillery—let Brutandorf's brigade advance—detach my black hussars to ravage the country—let them be new-booted—take particular care of the spur-leathers—make a desert of Lu-

satis—bombard the suburbs of Pera—go, tell my brother Henry to pass the Elbe at Meissen with forty battalions and fifty squadrons—So ho, you major-general Donder, why don't you finish your second parallel?—send hither the engineer Schittinbach—I'll lay all the shoes in my shop, the breach will be practicable in four-and-twenty hours—don't tell me of your works—you and your works be may be damn'd!"

"Assuredly," cried another voice from a different quarter, "he that thinks to be saved by works is in a state of utter reprobation—I myself was a profane weaver, and trusted to the rottenness of works—I kept my journeymen and prentices at constant work, and my heart was set upon the riches of this world, which was a wicked work—but now I have got a glimpse of the new light—I feel the operations of grace—I am of the new birth—I abhor good works—I detest all working but the working of the Spirit—Avaunt, Satan!—O! how I thirst for communication with our Sister Jolly!"

"The communication is already open with the Marche," said the first; "but as for thee, thou caitiff, who has presumed to disparage my works, I'll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy's quarters."

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place; one swore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noise confounded his calculation; a second, in broken English, complained he was distorted in the moment of de proshection; a third, in the character of his holiness, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas; and swore, by St. Peter's keys, they should howl ten thousand years in purgatory without the benefit of a single mass. A fourth began to halloo in all the vociferation of a fox-hunter in the chase; and, in an instant, the whole house was in an uproar.

The clamour, however, was of a short duration. The different chambers being opened successively, every individual was effectually silenced by the sound of one cabalistical word, which was no other than *waistcoat*: a charm which at once cowed the king of P——, dispossessed the fanatic, dumb-founded the mathematician, dismayed the alchemist, deposed the pope, and deprived the squire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt concerning the place to which he had been conveyed; and the more he reflected on his situation, the more he was overwhelmed with the most perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whose means he had been immured in a mad-house; but he heartily repented of his knight-errantry, as a frolic which might have very serious consequences with respect to his future life and fortune. After mature deliberation, he resolved to demean himself with the utmost circumspection, well knowing that every violent transport would be interpreted into an undeniable symptom of insanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his gaoler by a due administration of that which is generally more efficacious than all the flowers of elocution; but, when he rose in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully ex-

amined, to his no small astonishment, and emptied of all his papers and cash.

The keeper entering, he inquired about these particulars, and was given to understand, that they were all safely deposited for his use, to be forthcoming at a proper season: but, at present, as he should want for nothing, he had no occasion for money. The knight acquiesced in this declaration, and eat his breakfast in quiet.

About eleven, he received a visit from the physician, who contemplated his looks with great solemnity; and having examined his pulse, shook his head, saying, "Well, sir, how d'ye do?—come, don't be dejected—every thing is for the best—you are in very good hands, sir, I assure you; and I dare say will refuse nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health."

"Doctor," said our hero, "if it is not an improper question to ask, I should be glad to know your opinion of my disorder."—"O! sir, as to that," replied the physician, "your disorder is a—kind of a—sir, 'tis very common in this country—a sort of a—" "Do you think my distemper is madness, doctor?"—"O Lord! sir—not absolute madness—no—not madness—you have heard, no doubt, of what is called a weakness of the nerves, sir—though that is a very inaccurate expression; for this phrase, denoting a morbid excess of sensation, seems to imply, that sensation itself is owing to the loose cohesion of those material particles which constitute the nervous substance, inasmuch as the quantity of every effect must be proportionable to its cause: now, you'll please to take notice, sir, if the case were really what these words seem to import, all bodies whose particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous; that is, endued with sensation—sir, I shall order some cooling things, to keep you in due temperature; and you'll do very well—sir, your humble servant."

So saying, he retired; and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man should not dare to ask the most ordinary question without being reputed mad, while another should talk nonsense by the hour, and yet be esteemed as an oracle.

The master of the house finding Sir Launcelot so tame and tractable, indulged him, after dinner, with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a servant who followed him at a distance: here he was saluted by a brother prisoner, a man seemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with staring eyes, a hook nose, and a face covered with pimples.

The usual compliments having passed, the stranger, without further ceremony, asked if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could spare him a mouthful of any sort of cordial, declaring he had not tasted brandy since he came to the house. The knight assured him it was not in his power to comply with his request, and began to ask some questions relating to the character of their landlord, which the stranger represented in very unfavourable colours. He described him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkest schemes of villany. He said, his house was a repository of the most flagrant iniquities; that it contained fathers kidnapped by their

children, wives confined by their husbands, gentlemen of fortune sequestered by their relations, and innocent persons immured by the malice of their adversaries. He affirmed this was his own case; and asked, if our hero had never heard of Dick Distich, the poet and satirist. "Ben Bullock and I," said he, "were confident against the world in arms—did you never see his ode to me, beginning with, 'Fair, blooming youth?' We were sworn brothers, admired and praised, and quoted each other, sir: we denounced war against all the world, actors, authors, and critics: and having drawn the sword, threw away the scabbard—we pushed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed helter-skelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age as the Boetian band of Thebes. My friend Bullock, indeed, was once rolled in the kennel; but soon—

‘He vig’rous rose; and from the effluvia strong
‘Imbib’d new life, and scour’d and stunk along.’

Here is a satire, which I wrote in an alehouse when I was drunk—I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife: I fancy you’ll own I have some right to say, with my friend Horace—

‘*Qui me commorit, melius non tangere clamo:*
‘*Flebit et insignis toto contabitur urbe.*’”—

The knight, having perused the papers, declared his opinion, that the verses were tolerably good; but, at the same time, observed, that the author had reviled, as ignorant dunces, several persons who had writ with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius: a circumstance that would detract more from his candour than could be allowed to his capacity.

"Damn their genius!" cried the satirist, "a pack of impertinent rascals! I tell you, sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to crush all that were not of our own party—besides, I said before, this piece was written in drink."—"Was you drunk too when it was printed and published?"—"Yes; the printer shall make affidavit that I was never otherwise than drunk or mauldin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal mansion."

"They seem to have been your best friends," said the knight, "and have put the most tender interpretation on your conduct; for, waving the plea of insanity, your character must stand as that of a man who hath some small share of genius, without an atom of integrity. Of all those whom Pope lashed in his *Dunciad*, there was not one who did not richly deserve the imputation of dullness; and every one of them had provoked the satirist by a personal attack. In this respect the English poet was much more honest than his French pattern Boileau, who stigmatized several men of acknowledged genius; such as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated Lulli; for which reason, every man of a liberal turn must, in spite of all his poetical

merit, despise him as a rancorous knave. If this disingenuous conduct cannot be forgiven in a writer of his superior genius, who will pardon it in you, whose name is not half emerged from obscurity ?”

“ Harkye, friend,” replied the bard, “ keep your pardon and your counsel for those who ask it ; or, if you will force them upon people, take one piece of advice in return. If you don’t like your present situation, apply for a committee without delay ; they’ll find you too much of a fool to have the least tincture of madness, and you’ll be released without further scruple : in that case I shall rejoice in your deliverance ; you will be freed from confinement, and I shall be happily deprived of your conversation.”

So saying, he flew off at a tangent, and our knight could not help smiling at the peculiar virulence of his disposition. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured to enter into conversation with his attendant, by asking how long Mr. Distich had resided in the house ; but he might as well have addressed himself to a Turkish mute : the fellow either pretended ignorance, or refused an answer to every question that was proposed. He would not even disclose the name of his landlord, nor inform him whereabouts the house was situated.

Finding himself agitated with impatience and indignation, he returned to his apartment ; and the door being locked upon him, began to review, not without horror, the particulars of his fate. “ How little reason,” said he to himself, “ have we to boast of the blessings enjoyed by the British subject, if he holds them on such a precarious tenure : if a man of rank and property may thus be kidnapped, even in the midst of the capital ; if he may be seized by ruffians, insulted, robbed, and conveyed to such a prison as this, from which there seems to be no possibility of escape ; should I be indulged with pen, ink, and paper, and appeal to my relations, or to the magistrates of my country, my letters would be intercepted by those who superintend my confinement. Should I try to alarm the neighbourhood, my cries would be neglected as those of some unhappy lunatic under necessary correction. Should I employ the force which Heaven has lent me, I might imbrue my hands in blood ; and, after all, find it impossible to escape through a number of successive doors, locks, bolts, and sentinels. Should I endeavour to tamper with the servant, he might discover my design, and then I should be abridged of the little comfort I enjoy. People may inveigh against the Bastile in France, and the Inquisition in Portugal : but I would ask, if either of these be, in reality, so dangerous or dreadful as a private madhouse in England, under the direction of a ruffian ? The Bastile is a state-prison, the Inquisition is a spiritual tribunal ; but both are under the direction of government. It seldom, if ever, happens, that a man, entirely innocent, is confined in either ; or, if he should, he lays his account with a legal trial before established judges. But in England, the most innocent person upon earth is liable to be immured, for life, under the pretext of lunacy ; sequestered from his wife, children, and friends ; robbed of his fortune ; deprived even of necessaries ; and subjected to the most brutal treatment from a low-bred barbarian, who raises an ample fortune on the misery of his fellow-

creatures, and may, during his whole life, practise this horrid oppression without question or control."

This uncomfortable reverie was interrupted by a very unexpected sound, that seemed to issue from the other side of a thick party-wall. It was a strain of vocal music, more plaintive than the widowed turtle's moan, more sweet and ravishing than Philomel's love-warbled song. Through his ear it instantly pierced into his heart; for, at once, he recognised it to be the voice of his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what was the agitation of his soul, when he made this discovery! How did every nerve quiver! How did his heart throb with the most violent emotion! He ran round the room in distraction, foaming like a lion in the toil—then, he placed his ear close to the partition, and listened as if his whole soul was exerted in his sense of hearing. When the sound ceased to vibrate on his ear, he threw himself on the bed; he groaned with anguish, he exclaimed in broken accents; and, in all probability, his heart would have burst, had not the violence of his sorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

These first transports were succeeded by a fit of impatience, which had well nigh deprived him of his senses in good earnest. His surprise at finding his lost Aurelia in such a place, the seeming impossibility of relieving her, and his unspeakable eagerness to contrive some scheme for profiting by the interesting discovery he had made, concurred in brewing up a second ecstasy, during which he acted a thousand extravagancies, which it was well for him the attendants did not observe. Perhaps it was well for the servant that he did not enter while the paroxysm prevailed; had this been the case, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his phrensy destroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for supper, he was calm enough to conceal the disorder of his mind: but he complained of the head-ache, and desired he might be, next day, visited by the physician; to whom he resolved to explain himself in such a manner as should make an impression upon him, provided he was not altogether destitute of conscience and humanity.

CHAPTER XII.

The knot that puzzles human wisdom, the hand of fortune sometimes will untie, familiar as her garter.

WHEN the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addressed him in these words: "Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the most honourable professions exercised among the sons of men; a profession which hath been revered at all periods and in all nations, and even held sacred in the most polished ages of antiquity. The scope of it is to preserve the being, and confirm the health of our fellow-creatures; of consequence, to sustain the blessings of society, and crown life with fruition. The character of a physician, therefore, not only supposes natural

sagacity and acquired erudition, but it also implies every delicacy of sentiment, every tenderness of nature, and every virtue of humanity. That these qualities are centered in you, doctor, I would willingly believe; but it will be sufficient for my purpose, that you are possessed of common integrity. To whose concern I am indebted for your visits, you best know: but, if you understand the art of medicine, you must be sensible, by this time, that with respect to me your prescriptions are altogether unnecessary—Come, sir, you cannot—you do not believe that my intellects are disordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no person has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to sue out a commission, but my nearest kindred.—That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you shall understand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves, of the county of York, baronet; and that my nearest relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheshire, the eldest son of my mother's sister—that gentleman, I am sure, had no concern in seducing me, by false pretences, under the clouds of night, into the fields, where I was surprised, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me insane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord-chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honest men—But of that right I cannot avail myself while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miscreant, in whose house I am enclosed, unless you contribute your assistance. Your assistance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a Christian, and a fellow-subject; who, though every other motive should be overlooked, ought to interest himself in my case as a common concern; and concur, with all your power, towards the punishment of those who dare commit such outrages against the liberty of your country."

The doctor seemed to be a little disconcerted; but, after some recollection, resumed his air of sufficiency and importance, and assured our adventurer, he would do him all the service in his power; but, in the mean time, advised him to take the potion he had prescribed.

The knight's eyes, lightning with indignation, "I am now convinced," cried he, "that you are an accomplice in the villany that has been practised upon me; that you are a sordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a disgrace to the faculty, and a reproach to human nature; yes, sirrah, you are the most perfidious of all assassins; you are the hireling minister of the worst of all villains; who from motives even baser than malice, envy, and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madness, the most cruel species of slander, and wantonly protract their misery, by leaving them in the most shocking confinement; a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death; but I will be calm; do me justice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legislature; if I am refused, remember, a day of reckoning will come; you and the rest of the miscreants who have combined against me, must, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourse to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, or a man of my rank and character cannot be much

longer concealed. Tremble, caitiff, at the thoughts of my release; in the mean time, be gone, lest my just resentment impel me to dash out your brains upon that marble.—Away!”

The honest doctor was not so firmly persuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice; which he made what haste he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened.

That this may be properly introduced, we must return to the knight's brace of trusty friends, Captain Crowe and Lawyer Clarke, whom we left, in sorrowful deliberation, upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in resources than that of the seaman, he suggested an advertisement, which was accordingly inserted in the daily papers; importing that, “Whereas, a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune had suddenly disappeared, on such a night, from his house near Golden-square, in consequence of a letter delivered him by a porter; and there is great reason to believe some violence hath been offered to his life; any person, capable of giving such information as may tend to clear up this dark transaction, shall, by applying to Mr. Thomas Clarke, attorney, at his lodgings in Upper Brook-street, receive proper security for the reward of one hundred guineas, to be paid to him upon his making the discovery required.

The porter who delivered the letter appeared accordingly, but could give no other information except that it was put into his hand, with a shilling, by a man muffled up in a great coat, who stopped him for the purpose, in his passing through Queen-street. It was necessary that the advertisement should produce an effect upon another person, who was no other than the hackney-coachman who drove our hero to the place of his imprisonment. This fellow had been enjoined secrecy, and, indeed, bribed to hold his tongue, by a considerable gratification, which, it was supposed, would have been effectual, as the man was a master-coachman in good circumstances, and well known to the keeper of the madhouse, by whom he had been employed on former occasions of the same nature. Perhaps his fidelity to his employer, reinforced by the hope of many future jobs of that kind, might have been proof against the offer of fifty pounds; but double that sum was a temptation he could not resist. He no sooner read the intimation in the Daily Advertiser over his morning's pot at an ale-house, than he entered into consultation with his own thoughts; and, having no reason to doubt that this was the very fare he had conveyed he resolved to earn the reward, and abstain from all such adventures in time coming. He had the precaution, however, to take an attorney along with him to Mr. Clarke, who entered into a conditional bond; and, with the assistance of his uncle, deposited the money, to be forthcoming when the conditions should be fulfilled. These previous measures being taken, the coachman declared what he knew, and discovered the house in which Sir Launcelot had been immured. He, moreover, accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted to search the house

of Bernard Shackle, and set at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a constable with a formidable posse; and embarking them in coaches, repaired, with all possible expedition, to the house of Mr. Shackle, who did not think proper to dispute their claim; but admitted them, though not without betraying evident symptoms of consternation. One of the servants directing them, by his master's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment, they hurried up stairs in a body, occasioning such a noise as did not fail to alarm the physician, who had just opened the door, to retire, when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe, conjecturing he was guilty, from the confusion that appeared in his countenance, made no scruple of seizing him by the collar, as he endeavoured to retreat; while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of distant respect, and throwing his arms round his neck, blubbered in his bosom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He strained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and asked him, by what miracle he had discovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various steps he had taken, with equal minuteness and self-complacency; when Crowe, dragging the doctor still by the collar, shook his old friend by the hand, protesting he was never so overjoyed since he got clear of a Saltee Rover on the coast of Barbary; and that two glasses ago he would have started all the money he had in the world, in the hold of any man who would have shewn Sir Launcelot safe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to this sincere manifestation of good-will, desired him to dismiss that worthless fellow, meaning the doctor; who, finding himself released, withdrew with some precipitation.

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked, with a deliberate pace, to the outward gate, which he found open; and getting into one of the coaches, was entertained in the way to his own house with a detail of every measure which had been pursued for his release.

In his own parlour he found Mrs. Dolly Cowslip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the issue of Mr. Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and bathed the knight's hands with tears of joy; while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her mistress, roused his heart to strong emotions, and stimulated his mind to the immediate achievement he had already planned. As for Crabshaw, he was not the last to signify his satisfaction at his master's return. After having kissed the hem of his garment, he retired to the stable, where he communicated these things to his friend Gilbert, whom he saddled and bridled; the same office he performed for Bronzomarte; then putting on his squire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door, before which he paraded, uttering, from time to time, repeated shouts, to the no small entertainment of the populace, until he re-

received orders to home his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their stalls, resumed his livery, and rejoined his fellow-servants, who were resolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their master's heart was not sufficiently at ease to share in their festivity. He held a consultation with his friends in the parlour, whom he acquainted with the reasons he had to believe Miss Darnel was confined in the same house which had been his prison; a circumstance which filled them with equal pleasure and astonishment. Dolly, in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connexion with Mrs. Kawdle, at whose house she proposed to lodge before she was overtaken on the road by her uncle, this particular was now imparted to the council, and struck a light which seemed to point out the direct way to Miss Darnel's enlargement.

Our hero, accompanied by Mrs. Cowslip and Tom Clarke, set out immediately for the house of Dr. Kawdle, who happened to be abroad; but his wife received them with great courtesy. She was a well-bred, sensible, genteel woman, and strongly attached to Aurelia by the ties of affection as well as of consanguinity. She no sooner learned the situation of her cousin, than she expressed the most impatient concern for her being set at liberty; and assured Sir Launcelot, she would concur in any scheme he should propose for that purpose. There was no room for hesitation or choice; he attended her immediately to the judge, who, upon proper application, issued another search-warrant for Aurelia Darnel. The constable and his posse were again retained, and Sir Launcelot Greaves once more crossed the threshold of Mr. Bernard Shackle. Nor was the search-warrant the only implement of justice with which he had furnished himself for this visit. In going thither, they agreed upon the method in which they should introduce themselves, gradually, to Miss Darnel, that her tender nature might not be too much shocked by their sudden appearance.

When they arrived at the house therefore, and produced their credentials, in consequence of which a female attendant was directed to shew the lady's apartment, Mrs. Dolly first entered the apartment of the accomplished Aurelia; who, lifting up her eyes, screamed aloud, and flew into the arms of her faithful Cowslip. Some minutes elapsed before Dolly could make shift to exclaim, "Am coom' to live and dasi with my beloved leady!"—"Dear Dolly!" cried her mistress, "I cannot express the pleasure I have in seeing you again—Good Heaven! what solitary hours of keen affliction have I passed since we parted!—But, tell me, how did you discover the place of my retreat?—Has my uncle relented?—Do I owe your coming to his indulgence?"

Dolly answered in the negative; and, by degrees, gave her to understand, that her cousin, Mrs. Kawdle, was in the next room. That lady immediately appeared, and a very tender scene of recognition passed between the two relations. It was she who, in the course of conversation, perceiving

that Aurelia was perfectly composed, declared the happy tidings of her approaching deliverance. When the other eagerly insisted upon knowing to whose humanity and address she was indebted for this happy turn of fortune, her cousin declared the obligation was due to a young gentleman of Yorkshire, called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention of that name, her face was overspread with a crimson glow, and her eyes beamed redoubled splendour. "Cousin," said she, with a sigh, "I know not what to say—that gentleman—Sir Launcelot Greaves, was surely born—Lord bless me! I tell you, cousin, he has been my guardian angel——"

Mrs. Kawdle, who had maintained a correspondence with her by letters, was no stranger to the former part of the connexion subsisting between those two lovers, and had always favoured the pretensions of our hero, without being acquainted with his person. She now observed, with a smile, that as Aurelia esteemed the knight her guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-deity, Nature seemed to have intended them for each other; for such sublime ideas exalted them both above the sphere of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intimate, that he was in the house, impatient to pay his respects in person. At this declaration, the colour vanished from her cheeks, which, however, soon underwent a total suffusion. Her heart panted, her bosom heaved, and her gentle frame was agitated by transports rather violent than unpleasing. She soon, however, recollected herself, and her native serenity returned; when, rising from her seat, she declared she would see him in the next apartment, where he stood in the most tumultuous suspense, waiting for permission to approach her person. Here she broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant white undress, the emblem of her purity, beaming forth the emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and improved with a glow of gratitude and affection. His heart was too big for utterance; he ran towards her with rapture; and, throwing himself at her feet, imprinted a respectful kiss upon her lily hand. "This, divine Aurelia," cried he, "is a foretaste of that ineffable bliss which you was born to bestow!—Do I then live to see you smile again? To see you restored to liberty, your mind at ease, and your health unimpaired!"—"You have lived," said she, "to see my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumulated, in such a manner, that a whole life spent in acknowledgment will scarce suffice to demonstrate a due sense of his goodness."—"You greatly overrate my services, which have been rather the duties of common humanity, than the efforts of a generous passion, too noble to be thus evinced—but, let not my unseasonable transports detain you a moment longer on this detested scene—Give me leave to hand you into the coach, and commit you to the care of this good lady, attended by this honest young gentleman, who is my particular friend." So saying, he presented Mr. Thomas Clarke, who had the honour to salute the fair hand of the ever-amiable Aurelia.

The ladies being safely coached under the escort of the lawyer, Sir Launcelot assured them, he should wait on them in the evening, at the house of Dr. Kawdle; whither they immediately directed their course. Our hero

who remained with the constable and his gang, inquired for Mr. Bernard Shackle, upon whose person he intended to serve a writ of conspiracy, over and above a prosecution for robbery, in consequence of his having disencumbered the knight of his money, and other effects, on the first night of his confinement. Mr. Shackle had discretion enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticipate the indictment for felony, by directing one of his servants to restore the cash and papers; which our adventurer accordingly received before he quitted the house.

In the prosecution of his search after Shackle, he chanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found in dishabille, writing at a table, with a bandage over one eye, and his head covered with a nightcap of baize. The knight having made an apology for this intrusion, desired to know if he could be of any service to Mr. Distich, as he was now at liberty to use the little influence he had for the relief of his fellow-sufferers.—The poet, having eyed him for some time askance, “I told you,” said he, “your stay in this place would be of short duration—I have sustained a small disaster in my left eye, from the hands of a rascally cordwainer, who pretends to believe himself the king of Prussia; and I am now in the very act of galling his majesty with keen iambics—If you can help me to a roll of tobacco and a bottle of geneva, so—if you are not so inclined, your humble servant, I shall share in the joy of your deliverance.”

The knight declined gratifying him in these particulars, which, he apprehended, might be prejudicial to his health; but offered his assistance in redressing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment or inconvenience. “I comprehend the full extent of your generosity,” replied the satirist; “you are willing to assist me in every thing, except the only circumstances in which assistance is required—God b’w’ye—If you see Ben Bullock, tell him I wish he would not dedicate any more of his works to me—Damn the fellow, he has changed his note, and begins to snivel—For my part, I stick to my former maxim, defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death should be preceded by damnation.”

The knight, finding him incorrigible, left him to the slender chance of being, one day, comforted by the dram-bottle; but resolved, if possible, to set on foot an accurate inquiry into the economy and transactions of this private inquisition, that ample justice might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within its walls.

In the afternoon he did not fail to visit his Aurelia, and all the protestations of their mutual passion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter which had caused such fatal disquiet in his bosom; and, Miss Darnel no sooner eyed the paper, than she recollected it was a formal dismissal, which she had intended and directed for Mr. Sycamore. This, the uncle had intercepted, and cunningly enclosed in another cover, addressed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now astonished beyond measure to see the mystery so easily unfolded. The joy that now diffused itself in the hearts of our lovers is more easily conceived than described; but, in

order to give a stability to this mutual satisfaction, it was necessary that Aurelia should be secured from the tyranny of her uncle, whose power of guardianship would not otherwise for some months expire.

Dr. Kawdle and his lady having entered into their deliberations on this subject, it was agreed that Miss Darnel should have recourse to the protection of the lord-chancellor, but such application was rendered unnecessary by the unexpected arrival of John Clump, with the following letter to Mrs. Kawdle, from the steward of Anthony Darnel, dated at Aurelia's house in the country.

“ Madam,

“ It hath pleased God to afflict Mr. Darnel with a severe stroke of the dead palsy—He was taken yesterday, and now lies insensible, seemingly at the point of death. Among the papers in his pocket, I found the enclosed, by which it appears that my honoured young lady, Miss Darnel, is confined in a private madhouse. I am afraid Mr. Darnel's fate is a just judgment of God upon him for his cruelty to that excellent person. I need not exhort you, madam, to take, immediately upon the receipt of this, such measures as will be necessary for the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the mean time, I shall do what is needful for the preservation of her property in this place, and send you an account of any further alteration that may happen; being very respectfully, madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

“ RALPH MATTOCKS.”

Clump had posted up to London with this intimation on the wings of love; and, being covered with clay from the heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in such an unfavourable light at Dr. Kawdle's door, that the footman refused him admittance. Nevertheless, he pushed him aside, and fought his way up stairs into the dining-room, where the company was not a little astonished at such an apparition. The fellow himself was no less amazed at seeing Aurelia, and his own sweetheart, Mrs. Dolly Cowslip.—He forthwith fell upon his knees, and in silence held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and presented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individuals who composed this little society. Mr. Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition; bestowed upon him a handsome gratuity in the mean time, and desired to see him again when he should be properly refreshed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr. Thomas Clarke being consulted on this occasion, gave it as his opinion, that Miss Darnel should, without delay, choose another guardian for the few months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of some eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourse was had; and Dr. Kawdle being the person pitched upon for this office, the necessary forms were executed with all possible despatch.

The first use the doctor made of his guardianship, was to sign a power,

constituting Mr. Ralph Mattocks his attorney, *pro tempore*, for managing the estate of Miss Aurelia Darnel; and this was forwarded to the steward by the hands of Clump, who set out with it for the seat of Darnel Hill, though not without a heavy heart, occasioned by some intimation he had received concerning the connexion between his dear Dolly and Mr. Clarke the lawyer.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Which, it is to be hoped, will be, on more accounts than one, agreeable to the reader.

SIR LAUNCELOT, having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the safety, and secured the heart of his charming Aurelia, now found leisure to unravel the conspiracy which had been executed against his person; and, with that view, commenced a lawsuit against the owner of the house where he and his mistress had been separately confined. Mr. Shackle was, notwithstanding all the submissions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in public, indicted on the statute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, punished by a severe fine, and standing in the pillory. A judicial writ *ad inquirendum* being executed, the prisons of his inquisition were laid open, and several innocent captives enlarged.

In the course of Shackle's trial, it appeared, that the knight's confinement was a scheme executed by his rival Mr. Sycamore, according to the device of his counsellor, Dawdle, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himself to his patron, after having deserted him in the day of battle. Our hero was so incensed at the discovery of Sycamore's treachery and ingratitude, that he went in quest of him immediately, to take vengeance on his person, accompanied by Captain Crowe, who wanted to balance accounts with Mr. Dawdle. But those gentlemen had wisely avoided the impending storm, by retiring to the continent, on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now so much of a knight-errant as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and pursue the traitors to the furthest extremities of the earth. He practised a much more easy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by instituting a process against them; which, after writs of *cepius, alias et pluries*, had been repeated, subjected them both to outlawry. Mr. Sycamore and his friend, being thus deprived of the benefit of the law by their own neglect, would likewise have forfeited their goods and chattels to the king, had not they made such submissions as appeased the wrath of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe; then, they ventured to return, and, by dint of interest, obtained a reversal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy till long after our adventurer was happily established in life.

While the knight waited, impatiently, for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and, in the mean time, consoled himself with the imperfect happiness arising from her conversation, and those indulgences which the most unblemished virtue could bestow, Captain Crowe projected another plan of ven-

geance against the conjuror, whose lying oracles had cost him such a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleness, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in use. He imparted his design to Crabshaw, who had likewise suffered in spirit from the predictions of the said offender, and was extremely well disposed to assist in punishing the false prophet. He now took it for granted that he should not be hanged for stealing a horse, and thought it very hard to pay so much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by these motives, they set out together for the house of consultation, but they found it shut up and abandoned; and, upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjuror had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourse to his art. This was actually the case: he knew the fate of Sir Launcelot would soon come to light, and he did not choose to wait the consequence. He had other motives for decamping. He had run a score at the public-house, which he had no mind to discharge; and wanted to disengage himself from his female associate, who knew too much of his affairs to be kept at a proper distance. All these purposes he had answered by retreating softly, without beat of drum, while his sybil was abroad, running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his measures so cunningly, but that this old hag discovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly; and the bailiff had just secured his person as Captain Crowe and Timothy Crabshaw chanced to pass by the door, in their way homewards, through an obscure street near the Seven Dials.

The conjuror having no subterfuge left, but a great many particular reasons for avoiding an explanation with the justice, like the man between the devil and the deep sea, of two evils chose the least; and, beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addressed, replied with a "Hilloah!" and looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognised the necromancer. Without further hesitation, he sprang across the street, and collaring Arbutazur, exclaimed, "Aha! old boy, is the wind in that corner?—I thought we should grapple one day—now will I bring you up by the head, though all the devils in hell were blowing abast the beam."

The bailiff seeing his prisoner so roughly handled before, and at the same time assisted behind by Crabshaw, who cried, "Shew me a liar, and I'll shew you a thief—who is to be hanged now?"—I say, the bailiff, fearing he should lose the benefit of his job, began to put on his contentious face; and, declaring the doctor was his prisoner, swore he could not surrender him without a warrant from the lord chief justice. The whole group adjourning into the parlour, the conjuror desired to know of Crowe whether Sir Launcelot was found. Being answered, "Ay, ay, safe enough to see you made fast in the bilboes, brother!" he told the captain he had something of consequence to communicate for his advantage; and proposed that Crowe and Crabshaw should bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe stormed, and Crabshaw grinned, at this modest proposal; but when they understood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they need not part with him until his body should be surrendered unto justice, they consented to give bail; and, the bond being executed, conveyed him to the house of our adventurer.

.. The boisterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with such an abrupt, unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not understand without Timothy's annotations. These were followed by some questions put to the conjuror; who, laying aside his black gown, and plucking off his white beard, exhibited, to the astonished spectators, the very individual countenance of the empyrical politician Ferret, who had played our hero such a slippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

"I perceive," said he, "you are preparing to expostulate, and upbraid me for having given a false information against you to the country justice. I look upon mankind to be in a state of nature, a truth which Hobbes hath stumbled upon by accident. I think every man has a right to avail himself of his talents, even at the expense of his fellow-creatures; just as we see the fish, and other animals of the creation, devouring one another—I found the justice but one degree removed from idiotism; and, knowing that he would commit some blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the instrument of my escape—I was dismissed without being obliged to sign the information I had given; and you took ample vengeance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumstances obliged me to live in disguise. In the character of a conjuror, I was consulted by your follower, Crowe, and your squire, Crabshaw. I did little or nothing but echo back the intelligence they brought me, except prognosticating that Crabshaw would be hanged! a prediction to which I found myself so irresistibly impelled, that I am persuaded it was the real effect of inspiration. I am now arrested for a paltry sum of money; and, moreover, liable to be sent to Bridewell as an impostor. Let those answer for my conduct whose cruelty and insolence have driven me to the necessity of using such subterfuges; I have been oppressed and persecuted by the government for speaking truth; your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions. That which is acknowledged to be truth, in fact, is construed falsehood in law; and great reason we have to boast of a constitution founded on the basis of absurdity. But, waving these remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either imprisoned for debt, or punished for imposture; I know how far to depend upon generosity, and what is called benevolence; words to amuse the weak-minded; I build upon a surer bottom; I will bargain for your assistance; it is in my power to put twelve thousand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that there sea-ruffian, who, by his good-will, would hang me to the yard's-arm—"

There he was interrupted by the seaman, "Damn your rat's eyes! none of your—hang thee! fish my topmasts! If the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle sound, d'ye see—" Mr. Clarke, who was present, began to stare; while the knight assured Ferret, that if he was really able and willing to

serve Captain Crowe in any thing essential, he should be amply rewarded. In the mean time, he discharged the debt, and assigned him an apartment in his own house. That same day Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the cynic, to allow him the interest of fifteen hundred pounds for life, provided, by his means, the captain should obtain possession of the estate of Hobby Hole, in Yorkshire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir of blood.

This bond being executed, Mr. Ferret discovered that he himself was the lawful husband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandestine marriage; which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence. This being the case, she, the said Bridget Maple, *alias* Ferret, was a *covert femme*; consequently, could not transact any deed of alienation without his concurrence; *ergo*, the docking of the entail of the estate of Hobby Hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the whole company, who did not fail to congratulate Captain Crowe on the prospect of his being restored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke, in particular, protested, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unspeakable joy; and his tears trickled the faster, when Crowe, with an arch look, signified, that, now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had some thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happiness to which, as the north pole, the course of these adventures hath been invariably directed, was still unattained; we mean, the indissoluble union of the accomplished Sir Launcelot Greaves, and the enchanting Miss Darnel. Our hero now discovered in his mistress a thousand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good sense, and her virtue superior to both. He found her untainted by that giddiness, vanity, and affectation, which distinguish the fashionable females of the present age. He found her uninfected by the rage for diversion and dissipation; for noise, tumult, gewgaws, glitter, and extravagance. He found her not only raised, by understanding and taste, far above the amusement of little vulgar minds, but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, so as to relish the more sublime enjoyment of rational pleasure. He found her possessed of that vigour of mind which constitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reason. He found her heart incapable of disguise or dissimulation; frank, generous, and open; susceptible of the most tender impressions; glowing with a keen sense of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth of his sensibility could not fail of being deeply affected by such attractions. The nearer he approached the centre of happiness, the more did the velocity of his passion increase. Her uncle still remained insensible, as it were, in the arms of death. Time seemed to linger its lapse, till the knight was inflamed to the most eager degree of impatience. He communicated his distress to Aurelia; he pressed her, with the most pathetic remonstrances, to abridge the torture of his suspense. He interested Mrs. Kawdle in his behalf; and, at length, his importunity succeeded. The banns of marriage were regularly published;

and the ceremony was performed in the parish church, in the presence of Dr. Kawdle and his lady, Captain Crowe, lawyer Clarke, and Mrs. Dolly Cowslip.

The bride, instead of being disguised in tawdry stuffs of gold or silver, and sweating under a harness of diamonds, according to the elegant taste of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue satin, without any other jewels than her eyes, which far outshone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a small sprig of artificial roses; but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her shape, the sweetness and sensibility of her countenance, added to such warmth of colouring, and such exquisite symmetry of features, as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes, and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot, was such a rapture as we cannot pretend to describe. He made his appearance, on this occasion, in a white coat and blue satin vest, both embroidered with silver; and all who saw him could not but own that he alone seemed worthy to possess the lady whom Heaven had destined for his consort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue suit of clothes, strongly guarded with bars of broad gold lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend: he wore upon his head a bag-wig *à la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping; and to his side he had girded a huge plate-hilted sword, which he had bought of a recruiting-serjeant. Mr. Clarke was dressed in pompadour, with gold buttons; and his lovely Dolly in a smart, checked lutestring, a present from her mistress.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the house of Dr. Kawdle; and here it was that the two most deserving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the consummation of all earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs. Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage-bed; our hero, glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the husband's privilege: Hymen lighted up his brightest torch at Virtue's lamp; and every star shed its happiest influence on their heaven-directed union.

Instructions had been already despatched to prepare Greavesbury Hall for the reception of its new mistress; and for that place the new-married couple set out next morning, according to the plan which had been previously concerted. Sir Launcelot and lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs. Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach, drawn by six dappled horses. Dr. Kawdle, with Captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's post-chariot, provided with four bays: Mr. Clarke had the honour to bestride the loins of Bronzomarte; Mr. Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter; Crabshaw stuck close to his friend Gilbert; and two other horsemen completed the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot desires and chilling scruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to distraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly interest, were continually raising up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was

startled at the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican; and he, moreover, dreaded the resentment of his uncle Crowe, should he take any step of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wishful look did he cast at Dolly, the tears standing in his eyes, and many a woful sigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the situation of his heart; and, by questioning Mrs. Cowslip, discovered a mutual passion between these lovers. She consulted her dear knight on the subject, and he catechised the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being sounded as to his opinion, declared he would be steered in that, as well as every other course of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he verily revered as beings of an order superior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable response being obtained from the sailor, our hero took an opportunity, on the road, one day after dinner, in presence of the whole company, to accost the lawyer in these words: "My good friend Clarke, I have your happiness very much at heart. Your father was an honest man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have had these many years a personal regard for yourself, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodness of disposition; I see you are affected, and shall be brief. Besides this regard, I am indebted to your friendship for the liberty—what shall I say?—for the inestimable happiness I now enjoy, in possessing the most excellent—But I understand that significant glance of my Aurelia—I will not offend her delicacy—The truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I should evince my gratitude. If the stewardship of my estate is worth your acceptance, you shall have it immediately, together with the house and farm of Cockerton, in my neighbourhood. I know you have a passion for Mrs. Dolly; and believe she looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession—Don't blush, Dolly—Besides your agreeable person, which all the world must approve, you can boast of virtue, fidelity, and friendship. Your attachment to lady Greaves, neither she or I shall ever forget. If you are willing to unite your fate with Mr. Clarke, your mistress gives me leave to assure you, she will stock the farm at her own expense; and we will celebrate the wedding at Greavesbury Hall."

By this time the hearts of these grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears; and Mr. Clarke appeared in the same attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almost as much affected as the nephew by the generosity of our adventurer, cried aloud, "I pray God, that you and your glorious consort may have smooth seas and gentle gales whithersoever you are bound—As for my kinsman, Tom, I'll give him a thousand pounds to set him fairly afloat; and if he prove not a faithful tender to you, his benefactor, I hope he will be foundered in this world, and be damned in that which is to come." Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happiness but the consent of Dolly's mother at the Black Lion, who they did not suppose could have any objection to such an advantageous match for her daughter; but in this particular they were mistaken.

In the mean time, they arrived at the village where the knight had exercised the duties of chivalry; and there he received the gratulation of Mr. Fillet, and the attorney, who had offered to bail him before justice Gobble. Mutual civilities having passed, they gave him to understand that Gobble and his wife were turned Methodists. All the rest of the prisoners whom he had delivered came to testify their gratitude, and were hospitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lion, where the good woman was overjoyed to see Dolly so happily preferred; but, when Sir Launcelot unfolded the proposed marriage, she interrupted him with a scream,—“Christ Jesus forbid! Marry and amen! Match with her own brother!”

At this exclamation Dolly fainted; her lover stood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open; Crowe stared, while the knight and his lady expressed equal surprise and concern. When Sir Launcelot entreated Mrs. Cowslip to explain this mystery, she told him, that about sixteen years ago, Mr. Clarke, senior, had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her house, when she and her late husband lived in another part of the country; and as she had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her as a nurse to the little foundling. He owned she was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handsomely for the board of Dolly, who, he desired, might pass for her own daughter. In his last illness, he assured her, he had taken care to provide for the child; but, since his death she had received no account of any such provision. She, moreover, informed his honour, that Mr. Clarke had deposited in her hands a diamond ring, and a sealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly should be demanded in marriage by the man she should like; and not then, except in the presence of the clergyman of the parish. “Send for the clergyman this instant!” cried our hero, reddening, and fixing his eyes on Dolly; “I hope all will yet be well.”

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the case, the landlady produced the paper; which being opened, appeared to be an authentic certificate that the person commonly known by the name of Dorothy Cowslip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, Esq. by a young gentlewoman who had been some years deceased.

“The remaining part of the mystery I myself can unfold,” exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the astonished Dolly as his kinswoman. Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age; so that he could make no settlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour, founded on a promise of marriage, of which this ring was a token. Mr. Clarke, being his confidant, disposed of the child; and at length, finding his constitution decay, revealed the secret to my father, who, in his will, bequeathed one hundred pounds a year to this agreeable foundling; but, as they both died while I was abroad, and some of the memorandums touching this transaction probably were mislaid, I never till now could discover where

or how my pretty cousin was situated. I shall recompense the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleasure in bringing this affair to a happy issue."

The lovers were now overwhelmed with transports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with satisfaction. From this place to the habitation of Sir Launcelot, the bells were rung in every parish, and the corporation, in their formalities, congratulated him in every town through which he passed. About five miles from Greavesbury-Hall, he was met by above five thousand persons of both sexes and every age, dressed out in their gayest apparel, headed by Mr. Ralph Mattocks from Darnel-Hill, and the rector from the knight's own parish. They were preceded by music of different kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and ensigns; and the women, as well as the men, bedizened with fancy-knots and marriage-favours. At the end of the avenue, a select bevy of comely virgins, arrayed in white, and a separate band of choice youths, distinguished by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the procession, and sung, in chorus, a rustic epithalamium, composed by the curate. At the gate they were received by the venerable housekeeper, Mrs. Oakley, whose features were so brightened by the occasion, that, with the first glance, she made a conquest of the heart of Captain Crowe; and this connexion was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction.

Meanwhile, the houses of Greavesbury-Hall and Darnel-Hill were set open for the entertainment of all comers, and both echoed with the sounds of festivity. After the ceremony of giving and receiving visits had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miss Dolly Greaves; and the captain was put in possession of his paternal estate. The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing consort, diffused itself through the whole adjacent country, as far as their example and influence could extend. They were admired, esteemed, and applauded, by every person of taste, sentiment, and benevolence; at the same time beloved, revered, and almost adored, by the common people, among whom they suffered not the merciless hand of indigence or misery to seize one single sacrifice.

Ferret at first seemed to enjoy his easy circumstances; but the novelty of this situation soon wore off, and all his misanthropy returned. He could not bear to see his fellow-creatures happy around him; and signified his disgust to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropolis, where he knew there would be always food sufficient for the ravenous appetite of his spleen. Before he departed, the knight made him taste of his happiness, which soon received a considerable addition in the birth of a son, destined to be the heir and representative of two worthy families, whose mutual animosity the union of his parents had so happily extinguished.

END OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

TARTARIAN TALES;

OR,

A Thousand and One

QUARTERS OF HOURS.

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY M. GUEULETTE.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FLLOYD.

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1816.

TO
His Royal Highness
THE
DUKE OF CHARTRES.

MY LORD,

THE book I take leave to present to your Royal Highness is of the nature of those which are improving as well as entertaining. Though the subject appears light, yet it conduces to something useful, on account of the morality couched in it. The mind must have some relaxation ; it is in those moments, my lord, wherein your Royal Highness lays aside your more serious studies, that I hope you will cast your eye upon my boon. I presume to flatter myself that it will please you ; and if does so I may depend upon its success, since your approbation will draw along with it that of all my readers. Indeed, my lord, it is no common thing to find, in so tender an age, so many excellent qualities as meet together in your Royal Highness ; though it would be a wonder if you did not possess them all, being born of a prince who is less famous for his illustrious birth than for his personal merit, and a sublimity of genius not often to be equalled. The vast knowledge he has acquired in all the sciences proper to form a great prince, and his valour, so well known throughout all Europe, and of which he can shew such glorious marks, reverberate upon your Royal Highness ; and it is already perceptible in your countenance, and in your most indifferent actions, that you are the worthy offspring of that hero.

But, my Lord, I find I swell a little too high : it is for more masterly pens than mine to write such panegyrics ; none but Apelles had a right to paint Alexander ; and I ought, in imitation of the modesty of the other painters of that age, to content myself with admiring in private the shining actions of the prince you owe your birth to, without venturing to disfigure them by unequal praises. I shall never be blamed for my respectful silence ; whereas, nobody, perhaps, would have been satisfied with the weakness of my commendations.

I am sensible of my own inability ; and do not hope to obtain your Royal Highness's good graces so much by the offer I am bold to make you of the following sheets, as by the sincere zeal with which I am,

My Lord,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most obedient,

And most respectful Servant,

T. S. GUEULETTE.

TARTARIAN TALES.

NEAR Astracan lived a solitary Dervis*, who, returning one evening from angling upon the banks of the River Volga, was surprised to find on the threshold of his cell a child new-born and stark-naked. He took it in his arms, and ran to tell this accident to a tailor of Astracan, called Kourban, from whom he was often used to receive alms.

The tailor's wife happily was brought to-bed the very night before of a daughter, which died the moment it came into the world. She offered the breast to the child the dervis had brought her; and forgetting, as it were, her own daughter, turned her affection entirely to the little boy, whom she named Schems-Eddin.

The tailor and his wife having had no children for near fifteen years, loved little Schems-Eddin with extreme tenderness; and the boy, believing himself their son, returned it with a respect and submission which augmented the affection they had for him. When he was grown up, notwithstanding the inclination he found in himself for arms, the sole will of Kourban engaged him to learn the trade of a tailor; and in less than two years he made such extraordinary progress in that profession, that only by looking at a person, without taking any measure, he could make a suit of clothes as exactly fit as the best tailor in Astracan could make with ever so much measuring.

Schems-Eddin's skill quickly made a noise all over the town: nobody was thought to have a tolerable good taste if he was not dressed in a suit of his making; and most of the ladies employed him without giving umbrage to their husbands, because by seeing them only at a distance, he could in four days time bring them such a habit as they desired.

One day, as this young tailor was in his shop, an old slave accosting

* The Dervises are a sort of Mahometan monks. They affect to appear modest, humble, patient, and charitable. They go with their legs naked, and their stomachs bare; nay, some of them burn themselves with a hot iron to exercise their patience. They make profession of poverty, chastity, and obedience; but if they have not virtue enough to contain themselves, they may get leave to quit their monastery. There are some of these solitary Dervises much like our hermits.

him, desired to speak with him in private. "Sir," said she, "be so kind as to come along with me immediately: two of the handsomest ladies in all Astracan have occasion for your service." Schems-Eddin readily promised to go with her. "But this is not all," replied the woman: "you must consent to have your eyes muffled; otherwise I must not carry you along with me." Schems-Eddin was surprised at such a proposal; but resolving to venture any thing rather than miss of seeing a couple of beautiful ladies, he immediately went with the old woman. She conducted him to a little house in the suburbs of Astracan; carried him into a parlour, and pulling out a silk-handkerchief embroidered with gold, presented him to two black slaves, who had their sabres in their hands; ordered them to bind his eyes with that handkerchief, and to conduct him to the place where he was expected: but that if he shewed the least curiosity to discover the way they led him, they should that moment cut off his head.

This order frightened the young tailor. "Fear nothing," said the old woman to him: "provided you are wise and discreet, your life is safe." He resumed his courage on these promises, suffered them to bind his eyes, and walked thus blindfold for the space of an hour; when the slaves taking off his muffler, he found himself in a hall magnificently lighted by above a hundred wax-tapers.

At the upper end of the hall was a throne of massy silver, upon which sat three ladies, each covered with a veil; through which it was nevertheless easy to perceive that one of them, though perfectly handsome, was about forty years old; and that Nature had formed nothing so charming and so complete as the other two, who seemed to be hardly eighteen. A great number of female slaves, veiled in the same manner, and ranged on each side of the throne, kept a profound silence, and seemed respectfully to wait the command of the three ladies.

After they had given the tailor time to look about him, and admire so much magnificence, the lady that appeared the eldest of the three rose from the throne. "Schems-Eddin," said she, "your reputation has excited our curiosity. We have heard wonders concerning your skill, and are willing to be judges of it ourselves. Look well upon these two young ladies; view their shapes with attention: dare you engage, without taking any other measure, to make each of them a genteel suit of clothes?"—"Madam," replied the young tailor, "I shall do my endeavours to keep up the reputation I have with some justice acquired. I have viewed these ladies enough; order me the silks, and in eight days time you shall be satisfied."

The black slaves, upon this, led Schems-Eddin into another room, and opened twenty coffers, which were all full of the finest silks of the East. He chose what was necessary to make the two habits complete. His eyes were again muffled, and he was led to the house of the old woman, who conducted him home. "If you would have your good fortune continue," said she to him at parting, "do not seek to know from whence you come, or for whom you are to work; the least step you take towards such a discovery will cost you your life: think of nothing but how to execute, as soon

as possible, the orders you have received. I shall fetch you again eight days hence, and carry you to the same ladies upon the former conditions."

The old woman having taken leave of Scheme-Eddin, he went to bed, after he had neatly laid up the silks, resolving to begin the suits at break of day: but he could not close his eyes all the night; the charms of one of the young ladies returned to his mind a thousand times. Two large blue eyes, whose brightness shot through the obscurity of her veil, had made such an impression upon his mind, that he was no longer master of himself. He got up, lighted his lamp, and, after having studied some time in what manner he should cut out his silks, he hit upon a method so uncommon, and withal so advantageous to the beauty of the two young ladies, especially of her he admired, that he had very good reason to believe they would be pleased with his performance. He then set to work with abundance of care and diligence; and the clothes being finished at the day appointed, the old woman who came to fetch him, committed him, with his eyes cruffled, into the hands of the two blacks; who, after having led him through the same passages as before, presented him to the three ladies, whom he found seated upon the throne of silver.

Scheme-Eddin had no sooner opened his bundle, and spread out the habits, than then they began to extol his wonderful fancy. The two ladies for whom they were made retired into a sort of wardrobe with four slaves. They returned into the hall a few minutes afterwards without veils, and in their new habits, but a thousand times more brilliant than the full-moon[†]. So soon as they appeared, the hall resounded with the applauses of the slaves; and the young tailor was so struck with the charms of her to whom he had consecrated his heart, that he fell backwards upon a sofa, and was ready to die with the extreme pleasure he felt in that moment. Indeed, the beauty of those ladies was so great, that it could be compared to nothing but that of the Houries[‡].

They extolled Scheme-Eddin to the skies, praised the invention and neatness of his work, gave him each of them a purse of a hundred pieces of gold, and begged him to make them two more suits different from those which he had now brought them. The young man went into the silk-room, chose five pieces of a very pretty fancy, made two other suits more singular than had yet been seen, returned at the eight days end with the same ceremonies, received greater applauses than before, two hundred pieces of gold, and orders for choosing silks to make up more. In short, this trade continued for seven weeks together; in which time Scheme-Eddin made up fourteen suits of clothes, and received as many purses of gold; when the passion he had conceived for one of the two ladies grew so violent, that notwithstanding the distance there appeared to be between him and her, he resolved to declare his love. After having considered a great while how he should go about it,

[†] An Arabian way of speaking, to describe an extraordinary beauty.

[‡] The Houries are virgins, which Mahomet promises to the good Mussulmen after death: they are always to seem virgins, and to be perfectly beautiful.

he could think of no other expedient but to put a letter for her in the pocket of the next suit of clothes he should carry her. He executed this design; and expressed what he felt for her in terms so moving and so submissive, that he hoped, if she did not accept of his heart, at least she would forgive his rashness in offering it.

The letter had all the effect Schems-Eddin could wish for. The next time he appeared before his lady, instead of anger, he read in her eyes something so sweet, that he had much ado to refrain from throwing himself at her feet. He presented her with her clothes; she went out to try them; and sent them back to him a moment afterwards, with word that they were something too little.

The young tailor, who well knew that the clothes were as they should be, soon imagined that this was only a feint to convey him an answer. He pulled out his scissars and his needle; and, pretending to alter what was amiss, searched the pockets, and in one of them found a letter, which he dexterously put up; and then returned the habit without having made the least alteration in it. The lady was very well satisfied with it, and came again into the hall. New orders were given to the young tailor; he was re-conducted as usual; and the moment he was got home, he broke open the letter, in which he read what follows:

“I could not, amiable Schems-Eddin, be insensible to your passion; you describe it in colours so lively and so natural, that I should be afraid of offending our great Prophet if I repaid it with ingratitude. I love you; and do not blush to confess it. Every thing in you pleases me; and you should quickly be happy if it depended upon me alone to crown your love, which I believe is sincere and honourable. But, dear light of my life, what tears must this confession cost you, when you know that I am for ever shut up in a place where all things are designed for the pleasures of the King of Astracan, and the unfortunate Zebd-El-caton * must never hope to be united with the tender Schems-Eddin!”

If the young tailor felt an infinite deal of joy at reading this letter, that joy was not unmixed with grief. Zebd-El-caton was the finest woman in all Tartary; but it was impossible not to know that she was the favourite of Alsaleh †, king of Astracan. Schems-Eddin was too conversant among the principal persons in the city not to have heard talk of the charms of that young lady, and her cruelty towards the king. As that prince was above sixty years old, and Zebd-El-caton hardly seventeen, she did not know how to reconcile herself to sexagenary sighs; and the King of Astracan, who loved her with unparalleled ardour and delicacy, being unwilling to make use of the authority he had over his slave, waited with patience till his unbounded complaisance should gain him the fair one's heart.

* This name, in the Persian tongue, signifies the Flower of Women.

† Alsaleh signifies, in Arabic, the Good King.

Schems-Eddin too plainly saw how impossible it was to carry off Zebd-El-caton from his king. This reflection threw him into such a violent despair, that, when the old slave came to fetch him to the seraglio, she found him sick a-bed of a violent fever. She ran and told this news to the three ladies; they were very much alarmed at it; and, without considering the danger to which they exposed themselves, they gained over the eunuchs who had suffered the young tailor to visit them so-often; and by this means had liberty to go out of the palace.

Schems-Eddin, who was resolved to use no remedies whereby he might be cured, was in the greatest surprise to see those ladies at his bed's head. He did his utmost to shew his acknowledgment of this favour; when the eldest of the three, having lifted up her veil for the first time, spoke to him in these words: "Your health, charming Schems-Eddin, is so dear to us, that we venture our own lives for an opportunity of trying if there is no way to save yours. We beg you to tell us the cause of your illness; and perhaps we may find out some remedy for it."

The young tailor, seized with respect, and touched with the beauty of that lady, who felt a certain emotion she could not account for, raised himself up—"Ah, Madam!" replied he, in a languishing voice, "however incurable I thought my distemper, your presence, and that of these ladies, have poured a salutary balm into my wounds. Grief alone was the illness which would have given me my death: but, since you have the goodness to interest yourself in the preservation of a miserable wretch, I abandon the cruel resolution I had taken; and hope, in less than six days time, I shall be able to deliver these two ladies the clothes they have commanded me to make for them." Zebd-El-caton affected with the young tailor's extraordinary passion, pressed his hand. "If that is possible," said she, "without endangering your health, pray endeavour, my dear Schems-Eddin, to keep your word with us; you cannot imagine the joy it will be to me in particular."

The ladies after this got up; and, attended by the eunuchs who had conducted them quite to the tailor's house, returned to the palace.

Schems-Eddin passed the night in so great an excess of pleasure, that by the next morning he was in a condition to begin the clothes. They were finished at the six days end as he promised; and the old woman, who often came to inquire after his health, having put him into the hands of the two blacks, they carried him into the hall, which, at the sight of him, resounded with a thousand shouts of joy.

Schems-Eddin presented the habits to the ladies. They viewed them over and over; and found them of a fancy so superior to those which he had made before, that they were perfectly charmed with them. To add to their magnificence, they sent for a casket full of jewels, and ordered him to choose some out, to fix upon those clothes.

The young tailor obeyed their commands; and was fastening the sleeve of the charming Zebd-El-caton with a clasp of diamonds, when on a sudden the door of the hall burst open, and a man, in whose face was painted the

height of fury, came directly towards him with his sabre in his hand. Schems-Eddin soon perceived him to be the king of Astracan, and now looked upon his death to be inevitable; but, not thinking it proper to wait for the effects of that prince's revenge, nor to abandon to his fury the three ladies to whom he was so much obliged, he immediately seized a poniard set with diamonds, which was in the casket, and, without giving the king time to come up, darted it at him with so good an aim, that he gave him a deep wound, which felled him to the earth.

Alsalch, in this condition, had not strength enough to get up. He called for help; and twelve black eunuchs running in at his voice, he commanded them to seize Schems-Eddin, as likewise the three ladies and the two black slaves; to strip them to the waist, and cut them to pieces with their sabres.

While the king was laid upon a sofa, and his surgeon sent for, the cruel orders he had given were in part executed. They had now stripped all the criminals, who were just ready to undergo that cruel sentence; when the eldest of the three ladies, having by chance cast her eyes upon the young Schems-Eddin, and espied the mark of a pomegranate which he had beneath the right pap—"Ah, my lord!" cries she, throwing herself at Alsalch's feet, "suspend, I beseech you, for a moment, your just anger! I alone am guilty: the unfortunate Sutchoume your daughter, Zebd-El-caton, and the young man, are innocent. But Destiny is not to be avoided; and, notwithstanding all the precaution you have taken to escape the prediction of the astrologer, behold that prediction at length accomplished by the unavoidable dispensation of Providence!"

The king, surprised at this discourse, caused his eunuchs to retire; and, after having ordered the ladies and the tailor to cover themselves, he commanded her who had just now spoke to explain that enigma, which he was at a loss to understand. This lady obeyed the king's commands; and delivered herself in these terms:—

THE HISTORY OF THE SULTANA DUCME.

YOU may, my lord, remember that, at the time when I had the happiness to please you, upon your consulting the famous Abdelmelek upon my pregnancy, that astrologer told you I should bring forth a son who should give you your death, and be the cause of his too, if the child were not killed as soon as born. As Abdelmelek's predictions always came true, this gave you abundance of uneasiness; and, to prevent the misfortune you were threatened with, you had me watched with the utmost strictness. In vain I represented to you the little credit that is to be given to a science so uncertain as astrology; you resolved to be present at my labour, to hinder any deceit on my side. My tears had no effect upon you; you were inexorable: I could not dissuade you from the cruel resolution you had taken to shed your own blood; and I almost died away with grief and terror at seeing you enter my chamber with Abdelmelek, at the moment when you were

assured I was just ready to be brought to-bed. But, my lord, you cannot have forgot that I passed from the most violent uneasiness to the most excessive joy; when, instead of a boy, I brought into the world the unfortunate Sutchoume: then you looked upon Abdelmelek with indignation. "Ignorant or wicked astrologer," said you to him, your eyes inflamed with anger, "I shall teach thee to mock thy king in this manner! Thy malice had like to have cost my dear Dugme her life: but I will soon punish an insolent subject for his temerity!" Upon this, Abdelmelek (continued the sultana), threw himself at your feet: "My lord," said he, "do not begin with me to fulfil a prediction which will prove but too true. Have but a moment's patience, and you shall find that my science is not ill-grounded." You did not give the astrologer time to finish what he had to say; you severed his head from his body at one blow of your sabre, and went out of the room, after having sent away the daughter I had brought forth.

You could scarce, my lord, be got into your own apartment, when I felt new pains. The woman who had assisted me in my first, came to me. She found I was going to bring forth another child: she sent every body out of my chamber upon different pretences, and a moment afterwards I brought forth a son, beauteous as the light. Nature, which had formed nothing so complete, would not give me leave to sacrifice him to you. My bowels rebelled against the cruelty which I accused you of in my soul; I put my son, with jewels to a considerable value, into the hands of the midwife, and begged her to go immediately to look a nurse for it somewhere out of Astracan.

Being now no longer watched, it was easy for that woman to carry out my son; and I impatiently expected her return, that I might hear what was become of him; when four days being past without seeing any thing of her, I was at last told, to my unspeakable grief, that she was murdered a few leagues from Astracan. There was no mention made of any child's being found with her, and that gave me some comfort: but notwithstanding all the secret search I have made ever since that time to find out what was become of my son, I have never been able to learn any news of him; and I looked upon him as irrecoverably lost, when at this moment, my lord, I know him in that young man, by the pomegranate upon his breast, as upon that of Sutchoume his twin-sister. It was undoubtedly natural sympathy (continued Dugme) that acted in me, when passing with your majesty by Kourban's shop, about two months ago, I of a sudden felt for that young tailor an extreme tenderness, which had nothing in it that was criminal, and of which I knew not the secret cause. It is me alone, my lord, that, under the pretence of employing him to make clothes for my daughter, and the beautiful Zebd-El-caton, corrupted your eunuchs to convey him into the palace; punish therefore, in me, the only instrument of all your misfortunes.

THE HISTORY OF SCHEMS-EDDIN CONTINUED.

THE king of Astracan was strangely surprised at this story ; and though the melancholy state he was in should have made him think of nothing but revenge, he gave orders to send immediately for the tailor and his wife, who passed for the father and mother of Schems-Eddin. While they were gone for, the surgeon dressed the king's wound ; and it was not without inconceivable anguish, that Schems-Eddin read in the surgeon's eyes, that his life was in danger.

The tailor and his wife came at last. They confessed that the young man was none of their son ; that he was brought to them about eighteen years before, by a solitary dervish, who told them he found him stark-naked in his little hut, at his return from angling in the River Volga, and that the good old man died suddenly three months afterwards, without having been able to give them any further information.

The day on which Schems-Eddin had been carried to Kourban, agreed exactly with that of Sutchoume's birth, and the pomegranate upon his breast was in the same place as upon his twin-sister ; which entirely convincing the king he was his son, he caused him to come near, embraced him affectionately, and ordered him to be covered with a sumptuous robe.

If on one side Schems-Eddin rejoiced at the nobleness of his birth, on the other his soul was full of the sharpest affliction. He threw himself at Alsaleh's feet : " My lord," said he, melting into tears, " I wait impatiently for death ; I cannot look upon myself without horror, after what my hand has done : purge the world of such a monster as I am. This is the greatest and only favour you can shew to a son so guilty as me."—" No, no, my dear Schems-Eddin," replied the king, embracing him afresh, " my death is not owing to any guilt of your's : what is written upon the Table of Light * can never be avoided. Live, I command you ; and assemble this moment my vizirs and all the emirs of Astracan : I will in their presence acknowledge you for my son and for my successor."

Schems-Eddin having a thorough sense of the goodness of the king his father embraced his knees with respect, and made but very little haste to execute his orders. But the Sultana Dugme having immediately sent out his commands by the twelve black slaves, the king's chamber was soon filled with the principal persons of the court.

That prince was laid upon his sofa : " The Angel of Death is not far from me," said he to them ; " and I find I shall quickly sleep under the wing of the mercy of the Almighty. Behold, vizirs," continued he with a feeble voice ; behold your master," shewing them the young Schems-Eddin : " this is my son by the Sultana Dugme ; I command you to look upon him as your king."

* The Orientals believe, that every thing which has or is to happen at the end of the world, is written upon a Table of Light with a pen of fire ; and this writing they call the Inevitable Predestination.

The vizirs and emirs were mightily astonished at the approaching death of Alsaleh; they were likewise ignorant that the king had ever had a son; but the sultana having in few words related to them the history of the young tailor, they all prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground, and swore by their heads to obey him till death.

This ceremony was hardly over, when the king made the sultana, Sutchoume and Zebd-El-caton, draw near to his sofa. "My dear Dugme," said he to the first, "I am too sensible of the injustice I did your charms in loving the beautiful Zebd-El-caton, who never rewarded my passion with any thing but ingratitude; you did not deserve this infidelity from me: I die with extreme regret for having broken the oaths I so often made to be always yours."—"Ah, my lord," replied Dugme, shedding plentiful tears, "whatever tenderness I felt for your majesty, I never wished to control you in your pleasures. I loved you, my lord, for yourself; and you never knew me behold with an eye of envy your new affection for Zebd-El-caton. Whatever grief the loss of your heart was to me, your being contented was enough to keep me from murmuring at your sovereign will."

The king's love for the sultana redoubled at this moment. He embraced her tenderly: "I will give you proof, my dear Dugme," said he, "of the truth of what I say: the charming Zebd-El-caton no longer touches me; and, to give you an undoubted mark of it, I conjure her in your presence to give her hand to the prince my son. As for Sutchoume, the vizir. Benbukar—" The king of Astracan could not any further explain his pleasure with regard to his daughter. He died in the arms of the sultana, with these last words in his mouth.

It is impossible to paint the despair of Schems-Eddin. They had much ado to keep him from attempting his own life. His mother, his sister, and Zebd-El-caton, did not leave him a moment; the last particularly, being delivered from a king whose troublesome, though respectful love, had more than once made her tremble, used all her endeavours to dispel Schems-Eddin's sorrow. But, insensible to all the honours that were done to him, he fell into so profound a melancholy, that his life was feared.

Public prayers were ordered in the mosques of Astracan. They in some measure appeased the wrath of the great prophet against the new king. He found his mind more at peace in a few months: and, after having nobly rewarded the tailor and his wife for the kindness they had always shewn him, he married Sutchoume to the vizir Benbukar, which was what he thought the king his father meant by his last words, and publicly espoused Zebd-El-caton himself.

The prince spent almost five months with his dear wife in the most perfect felicity. The days in her company seemed no more than moments; but this happiness was all of a sudden interrupted by frightful dreams, which continually represented to his thoughts his bleeding father. Zebd-El-caton to no purpose endeavoured, by the most endearing behaviour, to efface from her husband's mind the dark ideas with which it was filled. He was incessantly

torn with remorse for the murder he had committed, and could think of no other way to put an end to it than by taking a journey to Mecca.

Zebd-El-caton, unwilling to part with the king, begged that he would permit her to go with him; Schemas-Eddin being unable to refuse her that satisfaction, left his brother-in-law, the vizir Benbukar, regent in his absence, recommended his mother and sister to his care in the strongest terms, and set out from Astracan.

After a tedious journey, in which the king and his wife underwent a thousand fatigues, they at length arrived at Mecca*. There Schemas-Eddin walked seven times round the temple; and, after having purified himself with the water of the well called Zemzem, he went in the evening to Mount Arafat, where he caused two hundred sheep to be slain, which he distributed among the poor. From thence he took the road to Medina, and performed his devotions in the most holy mosque: and afterwards, having offered a present of forty thousand pieces of gold, as he had done at Mecca, he joined the caravan, and travelled towards Grand Cairo†, where they arrived without meeting with any accident.

Schemas-Eddin no longer felt the cruel agitations which so often interrupted his slumbers. He began to enjoy an undisturbed happiness, and prepared to begin his journey towards his own kingdom, when the beautiful Zebd-El-caton was attacked with a violent fever. This unlucky accident hindered her from setting out with the caravan, which could not defer its journey; but he soon had just reason to be alarmed, when the distemper of his beloved wife increased to such a degree, that her life was despaired of. That princess was almost two days insensible, and recovered for some moments the use of her speech, only to pierce Schemas-Eddin's heart with the most cruel affliction.

"I must leave you, my dear husband," said she to him, embracing him with extreme tenderness; "and I conceive beforehand all the horror of

* Mecca, a city of Arabia Felix, one day's journey from the Red Sea, is the place of Mahomet's birth. There is in that city a magnificent mosque very much frequented by the Turks, who flock thither from all parts in pilgrimage. Here is a well called Zemzem, which is thought to be Abraham's Well, whose water is salt, and which they imagine very efficacious for expiating the most enormous sins by washing in it. Afterwards they go to Mount Arafat to sacrifice some sheep, which they distribute to the poor; and from thence generally pass on to Medina, where stands the tomb of their prophet. It is but four days journey from Mecca to Medina.

† Grand Cairo is situated upon the confines of Higher and Lower Egypt, and almost in the middle of the kingdom, about two thousand paces, or thereabouts, from the Nile. Its great trade attracts thither all sorts of nations. It is about the month of October that the caravans, which assemble at Cairo, set out for Mecca; and the number of the pilgrims is sometimes so great as to amount to forty thousand. There is no good Mussulman but what once in his life makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, or sends somebody in his stead.

such a separation. But you must be patient under the loss of me. You are decreed for still greater misfortunes. This warning I give you from the great prophet, who appeared to me some hours ago. 'It is good,' said he to me, 'that princes should suffer some trials. Adversity purifies their virtue, and they govern the better for it. Schemas-Eddin shall quickly be convinced of this truth: bid him, from me, begin to prepare himself for it.' This," continued Zebd-El-caton, pouring forth tears in abundance, "this is the message I have to deliver to you: summon up all your reason, that you may not murmur at the orders of Providence*** Adieu, my dear Schemas****" The princess had not time to conclude; the angel which waited for her soul cut short her speech.

Never was despair equal to that of the king of Astracan. He could not be removed from the body of his spouse. He was inconsolable for the loss of her; and knew no other remedy than immediately to have a large box made of cinnamon-wood, open only at the top towards the head; in this he put the body of Zebd-El-caton, and adorned it with a great number of jewels; then with his guard, which was about five hundred men, he endeavoured to overtake the caravan, which was gone but some days journey before him, intending, so soon as he should come up with it, to have the corpse of his dear wife embalmed.

The prince had not been two days upon his march, when he was surrounded by almost two thousand Bedouins*. He made an incredible resistance; but all his followers being cut in pieces, without excepting one, he himself fell among the number of the dead.

The Bedouins, after their victory, fell to stripping their enemies. They took every thing they could find, and did not forget the bier adorned with jewels, in which was the body of Zebd-El-caton.

Schemas-Eddin, who defended himself like a lion, had however received never a wound that was mortal; and it was not so much the quantity of blood he had lost, as his being quite tired out, that was the occasion of his falling among the dead. When he had recovered his senses, he was surprised to find himself alone, and in the midst of his men, among whom there was not one that had the least signs of life. What a sad spectacle was this for the king! He got up as well as he was able; and, not forgetting his dear spouse, he ran all over the field of battle, to see if the robbers, after having taken away the jewels, might not have left the box in which was the corpse of Zebd-El-caton. His search was all in vain. He almost died with grief at this new loss: but at length, leaving a place which had been so fatal to him, after having travelled an hour without knowing whither he went, he came near to a little village; entering into which he met an iman†, who at first was frightened to see a man quite naked, and all

* The Bedouins are Arabian robbers, who keep together in great numbers, and endeavour to surprise the caravans, in order to pillage them.

† The Imans celebrate service in the mosques. Their functions are much like those of our curates.

covered with blood; but Schems-Eddin having, without making himself known to him, informed him that he was the only one of his company that had escaped the cruelty of the Bedouins, the iman took pity on him, carried him home to his house, cured his wounds, and having afterwards given him some pieces of money, the prince, with them, re-took the way to his own kingdom.

After a long and painful journey which Schems-Eddin travelled sometimes alone, and sometimes with little caravans which assisted him in his necessities, he at length reached a vast champaign country, which was about half a league from Astracan. There he spied a nephew of the vizir his brother-in-law, with a pretty numerous train, and, running to him with open arms—"Receive," said he, "my dear Zemin, receive the unhappy Schems-Eddin, oppressed with the most cruel misfortunes; and who, for almost three years, has been exposed to such miseries as would strike you with horror but to hear them." Zemin was surprised at the sight of his king; though the fatigues of the journey, the hardships he had undergone, and the meanness of his habit, had altered him extremely, yet he could not help knowing him again. He prostrated himself before him with all the appearances of the sincerest respect; and taking off his own robe, he covered the prince with it, and conducted him to the palace through the most private streets, but what was the amazement of Schems-Eddin, at his entrance there, to see himself loaded with chains by the same Zemin who had but now been loading him with compliments! Then he learned, to his inexpressible grief, that his cruel brother-in-law, Benbukar, after having himself strangled his wife and the sultana, Dugme, had seized the kingdom, massacred all his faithful subjects, and those who opposed his usurpation; and that he himself must shortly expect the same fate.

Schems-Eddin grew motionless at this news. At first he gave himself up to fury and rage; but presently recalling to mind the last words of Zebd-El-caton, he resigned himself that moment to the will of the Almighty. "God," said he, "is great; he is just. I am not yet sufficiently punished for my crimes; but what had my mother and my sister done to come to so tragical an end? Their death, I hope, will not be long unpunished."

The prince had not ended these words, when the usurper, followed by four ruffians, entered the room. His presence startled Schems-Eddin. "Ah, barbarous vizer!" cried he, the moment he saw him, "art thou come to fill up the measure of thy guilt? Cannot the blood of thy wife and my mother, which already rises up against thee, assuage thy fury? Behold my head! strike! but remember, the day will come when I shall accuse thee of these enormous crimes before the tribunal of the great God; and that, when the angels shall give testimony of the truth, all this mighty power of thine, beneath which my subjects groan and tremble, shall not then preserve thee from being condemned, and severely punished for thy execrable parricide!"

These sharp reproaches quite confounded the usurper; he had not strength enough now to command the death of his lawful king; his menaces terrified him; he thought he already saw the hand of God lifted over him

head; he contented himself only to put Schems-Eddin out of a condition ever to reascend the throne; he caused a red-hot iron to be rubbed over his eyes, which deprived him of sight, and afterwards sent him into a deep dungeon.

There was not a day passed wherein the king of Astracan, though oppressed with miseries, and delivered up to the most bitter affliction, did not pay respect to the decrees of Providence, and return thanks to God for having punished him so gently for his crimes. But one night, when grief had for some moments given way to sleep, he thought he saw in a dream the great prophet, with Zebd-El-caton in his hand, assuring him of the change of his condition, and promising he should one day enjoy a perfect happiness with his spouse.

Schems-Eddin started up and waked; but this dream seemed to him so extraordinary, and to have so little foundation, that he gave very little heed to it; it even added to his sorrow: but yet it was not long before he felt the effects of one part of this prediction.

One morning, as the prince was performing his devotions prostrate upon the earth, he heard the doors of his prison open with a great noise. Imagining that somebody was sent to despatch him, he did not alter his posture, but waited the blow with intrepidity; when two of his former vizirs, whose zeal and virtue were sufficiently known to him, threw themselves at his feet. "My lord," said one of them, embracing his knees, "do you not remember the voice of Mutamhid and Cuberghe, your faithful slaves? The ungrateful vizir, on whom you had heaped so many favours, together with the traitor Zemin, have just now met with their deaths by our hands. The people, tired out with his cruelties, rejoice exceedingly at his death. They knew nothing of your return, which we took care to inform them of; having pretended to be of Benbukar's party only that we might in time be able to push him from the throne he had so basely and cruelly usurped. Come, then, my lord, and once more fill it; since all your subjects call for their lawful sovereign with the utmost impatience."

Schems-Eddin praised God, and thanked the vizirs for their zeal. "But how, my wise friends," said he, "would you have me remount the throne? Is such an unhappy prince as me in a condition to govern you? No, no, vizirs, choose from among you a man that may be more capable of such a charge, and leave me to mourn in secret for all my misfortunes."—"Ah, my lord," replied Mutamhid, "your contempt of greatness is a sure sign that none is more worthy to govern than yourself. We conjure you not to reject our entreaties; we are ready to sacrifice our lives and fortunes to defend you upon a throne which you have already so worthily filled."

The king of Astracan, moved by these words, which shewed so much affection and loyalty, put himself into the hands of his two vizirs. They conducted him to the baths of the palace; and after having clothed him in a robe of state, presented him to the people, who testified, by a thousand shouts of joy, how impatient they had been to see him again upon the throne of his ancestors.

Whatever satisfaction Schema-Eddin took in hearing the love his subjects had for him, he continually wept in secret for the loss of his dear Zebd-El-caton, and the privation of his sight. In vain the most skilful physicians and surgeons in Astracan tried all their art upon him. They agreed, at last, that there was not the least hopes that he would ever see again the light of the sun. There was one of them only, who told the king he remembered he had formerly read in an old Arabian manuscript, that there was in the island of Serendib* a bird which might restore him to sight; but that, besides the difficulties there were in finding and coming near it, he would not warrant the manuscript to be infallible. "The bird," continued the physician, "is upon the top of a very high tree, all the leaves of which are as hard as iron, and as sharp as razors. Some woman must, in order to restore to sight her blind husband, undertake to climb up this tree from branch to branch. If her affection for her husband never suffered any alteration, the leaves will soften to her touch, and she will easily climb to the top, and draw, in a golden vessel which hangs at the bird's neck, a liquor white as milk, which distils perpetually from his bill. This liquor the Arabian manuscript affirms to be sovereign for restoring sight to those who have been deprived of it by any accident whatsoever; nay, to give it even to those who were born blind. After having received this divine liquor, she shall come down from the tree as easily as she climbed up: but if the woman who ventures to fetch this marvellous juice has ever had the least thought contrary to the purity of marriage, or has ceased one moment to have an entire love for her husband, she must expect nothing from her rash enterprise but certain death. The leaves, indeed, will grow soft to let her climb to the top of the tree; but when she is to come down they will resume their edge, and the woman, falling from bough to bough, shall be hacked into a thousand pieces. I believe, my lord," continued Abubeker, "that this tree, if it is certainly in being, is still a virgin and untouched, and that no woman hitherto has offered to fetch a liquor which is to be acquired with so much trouble and danger."

Schema-Eddin listened to this story with admiration. "It is not impossible," said he, "but that such a woman may be found in this city, though such women are very rare; we must try if we cannot find out so great a treasure."

The wives of all the blind men in Astracan were brought before the king: Abubeker in his presence declared to them what was to be done; and Schema-Eddin promised an unbounded reward to her who could by this

* The island of Serendib, according to our modern geographers, is no other than the island of Ceyan in the Indian Sea, towards Cape Comory, on this side the Gulf of Bengal and the line, in the first climate. The days and nights there are always twelve hours each. The capital is situated on the verge of a delightful valley, armed by a mountain which is in the middle of the island of Serendib, and was called Adam's Pike, because they say the first man was created upon it, and is buried underneath it. This mountain is reckoned the highest in all the Indies.

means restore him to sight. But there was not one of them who durst venture to climb the tree; the conditions were a little too delicate, and death too certain: they all in general refused to undergo so dreadful a probation.

The other physicians of Astracan made a wonderful jest of the king's credulity: "This new kind of remedy," said they, "is an invention of Abubeker's, who would fain set up for a man of prodigious learning; he is mightily set upon miracles, and always distinguishes himself by some new and particular opinion."

These words came to Abubeker's ears; they touched him to the quick. "Shall my zeal for the king," said he to his wife and son, "be turned into ridicule? Well, I myself will undertake a journey to Serendib, to see if what the manuscript reports be true. If, notwithstanding all my wishes, I do not succeed in my enterprize, at least I shall have the consolation to have done more for my prince than all the other physicians of Astracan put together.

Nothing could divert Abubeker from his resolution: the length and difficulties of the voyage did not at all dishearten him; he presented himself the next day before the king, and informed him of his design.

That prince highly commended so noble an undertaking. He gave him every thing that was necessary for so tedious a voyage; and promised him, in case he died by the way, to take particular care of his wife, and of his only son, whom he loved entirely. "My lord," said the physician, taking leave of Schema-Eddin, "if I do not return in three years, you may believe that death, or some strange accident which I cannot foresee, has obstructed the ardent desire I have to restore you to sight; but a certain confidence which I have in the Arabian manuscript, makes me hope my voyage will not be fruitless." At length Abubeker set out for Serendib; and it was not without very great envy that the other physicians saw the king so biassed in his favour.

Schema-Eddin, in the flower of his age, and blind as he was, governed his subjects with admirable prudence. Shut up in the recesses of his palace, he was incessantly thinking of the means to make them happy; and laid it down to himself as an unalterable law, till the return of the physician Abubeker, to appear in public but one hour every day, which hour he divided into four parts. During the first, he went to the great mosque of Astracan to pray; the second, third, and sometimes part of the fourth, were destined for doing acts of charity, and receiving the complaints of private persons against the public officers, either by word of mouth or in writing. Afterwards he commanded the two vizirs, Mutamhid and Cuberghe, upon whom he relied in most of his affairs, to punish or turn out those officers, if they deserved it; and he distributed justice with so much equity and discretion, that his sentences were looked upon as so many oracles.

As for what remained of the last quarter of an hour, he spent it in the conversation of learned men. This was the only diversion that prince en-

joyed all the day; and, as he liked their company, he gave them marks of his liberality.

The honour of diverting the king, who generally seemed sunk in melancholy, more than the view of interest, animated his subjects to find out persons who might dissipate his sorrows, by telling him some extraordinary story. If a famous traveller arrived at Astracan, he was immediately carried to Schems-Eddin; and when the inhabitants themselves knew any singular adventure, they presented themselves before their prince, that they might have the pleasure of contributing to his entertainment.

It was now two years since Abubeker had been gone to the island of Serendib, and that the king, exactly observing the rule he had prescribed to himself, had never failed to allot some moments every day to those amusements; when the two favourite vizirs, discoursing together of the motive of Abubeker's voyage—"If that physician prove a cheat," said one of them, "or should not return to Astracan, we shall be very much at a loss to procure the king fit persons to talk to him. He has committed that charge to our care; and though a quarter of an hour is quickly past, yet as it is to be renewed daily, I am afraid at last we shall not be able to find any thing new."—"That would be a pity indeed," replied the other vizir: "the king has now contracted a pleasing habit of hearing some story or other every day; it is almost the only satisfaction of his life; for, in the manner this wise prince conducts himself, he enjoys no delight of royalty but that of labouring incessantly for the good of his subjects."

One of the physicians of Astracan was present at the conversation; he thought this a fair opportunity of gratifying the envy which he and all his brethren had conceived against Abubeker: "My lords," said he to the vizirs, "all men of sense are of your opinion, and you will infallibly fall into the inconveniency you apprehend. I know but one remedy against it; Abubeker's son, deriding the perplexity he foresees you will soon be in, boasted yesterday, in my hearing, that he himself was able, if he had a mind to it, to find diversion for the king till his father's return. It is true this young man has a good deal of learning, and ever since he was ten years old, has applied himself with great eagerness to read all manner of books; but, notwithstanding the prodigious memory he is said to be endued with, I very much doubt whether he could succeed in so difficult an undertaking."

Cuberghe only laughed at the presumption of Abubeker's son; but Mutamid, falling into a violent passion—"Indeed," said he, "it well becomes this insolent young man to jest so seasonably! Well, since he talks at this rate, he shall keep his word; and his head shall be answerable for the success of an enterprize he is so vain as to pretend to."

He that moment ordered somebody to fetch Ben Eridoun, which was the name of Abubeker's son. "This physician," said he to him when he was come, "assures me that you have the boldness to make a jest of the perplexity Cuberghe and I may one day be in to provide his majesty new subjects of recreation, and that you boast that you yourself could find him di-

version till your father's return. Since you are so rash as to talk thus, I command you to look that you do so," continued Mutamhid, with a voice that might make Ben-Eridoun tremble: "I will be present at all your conversations; and I forewarn you, that if the prince grows weary of your discourse, and bids me bring him another, thou shalt that moment lose thy head."

Ben-Eridoun was strangely surprised at this order. He perceived so much anger in the vizir's eyes, that he durst not deny his having been guilty of that vanity. He confided in his reading, and in the happy memory Nature had given him; and, throwing himself at Mutamhid's feet—"My lord," said he, "waving whatever I might urge for my justification, the honour of diverting the king is so coveted by me, that I will not refuse to obey your sovereign commands; though it cost me my life, I am ready to appear before the throne of Schems-Eddin."

The perfidious physician, who had staid by the vizir to be witness of what passed, was a little astonished at Ben-Eridoun's answer, yet he made not the least doubt of his destruction. "A young man, at most but five-and-twenty years old," said he to himself, "can never have gathered stock enough to succeed in such an undertaking." He presently ran to inform his companions, who all felt a malicious joy at it, and tasted before-hand the pleasure of seeing themselves revenged upon Abubeker in the person of his son.

The vizir Mutamhid, pleased with the submission and modesty of Ben-Eridoun, dropped all his anger. "As your death is unavoidable," said he, "if you do not fulfil your promise, so your reward, on the other hand, is no less certain, if you succeed in your design. Every time you leave the king, I will give you a hundred pieces of gold. I will have you eat at my table; you shall be served like me; and there shall be no other difference between us, but that you shall be narrowly watched."—"My lord," replied Ben-Eridoun, "it is not the hopes of recompense, or your noble promises, that will prompt me to do my duty; the philosophy I make profession of has taught me to despise riches. Honour and glory are the only motives by which I am actuated; and if what you now require of me were contrary to their dictates, you should see me embrace the most cruel death rather than obey you: but as there is nothing that is not extremely honourable in the command you impose upon me, you may put me to the trial when you please. I shall endeavour to confound the artifices of my enemies; and I hope my prince will be satisfied with me."

Mutamhid was charmed with the prudent behaviour of Ben-Eridoun. He then perceived the malice of the old physician, and that the young man was innocent of what was laid to his charge; but since he offered himself, as it were voluntarily, to try to divert his prince, he presented him to him the next day.

As soon as Ben-Eridoun came within sight of the throne of Schems-Eddin, he prostrated himself with his face to the earth. He afterwards arose; and, addressing his speech to the king—"May the mercy of the Almighty be displayed upon your majesty," said he; "may the angel that

is one day to present you before his throne, forget no one good action of your life; and may you for ever enjoy the perfect felicity which our great prophet has promised to those who exactly follow his laws! My name is Ben-Eridoun, the son of Abubeker, who has been gone two years, or thereabouts, to the island of Serendib. May Heaven quickly send him back with the divine remedy which he travels in quest of, to restore you to sight! Till that time comes, I have undertaken, my lord, to entertain your majesty every day for that little while which you set apart to unbend your mind."

"Do you consider what you have engaged to do?" answered the king, somewhat surprised at these promises. "Do you not know that such an enterprise is beyond your ability, and that your father may not return perhaps this twelvemonth?"—"My lord," replied the young Ben-Eridoun, "though great is the difficulty of entertaining my king as I ought to do, yet I know such a number of stories, each more curious than the other, that even though my father should lengthen out his voyage as long again as he intended, I do not despair of being able to fulfil the promise I have made to the vizir Mutamid; and, if your majesty will do me the honour to hear me, I will begin with a very singular story."

Schems-Eddin was yet more surprised than before: "Thou must be a wonder in thy kind," said he, "if thou keepest thy word. Difficulties do not at all discourage thee."—"On the contrary, my lord," replied Ben-Eridoun, "they animate me with more vigour. I have so happy a memory, that I never forgot any thing I had read or heard; and, as I always delighted in keeping company with the eldest and wisest men in Astracan, great part of whom are dead, I am possessed of such a number of different histories of every kind, that, without boasting, I may assure your majesty there are few men like me in this city."—"I shall quickly be a judge of that," replied the king. "Sit down by Mutamid on this sofa, and let me hear the story you offered to tell me."

Ben-Eridoun obeyed the orders of Schems-Eddin; he sat down upon the sofa, and began in this manner:—

THE HISTORY OF CHEREF-ELDIN, SON OF THE KING OF OSMUS, AND GUEHINDY, PRINCESS OF TULUPHAN.

THERE was formerly, my lord, in the Greater Tartary, two different sorts of Genii. The one, disposed to do good to mankind, acknowledged the great Geoncha* for their king; and the other, never pleased but when they were exercising their malicious inclinations, had no other master than the revengeful Zeloulou.

These two captains of the Genii had for almost three hundred years been at continual war with each other. Geoncha protected nobody that Zeloulou did not immediately endeavour to prosecute; and Zeloulou could do no ill action upon the earth, but Geoncha presently set about to redress it.

* Geoncha, in the Persian tongue, signifies King of the World.

One day as these two Genii were upon the banks of the River Salgora*, endeavouring to decide their differences by conference, Mochzadin, king of Tuluphan, and the beautiful Riza, his wife, who were returning together from hunting the kid, passed by the place where the two Genii were contending.

Zeloulou, always watchful to do ill, would not let slip so fair an opportunity of indulging his propensity that way. Notwithstanding Geoncha's entreaties, that malicious Genius, going up to Riza, who rode side by side with Mochzadin, made so great a noise in her horse's ear, that the frightened beast ran away with the princess, notwithstanding all her efforts to restrain him; and was just going to precipitate her into the river, which was very deep in that part, if with one blow of a sabre, struck by a powerful hand, Geoncha running to her assistance, had not cut off the horse's head, and caught the princess in his arms, who was swooned away with fear. The kind Genius, having afterwards made her smell to a nosegay of musk-roses which he had in his hand, she not only returned to her senses, but her clothes, which were green before, were now changed into a rose-colour; and though her features were not in the least altered, her beauty was increased to such a degree, that the king himself, who, justly alarmed at the danger of his spouse, had followed her with extreme swiftness, could scarce know her again. He and all his train were in a surprise not to be imagined. The extraordinary death of Riza's horse, her rose-coloured habit, and her additional beauty, all this, brought about in a moment, the author of so many wonders not appearing, for the Genii had not made themselves visible; all this, I say, happened so unaccountably, that the king and queen were almost apt to doubt of a truth which their eyes could not but testify.

After being returned to Tuluphan, and retired into their chamber by themselves, they were still with admiration discoursing of the prodigy they had seen, when they were seized with fear and respect at the sight of a venerable old man, who of a sudden appeared before them, without their perceiving how he got in. "Be not afraid, my children," said he to them kindly. "I am Geoncha, king of the Genii. It is me that, after having preserved the charming Riza from the danger into which Zeloulou, who has made himself famous upon earth by a thousand malicious actions, had thrown her by frightening her horse; it is me," continued he, "who had resolved that none of her sex should surpass her in beauty. But I do not stint my favours in so narrow a compass; I intend likewise to put an end to her barrenness: in nine months time from this day she shall bring forth a daughter as beautiful as herself."

The king of the Genii (continued Ben-Eridoun) had no sooner spoke these words, than he disappeared, leaving the king and queen of Tuluphan in an ecstasy of joy at so pleasing an expectation. However incredulous they had been till then, they soon ceased to be so. Riza, who during seven

* The River Salgora passes by Tuluphan, a city of Greater Tartary.

years marriage had never had the pleasing satisfaction of being a mother, quickly felt the effects of Geoncha's promises. At the end of nine months exactly she was brought to-bed of a daughter completely beautiful, whom she named Gul-hindy*.

This little princess no sooner enjoyed the light, but the same Genius appeared again in the chamber where Riza and Mochzadin were together. "I come with inexpressible pleasure," said he, "to put the last hand to so charming a work, and to inform you of the destiny that is prepared for her. I assisted yesterday at the birth of a son of the king of Ormus, whom I named Cheref-Eldin. I find so much resemblance and sympathy between him and this lovely princess, that I have resolved to unite them one day by the most holy ties: but I foresee that the happiness they are to enjoy will be crossed by such misfortunes as will drive Gul-hindy to the very brink of death, if they know one another before they have obtained the age of seventeen years.—It must be your care, my lord," continued the Genius, addressing his speech to Mochzadin, "to keep the princess from seeing any stranger till she is past the fatal moment which the stars have discovered will be so dangerous to her. This is the only remedy I can think of, unless you will put her into my hands; for then I will warrant her free from all the caprices of Fortune."

Mochzadin and Riza were surprised at Geoncha's words: but, though they gave entire credit to his prediction, they were not able to consent to part with a child they had so many years longed for. They begged the Genius very earnestly not to be offended if they kept the little Gul-hindy with themselves; and assured him they would take so much care of her, that she should be in no manner of danger from the Prince Cheref-Eldin. "So be it, then," replied the Genius; "only remember, when the princess is ten years old, to keep her from the sight of all the world. The nearer she approaches her sixteenth year, the greater danger she will be in." Then, having taken her in his arms, he enriched her with all the fine qualities that could make a person of her sex accomplished; and, after having received a thousand thanks from the king and queen, he departed like a flash of lightning.

Scarce, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), did the malignant Zeloulou, who could not come to an agreement with Geoncha in their last conference, know what he had done for Gul-hindy and Cheref-Eldin, but he resolved to gratify his malicious temper in crossing the felicity of these two lovely infants. He repaired in the night to the palace of the king of Ormus, stole away the little prince, carried him to Tuluphan, dressed him in Gul-hindy's clothes, and covering that little princess with those of Cheref-Eldin, placed her a moment after in the cradle from which he had taken the prince of Ormus.

We may easily conceive the surprise the two nurses were in—

* Gul-hindy, in Arabic, signifies a Musk-rose.

Ben-Eridoun was interrupted here by a black slave, who came every day to tell the king of Astracan that his hour was out. As soon as this slave appeared, Schema-Eddin rose to return to his palace: he who had the honour to entertain him gave over speaking, and resumed his discourse the next day, if he had not finished his story; if he had, there was brought to the king another who told him some adventure he had not yet heard.

Thus the Thousand and One Quarters of Hours are divided in the original Arabic: but I thought it would be the best way to leave out all that follows and precedes Ben-Eridoun's narration, being persuaded that the reader will read these stories with more pleasure so, than if they were interrupted by continual repetitions, which it would be almost impossible not to be guilty of.

THE two nurses (continued Ben-Eridoun next day) were strangely surprised in the morning to find each her child so different from what it was the night before. They looked upon them with unparalleled amazement; when Zeloulou appearing to each of them in the shape of a frightful dwarf, threatened to wring their necks off if ever they discovered the metamorphosis that had happened; and departed, after having assured them, that if, before those children had attained the age of seventeen years, the secret was found out in any manner whatsoever, they would fall into his power, without any possibility of ever getting out of it.

The poor women were so terrified, that they resolved to keep the strictest silence. Their lives depended upon it; and the Genius had so intimidated them, that they would have suffered any torment rather than have revealed the secret.

Cheref-Eldin, then, was brought up at the court of king Mochzadin by the name of Gul-hindy; and that princess, under the habits of the prince of Persia, rendered herself in a little time so perfect at the exercises of the body, that, when she was fifteen years old, she surpassed all the subjects of the king of Ormus in those accomplishments.

The education of the young prince was not very agreeable to his sex; that which he seemed to be of, engaged him in quite different occupations. He generally amused himself in embroidery; and being, according to Geoncha's order, shut up from the age of ten years in Mochzadin's palace, which was grown inaccessible to every body but the king of Tuluphan, he never left off work but to hunt in the park, accompanied by his women, and some of his eunuchs.

His nurse Merou, who never quitted him, seeing him approach to his sixteenth year, often recommended it to him to conceal his sex with the greatest care since the repose of his whole life depended upon his so doing. "But," said Cheref-Eldin to her, with tears, "why am I educated like a girl, and deprived of the learning and sciences which ought to be communicated to a

prince of my rank? And what unjust motive can oblige the king and queen to let me languish thus in an idle inactive state of life?"—"These are things I am ignorant of," replied Merou. "But, my dear prince, or rather my dear princess (for it is dangerous to call you by the first name), all I can assure you of is, that Mochzadin and Riza are more deceived in you than any body: they believe you are a girl; they have been convinced of it by their own eyes: but things have had a strange alteration since that time. This is all I can tell you at present; you will know more hereafter. But I beg you not to expose yourself to the cruel miseries I have so often threatened you with, if you discover your sex till you are full seventeen years old."

The prince was surprised at this advice; the more he reflected with himself, the more he was confounded: he resolved, therefore, to follow the prudent counsels of his nurse. But, in order to dissipate the uneasiness which preyed upon him, he went a hunting as often as possible.

One evening, as Mochzadin and Riza were in conversation with their supposed daughter, the queen related to her, as she had often done before, the story of her birth and the promises the king of the Gepii had made to unite her destiny with that of the son of the king of Ormus. This story, so often repeated, perplexed the prince to the highest degree: he knew not what to fix upon; but at last resolved, let what would happen, to fly for ever from a place where he spent a life so unworthy of himself. It was no easy thing to compass this design; all the gates of the palace were guarded by eunuchs not to be corrupted; but, to execute the project he had formed, he chose the time of his hunting; and, after having taken with him two purses full of gold, and a good many jewels, being very well mounted, he easily rode away from his company; and spurring directly to a door of the park which led into the wide country, he commanded the eunuch that guarded it to open it to him. The slave refused to obey him; but the prince having despatched him into the other world with one blow of his sabre, which he always wore when he went a hunting, took the keys, and, flying with incredible swiftness, chose the road that was least beaten, and travelled all that day, and the following night, without taking the least repose.

The ladies and eunuchs belonging to the false princess, made the strictest search for her all over the park. After having, in vain, traversed every corner of it, they came at last to the door, which they found open. The dead body of the eunuch increased their surprise; they concluded that some unfortunate accident had happened to Gul-hindy. Nobody cared to inform the king and queen of this mournful news; yet it was not to be avoided but they should know it. They almost died with grief when they heard it. "Oh, Heaven!" cried the queen, tearing her hair and face, "why did we not take the advice of the wise Geoncha? We should not now have been thus oppressed with the bitterest affliction! Gul-hindy is undoubtedly stolen away; the Genius too rightly predicted this mischance! Pray Heaven my dear daughter do not feel the consequences of it!"

While the king and queen wasted their time in vain complaints and fruit-

less reflections, the prince continued his speed. All the pursuit that was made after him was to no purpose; he rode as hard as his horse could carry him, and did not stop till he fell dead under him. He was now forced to travel on foot in very great perplexity, when there passed by him a young Tartarian. The prince accosted him—"Do you know any body," said he, "that could sell me a horse?"—"You could not have addressed yourself more luckily, madam," replied the young man, deceived by Cheref-Eldin's female habit; "my father, who lives but a little way off, has no inconsiderable dealings that way." The prince followed him, furnished himself with a good horse; and, after having taken a few hours rest, renewed his journey, travelled several days almost without stopping a moment, and at last arrived at a sea-port, where he found a vessel just ready to set sail for Surate*. The master of the ship was a man of a good aspect, about forty years old. He received the prince with abundance of respect, as a young lady of quality going to the Indies to take possession of a very considerable estate left her by her father, and whose mother died suddenly at hearing the news of her husband's death. He made her an offer of his own table; which Cheref-Eldin accepted the more willingly, because, having embarked very hastily, he had not had time to make any provision. The repast was served up with great delicacy; but, at the conclusion of it, he was very much surprised to see a lady of extreme beauty enter the cabin, and address these words to the master of the ship.

"Remember, Sinadab, that God has given us a father and a mother, that we should obey them, it is God that speaks to us through their mouth. Woe to him that despises them, and does not submit to their commands with respect and duty!"

Sinadab, at these words, rose from table: the tears ran down his eyes. He afterwards prostrated himself on the ground, remained some time in that posture; and then rising with the marks of the deepest sorrow engraved upon his face—"Beauteous Roukia!" said he to the lady, "I shall never forget this wholesome counsel! my past misfortunes have sufficiently imprinted them in my memory; but do you continue, nevertheless, to put me in mind of them daily, as you have been used to do."

The Prince Cheref-Eldin looked upon Sinadab with wonder: he perceived it. "You will no longer be surprised, madam," said he, "when I have told you the occasion of this ceremony; and why this lady, at all my meals, repeats to me the words you just now heard."

Cheref-Eldin having testified a great desire to know the story, thus, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), Sinadab related it to him.

* Surate is a town situated upon the Gulf of Cambay, in the peninsula of the Indies. This town is famous for the resort of a great many merchant-ships.

THE STORY OF SINADAB, THE SON OF SAZAN THE PHYSICIAN.

MY father, whose name was Sazan, was a physician at Sues*. He exercised that profession with a good deal of honour for a considerable time. He had no child but me ; and therefore spared no cost in my education. I was almost twenty years old, when he would fain have persuaded me to embrace his profession ; but, besides that I found myself extremely averse to it, as he was esteemed a very rich man, I thought I had no occasion to qualify myself to get a livelihood. I imagined that the estate he was to leave me would be more than enough to maintain me in luxury and pleasure, without my giving myself the least pains or trouble. My father's remonstrances could not dissuade me from my resolution. This disturbed him so much, that he fell sick ; and, after having kept his bed five or six months, died.

Before his last groan, he called me to him : " My son," said he, " since in my life-time I never received any comfort from you, give me at least so much satisfaction at my death, as to promise me that you will punctually follow three articles of advice, which I foresee will be extremely useful to you. Swear to me, upon the Alcoran, that they shall never be out of your memory." I melted into tears (continued Sinadab) and took an oath to my father to execute his will. And this, madam, is what the good old man said to me, embracing me—" I leave you wealth enough, and perhaps too much, to live like a man of honesty and honour. Endeavour, my dear Sinadab, to keep it ; but if, by any accident which I cannot foresee, you should happen to lose it, never attach yourself to a prince whose good character you are not thoroughly assured of. Be sure, whatever love you bear your wife, never to trust her with a secret wherein your life may be concerned. And, lastly, never adopt for your son a child that is none of your own."

Scarce had my father made me swear a second time upon the Alcoran to obey him religiously in these three points, but he closed his eyes, and resigned his soul into the hands of the angel of death. I doubled my tears at this mournful sight, and rendered him the last duties with all imaginable tenderness.

Under the bed's-head I found the copy of a will which he had deposited with the cady. He gave me leave to dispose how I would of all his estate, excepting only a little garden which was without the gates of Sues ; at the end whereof was a pretty neat summer-house, which he ordered me not to sell upon any account whatsoever.

I paid little regard to this article, which seemed to me of no great consequence. I minded nothing but examining carefully what wealth he had left me. I found almost a hundred thousand sequins of gold, several diamonds perfectly rich, considerable inheritances, and very magnificent furniture. So soon as I could appear in public with decency, I called together my companions in my own house, to the number of eight. I presented each of them

* Sues is a town in the Middle Egypt. It gives its name to the isthmus of Sues, which parts the Red-Sea from the Mediterranean.

with a slave completely beardless, and entertained them sumptuously for ten days together. In short, madam (continued Sinadab), not to weary you with a particular relation of all my follies and debaucheries, in which I plunged deeper and deeper every day, I shall only tell you that, after having led this sort of life for almost two years, I found myself on a sudden without money. My creditors, who had never quitted me during my pleasures, advised me to dispose of my jewels and furniture. I sold them piece by piece, for half their value. I afterwards did the same by the houses my father had left me, reserving only the garden, which was not in my power to sell; and at length I was so reduced that I had nothing left but the clothes I had on, and one single hawk, which I had trained up to flying.

When my friends saw me in these straits, they immediately deserted me. It was to no purpose my reproaching them for their ingratitude; they did but laugh at me: only there was one of them, who, taking pity of the condition I was in, gave me ten sequins.

I had not eat any thing for two days together; so that I received this money as a present from Heaven. Being now perfectly ashamed of myself, I went to the port of Sues, designing to embark in the first ship I could meet with. I found one that was just ready to depart for Adel*. I had scarce time enough to make some slight provision for my voyage with the little money I was master of. I set forwards with nothing but my hawk; and we arrived at Adel without meeting with any accident. I had now remaining in my purse but three sequins of the ten which had been given me: I resolved to be a good husband of them, and to live upon the industry of my hawk. I had a very particular talent for training up those sorts of birds. Mine was very excellent at the sport. I had accustomed him not to kill his quarry; he only pecked out their eyes with two strokes of his bill, and then I took them alive; so that I did not want for game to maintain myself and a poor old widow-woman that had taken me into her house. I had so much that I carried some every day to the King's purveyor, who paid me for it nobly; and who was so surprised at what I told him of my bird, that he informed the king of it.

That prince, who was a great lover of sporting, sent for me: he told me he would see my hawk take a flight, and bid me be ready next day very early. I gladly obeyed; and the king was so charmed at the swiftness, dexterity, and obedience of my bird, that he asked me what I would take for it. "Sir," replied I, "it is all I have left of above two hundred thousand sequins which my father bequeathed me when he died. This poor hawk has maintained me ever since I have been in want: but since he has been so happy as to please your majesty, I shall be over-paid for him by the honour I hope you will do me in accepting it."

The king of Adel (continued Sinadab) immediately ordered me twenty

* Adel is the capital city of a kingdom of the same name in New Arabia, otherwise called the country of Ayan.

thousand sequins, lodged me in his palace, and conferred on me the place of his chief huntsman. In a word, Madam, that prince had so much kindness for me, that in a little time I became his prime vizir and sole confidant: I went with him every day a-hunting, in which diversion he delighted exceedingly; and I seldom was from him but when he retired among his women.

"How unhappy should I be, my dear Sinadab," said he to me one day, "if I should lose you! You share the sweetest moments of my life."—"My lord," replied I, "the favour of the great is too uncertain a bottom for a wise man to build upon. I am loaded to-day with your goodness; perhaps to-morrow I shall be loaded with chains by your command."—"No, no, vizir," said he, "fear nothing; I shall always love you: and, to bind you more strictly to me, and that you may entirely forget your own country, you shall marry one of my sisters. I have three that are tolerably handsome; you shall see them this moment, but without their knowledge; and if your heart is not already engaged, she you like best shall to-morrow be your wife." I threw myself at the king's feet, confounded with the honour he did me: he raised me up, and embracing me tenderly, made me go into his closet, placed me behind a great curtain of black gauze, and commanded the captain of his eunuchs to fetch the three princesses.

The king's orders were executed in an instant. Immediately afterwards there entered the closet three ladies of unparalleled beauty, brilliant as full-moons. The king talked with them some time upon indifferent matters; then, having sent them back to their own apartment, he called me from behind the curtain where I stood. "Well, my dear vizir," said he, "which of my three sisters gave your heart the most emotion?"—"Ah! my lord," replied I, transported, "those ladies are of such ravishing beauty, that I could not decide in so little time."—"Come, come," interrupted the king, "one of the three did certainly please you more than the other two: own which it was; I give her to you freely, and I command you to discover your sentiments to me frankly."—"My lord," replied I, "since you absolutely lay your commands upon me, the youngest of the three princesses pierced my heart with the most irresistible charms: but notwithstanding your majesty's unbounded goodness to your slave, my happiness would be incomplete if I did not obtain the princess by her own consent."—"These sentiments are extremely delicate," replied the king; "but I will give you this satisfaction too." Then he ordered the captain of the eunuchs to fetch Bouzemghir; this, Madam, was the princess's name: she immediately came. "My dear Bouzemghir," said the king, embracing her, "I intend to marry you; but will not force your inclinations. The vizir Sinadab, to whom I just now proposed you for a wife, will owe your hand to nothing but your love: I leave you with him; examine your heart before you give me a positive answer; and assure yourself that, let your resolution be what it will, I shall not be in the least displeased at it."

The king of Adel upon this retired, and left the captain of the eunuchs at the door without. It would be to no purpose, Madam (continued Sinadab),

to repeat to you the conversation Bouzemghir and I had together. She gave me to understand, by the tenderest expressions, that she should esteem it her greatest felicity to have me for her husband; and assured me more than once, that the obedience she owed to the king her brother had no share in the sentiments she so ingenuously discovered to me. Upon this I espoused her with all imaginable magnificence; and the city of Adel took part in my joy, for the king upon that occasion discharged the inhabitants from one-fourth of their taxes.

At the end of some months, Bouzemghir found herself with child. As I loved her tenderly, I was inexpressibly rejoiced at it: but my joy was of very short duration; she happened to fall, hurt herself very dangerously, and had liked to die of a miscarriage. By the extraordinary care that was taken of her, she soon recovered a perfect state of health; but five years being passed without having any children, we consulted the skilfulest physicians in all Adel, who unanimously assured us the princess my wife could never be a mother.

This gave great uneasiness to Bouzemghir, whom I adored, and who loved me with inconceivable tenderness. "My lord," said she to me one night when we were alone together, "since I am for ever deprived of the sweet pleasure of giving you an heir, let us at least try to soften the rigour of our fortune by adopting little Roumy." This, Madam (continued Sinadab), was the son of one of my slaves, and at four years old gave a prospect of all that could be hoped for in a child of that age. As I never knew how to contradict Bouzemghir in any thing, I willingly consented to this proposal, with the good liking of the king of Adel. I brought up Roumy like my own son, and neglected nothing that might make him accomplished.

Roumy had now for ten years looked upon me as his father, and I had received all possible satisfaction from him; when one night, as I was in bed with Bouzemghir, and not able to sleep, my father's last words, and the oath he had made me take upon the Alcoran, came into my mind; but I only laughed at it. "How these old folks doat!" said I to myself. "I have wasted all my substance: I have given myself to a prince that I know nothing of; and am I ever the worse for it? On the contrary, could I ever wish for a fortune more considerable, more solid, and more conspicuous, than that of being vizir and brother-in-law to a potent king, who places his whole delight in having me near him? I have adopted Roumy in spite of my father's command. What satisfaction do I receive from that child, who at fifteen years of age gives marks of so excellent a temper, and from whom I may one day expect all the acknowledgment and gratitude in the world! No, no, we should not be too servilely strict in obeying the will of our fathers: when they have attained a certain age, they are so far from being able to direct others, that they are hardly in a condition to conduct themselves."

I went to sleep, Madam, after having made these wise reflections: they came into my head again next morning. "Here are two articles of my

father's advice already neglected," said I to myself, "and not the least misfortune has ensued: let us see if it will be the same with the third." After having studied some time, I hit upon the stratagem which I am going to tell you.

Bouzemghir had often murmured at the king of Adel, when he tore me from her arms to carry me a hunting, from whence I generally returned very much fatigued. Her complaints put me upon trying if my wife were capable of keeping a secret.

I went to the perch where the king's hawk stood; I took down that which he most loved, unseen by any body; I carried it to a pleasure-house at the end of a garden which I had out of the city, and gave it to a mute, who was the keeper of it, with orders not to stir from thence till somebody came to him from me and shewed him my ring. I then took the key of the garden, and double-locked the door, and carried the key to a friend whose probity I was perfectly well assured of. "If you hear that my life is in danger," said I to him, "which I foresee may quickly happen, oblige me so far as to go to my garden, of which here is the key, shew this ring to the mute that is keeper of it, and bring him to me with the depositum I just now intrusted you with: he will be serviceable in my justification."

Then I returned home; and, as I had always a pretty many hawks to teach, I took one that exactly resembled the king's, wrung off its neck, and carried it to my wife. "Charming Bouzemghir," said I, embracing her, "behold a token of my tenderness: you have so often complained of the king of Adel, that I was resolved to cut away the root of the uneasiness he gives you. This hawk is the only cause; he it is that, by being the sole delight of the king, deprives you of yours. I have killed him; but be sure you take heed not to reveal this secret. I am a dead man if the king should know of this my ingratitude to him; he would have but little regard to the motive that prevailed upon me to do it."

Bouzemghir at first seemed frightened at the danger I had brought upon myself; but presently afterwards, tenderly pressing my hand—"My dear lord," said she, "light of my life, if only you and I are acquainted with this secret, you may be sure you are safe, and that the most cruel torment shall never extort it from me."—"So far then we are well," replied I: "do you take and conceal the hawk with the utmost caution, while I go make my court to the king."

I left Bouzemghir, to wait upon the king of Adel. He had already been informed that his hawk was not to be found. He appeared extremely uneasy at it. "My lord," said I, "I know but one way to recover your bird: have it published all over Adel how much you are disturbed at your loss, and promise a reward for finding it, worthy the generosity of so great a monarch as you are."

The king took my advice; he had it cried at every street's end, that whoever should bring him tidings of his hawk, dead or alive, if it was a man, besides the confiscation of half the estate of him who committed the

that, he would make him one of the greatest men in the kingdom; and that if it was a woman, he would marry her to the vizir Giamy, who was the handsomest man in all Adel, and shared his favour with me.

This publication was soon spread over the city. I thought it all in vain, relying upon the extraordinary love of Bouzemghir, who for fifteen years had not let a day pass without giving me some fresh marks of it: but before sun-set I was in the utmost surprise to see myself arrested on the part of the king, and thrown into a dark dungeon, where I spent the night.

Day-light had scarce begun to appear when I was carried before the king of Adel, whose fury was visible in his countenance. "Perfidious vizir!" said he to me, "hast thou so soon forgot the favours I have showered upon thee? What! without the least gratitude for the station I have raised thee to, hast thou the cruelty to stab me in the tenderest part?"—"My lord," replied I, "from the dust in which I grovelled, you took me and placed me upon the throne of greatness; it is in your power to tumble me from it with a single blast of your breath. But give me leave to represent to you, that I am entirely ignorant of the cause of your anger, and that the persons who accuse me to you are much less innocent than me."—"Ungrateful traitor!" said the king, "hast thou not killed my hawk?"—"I, my lord!" replied I, in a seeming amazement; "is it possible that I should rob my master of that only instrument of his delight by which I had the happiness to please him? No, no, my lord, if this is all the reason of your anger, I am certain it will quickly fall upon another head."—"Ah, villain!" cried the king with fury, pulling out the dead hawk from under his robe, "dost thou add this audaciousness to thy former crime? There, behold thy handy work." I was very much confounded at this sight. "My lord," said I upon this, "appearances are often false; but, though I have nothing to upbraid myself with as to the death of your hawk, I beg you would tell me the name of my accuser."—"Well," answered the king of Adel, "I will grant thee this satisfaction too: it is Bouzemghir, thy wife; darest thou object to such a witness?" A thunderbolt could not have fallen more heavy than this news did upon me. At that moment I called to mind my father's last words; and the remembrance almost sunk me to the earth. "Just Heaven!" cried I, "Bouzemghir my accuser! Does she betray me? Was ever any thing so black, so odious? Ah! my lord," continued I, "I could, if I pleased, retort the whole guilt upon her; but, though I am innocent towards you, I will not defend myself: I respect your blood. I deserve death, if you have not the goodness to bethink you of the promises your majesty has made me in the warmest moments of your friendship."—"No, no," replied the king of Adel, "the more I have loved you, the more unpardonable is your crime. Do not hope for any mercy; but prepare yourself to lose your head." In short, Madam, (continued Sinidab), notwithstanding all I could say to move that prince's heart, he turned his back upon me, and left me in the hands of his guards, to be delivered to the executioner.

For fifteen years that I had been vizir, having never done any body the least wrong or injustice, all men of probity were grieved to see me con-

demined to die for so small a matter: they endeavoured in vain to obtain my pardon; the king was inexorable. My guards, who could not without tears behold my approaching death, offered to let me escape. "No," said I to them, "I thank you for your good-will; but will not expose you to the king's displeasure for my safety. I am not guilty; I am able to justify myself when I see a fit time to do it."

The king commanded me to be beheaded, but to no purpose: the executioner absented himself from Adel, that he might not do his office, and all those whom the king commissioned to do it refused; so that he was obliged to publish throughout the city, that whoever would accept the employment, should have the other half of my estate, which he had not as yet disposed of.

Though this offer was very advantageous, nobody yet appeared to give me my death, when Roumy, my adopted son, went to Bouzemghir: "Madam," said he, "without concerning myself whether Sinadab is guilty or no, his head is devoted to death, and I am in pain for him while he languishes in this manner by every body's refusing to despatch him. Of his immense riches the one half is yours, as revealer of his crime; so that I am the only sufferer, since the king promises the other half to the man that shall execute Sinadab. I will offer myself to the king to do this service. I believe he, and Sinadab himself, will take it kindly at my hands; and I shall put an end to the course of a life which is certainly hateful to him, and get for myself the wealth which ought not by right to fall into the possession of strangers."

Bouzemghir, who it is likely had conceived a violent passion for the vizir Giamy, from the description which I myself perhaps had given of him, namely, that he was the handsomest man in all Adel, knew she could not marry him while I was alive; this was what made her so basely betray me: she approved the infamous resolution that Roumy had taken, carried him to the king, and coloured over the action so artfully, that that prince, who thirsted for my blood, brought him himself into my prison, and took a barbarous delight in shewing me my executioner.

I remained motionless at the sight of Roumy. In vain, with tears in my eyes, I upbraided him with ingratitude: he had the hardness of heart to tie my hands, and would fain have persuaded me that I was obliged to him for his offering himself to despatch me.

The king was present all the while at so mournful a sight, without being in the least concerned at it: my tears were not able to move him; and, finding him inflexible—"O Sazan, Sazan," cried I, "why did not I follow your advice?" These words, which he imagined had no sense in them, made him believe that the fear of death had put me beside my wits. "What do you mean by these words—"O, Sazan, Sazan," said he? "unfold this riddle to me."—"My lord," replied I, "they reproach me for disobeying my father, whose name was Sazan, in the three only things he recommended to me upon his death-bed; I must now endure my punishment without murmuring. I have devoted myself to your majesty's service without thoroughly knowing you; I have revealed a secret to my wife; and I have fostered in

my breast a viper that is now about to sting me to death. Notwithstanding all your promises, you deliver me up to punishment for the death of a hawk, which I am innocent of. Bouzemghir, forgetting the inexpressible tenderness I have had for her these fifteen years, betrays me in the most perfidious manner; and Roumy, this boy, whom I have looked upon as my own son, seduced by sordid interest, offers himself to be my executioner.—“O Sazan, Sazan,” once more, “why did I not take your advice?” The king and all the spectators grew stiff with horror at this relation. When I turned myself to Roumy—“Strike, unworthy Roumy, strike!” cried I: “do not lengthen out the pain of the unhappy but innocent Sinadab; every moment of whose life ought to cover thee with shame and confusion.”

Roumy, without being at all concerned at any thing I could say to him, drew his sword, and prepared to cut off my head.

Roumy, like an unnatural child, was just going to give me the fatal blow, (continued Sinadab) when the friend whom I had intrusted with the key of my garden, entered the prison with the king's hawk upon his fist. “My lord,” said he, catching hold of Roumy's arm, which was not above two fingers breadth from my neck, “behold the falsity of the accusation formed against Sinadab; and be convinced that this is your own hawk, by the mark you yourself gave him upon one of his feet.”

The king of Adel was strangely surprised at the sight of the bird: the greatest confusion imaginable presently covered his face; he bent his eyes upon the earth, and fell into the profoundest thoughtfulness at what had happened. For my part (added Sinadab), however lucky my friend's arrival was for me, I was almost sorry for it. Life was become odious to me, by reason of my wife's treachery, and the ingratitude of my adopted son. However, I threw myself at the king's feet: “My lord,” said I, “lo! this miserable favourite, whom you had so often assured of eternal protection, was upon the point of losing his life unjustly.” Upon this he raised me from the ground, and ordered me to explain the whole mystery to him. I did it in few words: he examined all the circumstances of what I told him; and, perceiving his own fault and Bouzemghir's baseness of soul, he immediately sent to seize her, had her brought before him, and having caused her to be tied back to back with Roumy, he commanded me to cut off their heads with the same sabre that had been designed to cut off mine. I refused to dip my hand in the blood that had been so dear to me: I even begged mercy for those two vile wretches; but I could not obtain it; one of the king's guards severed their heads from their shoulders.

The king, contented with this execution, which I could not see without shedding of tears in abundance, embraced me tenderly, and carried me back with him to the palace. “My lord,” said I to him again, “was I deceived when I formerly represented to you, that they who rely on the favour of the great, build upon the sand; since the death of a vile creature, which you thought me the author of, could make you forget in a moment a friendship of fifteen years?”—“Forget this fault, vizir,” said the king of Adel: “I am ashamed of myself, and will make you ample amends; I will

raise you to such a pitch of glory, that there shall for the future be no danger of your falling."—"No, my lord," answered I respectfully, "give me leave to return to Sues; there to enjoy a quiet and peaceable life: this is the only favour that Sinadab desires of you." The king strongly opposed this resolution, but I remained unshaken: nothing could persuade me to stay with him; and I set sail eight days afterwards in a ship which he gave me, and which I loaded with all my riches and furniture, and a great many jewels with which he presented me at my departure. This separation occasioned me some regret: but at length I steered towards Egypt, and we were almost in sight of port, when a dreadful tempest, after having tossed us about for three days and three nights together, swallowed up my ship at some leagues distance from Sues. All the mariners perished: I was the only man that, by help of a plank, was saved from the shipwreck, and got safe to shore; but I had lost all my effects, and saw myself in a moment reduced to the lowest degree of misery and want.

Not knowing where to lay my head, I recalled to mind my father's will. I remembered I was still master of a little garden and summer-house without the gates of Sues. I was curious to know if any body had taken possession of it in my absence. I had been gone away above sixteen years: I found it in the same condition wherein I had left it, only that it seemed very much out of repair. I opened the door by means of a secret which my father had often shewed me, and which nobody else was acquainted with; I found the walls all over-grown with moss, and the room very much in disorder; and as it was pretty late, and I extremely fatigued, I laid me down upon an old rotten mat, where I slept till hunger waked me. I was master of no trade to get a livelihood by. Being unwilling to make myself known, I resolved to ask alms from door to door: for this purpose I went out of the garden; but I implored in vain the charity of the inhabitants of Sues; nobody assisted me in the present want I was reduced to: so that at night I returned to my little house very hungry, and weary with walking about all day. I sat me down upon an old joint-stool that stood in a corner of the summer-house, and revolved in my mind all that my father had commanded me at his death and which I had given so little heed to; when I cast my eyes upon a small coffer almost rotten, which I had not yet seen; it was fast locked; I very hastily broke it open, thinking to find in it some money that my father might have put there; but I was very much surprised when I saw nothing in it but a rope about the bigness of one's little finger, and a note of my father's own hand-writing, in these words:

"You have not kept your word with me, Sinadab, though you swore upon the Akcoran to do it. Your ill management and disobedience have brought you to this condition; but if you have resolution to follow this last counsel, you will find an end to your misfortunes in this coffer."

"Yes," cried I, with fury, "yes, father, I will for this time obey you: neither, indeed, have I any thing further to hope for, but to finish my un-

happy days by this rope." Then, taking a desperate resolution, I got up upon the joint-stool; and, after having tied the rope into a slip knot, I fastened it to a sort of hook, which stuck in the ceiling of the summer-house, and which seemed to have been placed there for that very purpose; I put the noose about my neck, and kicking away the stool, abandoned myself without reluctance to the rigour of my destiny.

By this means, madam, I expected to have found a certain death, when the weight of my body pulling down the hook, brought along with it a sort of a trap-door, through which fell so great a number of pieces of gold, that I was all covered with them. This happy discovery soon made me forget what little hurt I had received from my fall. I presently raised myself, climbed up through the trap-door, and was in an inexpressible amazement at finding there an immense quantity of riches, as well in gold as in diamonds. I thought I should have died with joy at this sight, which at once put an end to all my misfortunes. I took one of the pieces of gold; and, having fast locked the garden-door, went and provided myself with a good meal. Next day I distributed among the poor dervises a thousand pieces of gold; and, having put myself in a condition to appear with honour in the city, I re-purchased almost all my father's possessions; and that I might never forget the misfortunes into which I fell by my disobedience, I caused to be repeated to me at all meals the words you just now heard, concerning the submission and respect due from children to their parents.

It is almost five years, madam (continued Sinadab), since I returned to Sues. During all that time I have done my utmost endeavours to live like a man of virtue and honour. My misfortunes have made me wise and frugal; and I spend my life agreeably with the beautiful Roukia, whom you saw immediately after dinner: of all my women, she is her in whom I have found most merit. She is of Surate; and having two sisters there whom she loves tenderly, and who are in narrow circumstances, I am going, at her request, to look them out, that I may carry them with me to Sues, where I mean to settle them.

When Sinadab, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), had done speaking, Prince Cheref-Eldin let him know how glad he was to see him thus happy after the multitude of crosses he had gone through; and, as the winds were very favourable, the ship was not long before it arrived at Surate. The prince still in his woman's dress, there took his leave of Sinadab and the charming Roukia, returning them a million of thanks for the civilities he had received from them; and after having rested himself for some time, he took the way to China.

"This story has afforded me extraordinary delight," interrupted the king of Astracan, addressing himself to Ben-Eridoun. "I am wonderfully pleased with you; and I order Mutamid to give you an hundred pieces of gold for every day that you contribute to relax my mind. But I am no less impatient

now to know the fate of Gul-hindy and Cheref Eldin, than I have been these few days past to hear the sequel of Sinadab's adventures. Since we have still some little time remaining, continue your history." Ben-Hridon, charmed with being so happy as to please his prince, went on thus :

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CHEREF-ELDIN AND GUL-HINDY.

CHEREF-ELDIN, my lord, still in a woman's habit, had travelled but few days before he came to a delightful meadow. Arabia the happy does not produce such variety of riches and grateful odours as Nature displayed in this place. The earth was covered with a soft grass which seemed as if it never withered. Neither the heats of summer, nor the nipping blasts of winter, ever faded the roses, jessamines, and violets, with which the country was adorned ; and those flowers which charmed the eye by the diversity of their colours, did at the same time gratify the senses by the exquisite odour with which they embalmed the air.

At the bottom of this meadow rose a kind of rock in the form of a grotto, from the middle of which there ran a spring into a great basin of rustic marble. This water was so clear and beautiful, that, by its enticing murmur, it invited the beholders to rest themselves on its sides, which were decked with green turf ; and a large tree, which grew just by it, stretched out its boughs, so thick of leaves, that its shade was impenetrable by the rays of the hottest sun.

Here the prince endeavoured to enjoy for some moments the sweets of sleep, which the solitude and freshness of the place seemed to offer him. He tied his horse to a shrub, and extended himself upon the grass ; but he was scarce fallen into a gentle slumber, when a frightful giant, that had but one eye, and lived near that charming place, whither he was sometimes used to resort to refresh himself, came thither. He was deceived by the dress of the young prince, whom he mistook for a woman of the most ravishing beauty ; he became passionately enamoured of him, and prepared to carry him off. He had already untied his sabre, and thrown it at some distance from him, and was just about to execute his design, when an arrow, which seemed to be shot by an invisible hand, flew directly into his eye, and put it out, by this means disabling him to satisfy his brutish passion.

The prince was soon waked by the bellowing the giant made at this wound ; and, looking about for his deliverer, he spied a young man so like himself, that he was at first in doubt if it was not his own shadow.

The stranger and the fictitious princess of Tuluphan admired one another for some time without speaking ; but, at length, the last breaking silence—" I am indebted to you, Sir, for the preservation of my honour and my life," said he to him. " I beg you would tell me to whom it is I owe an obligation which will be eternally present to my memory."

The stranger for some time hesitated answering the prince, whom he thought a woman ; but, prevailed upon by a secret motive, which he could not resist—" To any other but you, Madam," said he, " I call myself

Mobarek, son of a merchant at Ispahan, and have left Persia out of a curiosity to travel: but a certain impulse, the cause of which I am ignorant of, forces me not to dissemble with you, and to confess that I am the prince of Ormuz. I was flying from my father's court to avoid a match I am extremely averse to, when, passing by this place, I saw you come to the side of this spring. The parity of features there is between us, made me desirous to learn who you are; and I was just going to accost you with that design, when I saw you, very much fatigued, endeavour to take some little repose; which I was unwilling to disturb, and which you might still have enjoyed, had it not been for the insolence of that monster whom I have deprived of light. But, Madam," continued he, "permit me to tell you, that though the duty of a prince obliges me to give assistance to persons of your sex, yet there was something more that animated me when I undertook your defence. Forgive this rash confession, Madam; nor let this declaration offend your modesty. An invincible obstacle opposed the felicity I might hope for in obtaining your love; I therefore only beg your friendship: but, Madam, I beg it with all the earnestness imaginable, and shall love you with so much purity, that your virtue shall not have the least cause to be uneasy at it."

The feigned princess of Tuluphan was so surprised when the stranger informed her that he was the son of the king of Ormuz, that a flush diffused itself all over her face. In this moment she made a thousand dreadful reflections upon what Riza had told her of that prince, and upon the impossibility there was in the execution of the will of the King of the Genii; but these reflections being all destroyed at the sight of so charming a prince, for whom, in spite of herself, she already felt the most perfect esteem, she was just upon the point of discovering herself to him, when, calling to mind the misfortunes that Merou had threatened her with, she resolved to be silent only upon the subject of her sex, but to have in every thing else the same confidence for the prince of Persia as he had for her. "My lord," said she to him, "your actions are so respectful, and I am so much obliged to you, that I cannot be offended at the declaration you have made to me. You desire only my friendship, which is due to you without the least reserve. As for me, hunting was my only diversion, till some particular reasons, which I cannot reveal without exposing myself to the greatest miseries, made me leave my father's court. But though I had resolved to conceal my name from the whole world, by disguising myself under that of an Emir of Samarcand*, I cannot help thinking it almost my duty to let you know, my lord, that I am the only daughter of the king of Tuluphan, and that my name is Gul-hindy."

"Just Heaven!" cried the feigned prince, interrupting her, "are you then that lovely Gul-hindy, whose beauty Fame has published throughout the whole east? It is upon your account, Madam, that I quit my father's court, and betake myself to flight, for reasons which incessantly torment

* Samarcand is the capital of the province of Maurvarahnahar in Tartary.

me; and is it you that I now have met with! Ah, my princess!" continued he, his eyes drowned in tears, and despair painted upon his face, "why are we not born for one another? O ye sovereign arbiters of all things! you who see the bottom of my heart, what have I done to be thus tortured?—And thou, perfidious Love! why dost thou kindle in me so sharp a flame, when thou knowest how impossible it is that it should ever be quenched?—Yes, my princess, I adore you; but I shall be obliged to fly you. My father has lately sent ambassadors to king Mochzadin to demand you in marriage for me. The ancient friendship there is between these two monarchs, inclines me to believe that the king of Tuluphan will not give a denial to the king of Ormus. But, adorable Gul-hindy, I repeat it once more, let what will happen, and though the whole universe, and our great prophet himself, should favour us, I can never be united to you; though I would spend the last drop of my blood to be in a condition to enjoy that happiness."

"Prince," replied the pretended Gul-hindy, whom these words threw into an extreme amazement, "I cannot penetrate the reasons that make you talk thus: but what, perhaps, would offend any other than me, is the very thing that gives me a greater esteem for you. Be informed, that I have no less cause than you to avoid the marriage that is preparing for me, and that what I have just now heard will detain me for ever from my father's court."—"Well then, fair princess," cried the disguised prince, "let us fly together, and conceal, under borrowed names, from all the earth a prince and princess, whose loss I am sure will cost the kings of Tuluphan and Ormus abundance of tears. But, Madam," continued he, "since Fate has been so cruel as to order it so that I can never be yours, I attest our great prophet that I will never be another's. I will love you with all the purity imaginable, without the least hope; and I will never have any other object of my desires and of my glory than the charming Gul-hindy. How happy should I be if your sentiments were so conformable with mine, as that nothing but death should ever dissolve so complete a union! But I know not what I say. Pardon, Madam, these indiscreet transports. What! because I cannot possess you, must I rob a prince, more happy than me, of the masterpiece of nature?"—"Yes, my lord," replied the pretended Gul-hindy blushing, "I permit you to believe that what you propose is agreeable to me. Since the stars oppose our union, I will never engage my heart to any but the prince of Ormus. Let us at least be joined by an inviolable friendship, though Love has undertaken, through a barbarous caprice, to keep us asunder."

In short my lord (proceeded Ben-Eridoun), these two lovers, miserable in not being acquainted with each other's condition, but happy in the sympathy there was between them, and the reciprocal tenderness with which Geoncha had inspired them; these two lovers, I say, after a conversation extremely passionate, vowed to each other a friendship that should be proof against any thing that could happen; and, after having remounted their steeds, they left that charming meadow in company together.

They had travelled several days without meeting with any thing particular,

when they perceived, at the entrance of a forest of palm-trees, a palace of an antique structure, but which seemed, nevertheless, magnificent in its simplicity. At the gate of this palace stood a venerable old man, who accosted them—"My children," said he to them, with the greatest kindness, "night draws on. There is neither town nor village in above six leagues hereabouts, nor any house where you can pass the night. If you will come into this palace, you may repose yourselves in tranquillity, and pursue your journey to-morrow." The prince and princess, charmed with the humanity of their host, accepted his offer. They entered into the palace, where they found a woman about threescore years old, and of a simplicity equal to that of her husband. She strove to receive them in the best manner she was able; and soon afterwards there was brought in a very handsome repast, but without prodigality, though there was far from being a want of any thing. Towards the conclusion of the supper, the old man sent the slaves that waited at table out of the room; and, having desired his guests to tell him the motive of their journey, and for what reason they travelled in a track that was far from the common road, Cheref-Eldin took upon him to answer. "Alas! Sir," said he to the old man, "I can give you that satisfaction in a few words. We are brother and sister; and are flying from Samarcand to avoid the persecution of a vizir, who, not satisfied with having cruelly put our father to death, and possessed himself of all his substance, pursues our lives with the same barbarity."

"Ill men are very much to be dreaded," replied the old man; "but, sooner or later, they perish miserably. I have had a melancholy experience of this truth in my own family; and it is but a few years that I have recovered the quiet of which two of my sons had robbed me by their crimes." Gul-hindy was very much moved at the sight of the tears which a tender remembrance drew from the eyes of the good old man. "Our grief is sometimes alleviated by telling the cause of it," said she to him; "and, if it is not too great a favour, we should be willing, Sir, to hear the relation of your misfortunes."—"With all my heart, my dear children," replied the old man. "The tears you saw me shed were not altogether tears of sorrow; they rather express the joy I now feel in seeing all those misfortunes at an end. Listen to me, therefore, with attention."

THE HISTORY OF BADOOR THE PEACEFUL, KING OF CAOR.

I WAS born the sovereign of Caor*; a kingdom not very extensive, and my ambition never prompted me to enlarge it; being more desirous to live in unity with my neighbours, than to run the hazard of destruction by undertaking unjust wars; for which reason I was called Badour the Peaceful. In my youth I wedded the princess of Zarad, whom you here behold. She brought me several children; and, among the rest, a son and a daughter both born the same day. I named my son Abouzaid, and my daughter

* Caor is a kingdom of the Indies, beyond the Ganges.

Dajara. I mention these two first, though they were not my eldest; my were born to me even at the time when Zarad had no further hopes of being any more a mother; but because these have happily made amends for all the bitterness with which their brothers had dashed the tranquillity of my life. Of my other two sons, one was called Salek the Violent, because of the excesses he daily ran into. I cannot imagine from whom he derived that humour; in all probability, the gods sent him to us, together with his brother, to make a trial of our virtue. The other was named Azem. His manners were not very different from those of Salek; and their joint inclination for evil united them so to each other, that they were never asunder. I every day received some fresh complaint of their ill behaviour; and, if they had been private persons, I should a thousand times have made them an example to my people, to whom they were become odious by their crimes: but the tenderness of a father stayed my hand. At length, they grew so weary of my continual remonstrances, that they both resolved to be gone from my court; and I blessed the hour wherein they executed that design.

They had now been gone above four months, and I began to think myself happy in being freed from their presence; when I was struck with the most cruel blow that it is possible for a father to feel.

Guhullerou, the princess of Nangan*, was lately married to Rurang-gehun. That prince was not young; but his agreeable complaisant temper made amends for the merit which age had deprived him of; and he lived with his wife in so perfect a union, that he was an example to all his subjects.

Salek and his brother passed through the dominions of this monarch. They were received with a great deal of distinction: Rurang-gehun even lodged them in his own palace for several days; but his imprudence in suffering them too often to see the beautiful Guhullerou cost him his life. Salek became excessively enamoured of that princess. He was too well acquainted with her virtue, to hope that she would ever reward his unlawful ardour. But being very little accustomed to overcome his passions, he resolved to gratify them at any rate; and, to effect this, he hatched the blackest design that can be imagined, and prevailed upon his brother Azem to lend him a helping hand in the execution of it.

One evening, as they were walking with the king of Nangan and his spouse in a wood which was at the end of the gardens of the palace, they suddenly fell upon that prince, who had only a little sabre by his side; and their fury not giving him time to put himself in a posture of defence, they stabbed him twenty times with their poniards; and, either out of contempt or cruelty, left the odious instruments of their guilt sticking in the bloody corpse of that unfortunate king.

Guhullerou made such cries as reached even to Heaven: but those barbarians seized her; and, having got out into the open fields by a door which

* Nangan, a city on the River Chang, in the province of Quang-si in China.

they had secured by means of the eunuch that guarded it, and whom they had corrupted, they used all their endeavours to set her upon one of their horses, which they had before prepared, when about twenty soldiers of the king's guard, alarmed by Guhullerou's outcries, came to the place.

This unexpected assistance struck terror into Salek and Azem; they were forced to abandon the queen, and betake themselves to flight. They were pursued, but in vain. They were well mounted, and made their escape; carrying with them the eunuch who had favoured them in the execution of their infamous design.

It is impossible to express the affliction of Guhullerou; her complaints pierced the very skies. She caused the bloody corpse of her husband to be carried away; and, instead of observing all the funeral ceremonies that are used in China, she only embalmed it with her own hands, and had it put into a coffin of gold, which she adorned with the most precious of her jewels. She likewise deposited in the coffin his bloody shirt, and the poniards with which he was assassinated; and afterwards took a solemn oath between the hands of the bonzes* to revenge her husband's death, not only upon the murderers, but upon all their families. She afterwards set out incognito with Prince Kiabie her brother, and twelve slaves, all resolved to sacrifice themselves for her service.

My sons did not expect a fury like this: without the least remorse for what they had done, they minded nothing but flying away from a country which they knew was filled with aversion against them. But they did not carry their crime very far. At some days journey from the place where they had committed it, Salek's horse fell, and broke his rider's leg; and his brother Azem, being gone to the next town to get some speedy succour for him, that wretch was carried into a neighbouring house. Guhullerou, who, without losing a moment's time, pursued the murderers as it were by the scent, came by chance to that very house. She knew nothing of Salek's being so near her; but, after having made a slight repast, looking into the coffin of gold according to her custom to renew her cruel vow, she was in the utmost surprise to see several drops of blood issue from her husband's body. "Just Heaven!" cried the princess, "the murderers must be somewhere in this place!" Then rising from the table like a mad woman, she took in each hand one of the poniards, with which Rusang-gehun had been stabbed; and, having searched most part of the house with her brother and the twelve slaves, she came at last into the chamber where Salek was reposing himself. The sight of him transported her with rage. "Traitor!" cried she, "it is full time thou wert punished for the execrable crime thou hast committed upon my husband! The slowest and most violent torments were too little for such a villain as thou art! But my revenge could not be entirely satisfied if I deferred it a moment, or committed the care of it to any other but myself." Then, without giving him time to make any answer to these reproaches, which were but too just, she plunged her dagger into

* The bonzes are a sort of Chinese priests.

his heart a thousand times; and, after having caused his head to be cut off, and exposed his body to the vultures, she went out of that house, leaving the master of it terrified at her cruelty. As she was informed by him that my other son was gone to the next town, and that, upon his not coming as soon as was expected, the impatient Salek had sent a slave that he had to fetch him, she took the road they were to come; and, having met with them in a little wood where they must necessarily be obliged to pass, she gave the unfortunate Azem the same treatment as she had given his brother, and put to death the traitorous eunuch, accomplice of their crime, by the most exquisite torments.

I was as much surprised as disturbed at hearing this sorrowful news. Whatever tenderness I had for my children, I could not blame Gubullerou's revenge; but I almost died with grief at the sight of their bloody heads, which she sent me in a box, with a letter full of threats, to destroy me in the same manner with the rest of my family.

Abouzaid, the only son that was left me, was as much concerned as myself at the death of his brothers. "My lord," said he to me, "the enemy we have to deal with is an irritated woman, who will attack us by craft and subtlety. Give me leave to take care of your life, and that of the queen; and let me endeavour to defend you from a danger which makes me tremble both for you and her."

My grief was so excessive (continued Badour), that it deprived me of the use of my senses. "Do whatever you think proper," said I, "my dear Abouzaid: for my part, I will retire into the recesses of my palace, then to bemoan incessantly the ill actions of your brothers, and pray the gods to forget them." I afterwards doubled my guard, and shut myself up in the innermost parts of my palace with the queen my spouse, accompanied only by three or four of the principal men of my court, who would not leave me in my affliction.

My son, after having prepared every thing that was necessary for the journey he meditated, accosted the Princess Dejara: "My dear sister," said he to her, "you are not ignorant to what a pitch the fury of Gubullerou is raised: our lives are not in safety here; let us go together to seek for the means of preserving the king and queen from her cruel menaces. The famous genius Geoncha, protector of the unfortunate, dwells in a magnificent palace, which is at the foot of the famous mountain Jubal-Assumoun*. I have taken a resolution, while my father is shut up in his palace, to go and implore the succour of that king of the Genii: let us set forwards, therefore, my dear Dejara; and, under habits that may disguise our quality, let us try to obtain a remedy for the evils which our unhappy brothers have brought upon our heads."

* That is, the Poisonous Mountain, because the earth of it inspires melancholy into those that smell it; it even blackens their tongue, insomuch that it remains black all their life-time; wherefore few venture to come near this mountain, which is situated between China and a part of the Indies.

Abouzaid and Dejara, before they departed, embraced us tenderly. After above a month's travelling, they arrived in a vast champaign country, interspersed with a great number of little streams. As the heat was very excessive, and they perceived at some distance a wood of a pretty large extent, they made to it, and reposed themselves there in the cool shade with two slaves, which was all the train they had with them; when they heard a frightful noise, as of a great rock tumbling from the top of a high hill. They looked all round them to see what it was occasioned this noise: but when they were advanced further into the wood, they found that it proceeded from a sort of a cistern, covered with a small stone, and sealed at each corner with a seal, whereon was stamped the name of the great Solomon*. Immediately the horrible noise, which at first amazed them, began to diminish; and was succeeded by the following complaints: "Perfidious Zeloulou!—traitorous Genius!—dost thou abuse the seal of Solomon, to detain me a prisoner in this place? And must the unfortunate Geoncha be long enclosed in the bowels of the earth, without having deserved so hard a fate?"

At the name of Geoncha, my children leaped for joy. "King of the Genii," cried out Abouzaid, "here is a prince who would succour you at the expense of his life: let me know how it is to be done?"—"All thou hast to do," said the imprisoned Genius, "is to get up this stone, by taking away, as artificially as possible, the print of the seal of the great Solomon." Abouzaid, transported with joy, took off the seal without breaking it, as the Genius had expressly ordered him. A thick smoke in a moment rose up to the clouds; and, extending itself over the cistern, made so dark a fog, that the prince and princess could not see one another.

The darkness, which all of a sudden covered the wood, very much frightened the prince and princess; but the fog soon afterwards re-united into a solid body, out of which was formed the Genius.

Abouzaid and Dejara immediately threw themselves at Geoncha's feet: "We were going even to seek you in your palace," said the prince my son. "I hoped, O powerful king of the Genii! that, without being subject to the fatal effects of the mountain Jubal-Assumoum, the gate would have been opened to me by virtue of the secret words which I formerly learned of the Jogne Kaychockao†; and without which, all that have the boldness to

* Eastern nations ascribe mighty virtues to Solomon's seal.

† The Jogues, or Joguis, among the Indians, are like pilgrims, or vagrant monks, that generally frequent the desert and solitudes: they live upon alms, and are in great reputation for sanctity, because they spend several days together in very austere abstinence; sometimes without eating and drinking. There are some of them stand several years at the gates of temples quite naked, and exposed to all the injuries of the weather, without ever stirring from their post, except it be for the necessities of nature. But, notwithstanding all these mortifications, they are most of them no better than impostors, and are not so much in repute for that false piety as for some herbs or simples, and stones, whose virtues they have learned in their travels, and with which they amuse the people.

come near it, are sure to fall into a distemper more terrible than death itself."

"I praise God," interrupted the Genius, "for having brought you to this place, to restore me the liberty which the perfidious Zeloulou had for these twelve years past deprived me of by the blackest piece of malice that ever was heard. But I will not be ungrateful for the inestimable service you have done me.

"That wicked Genius," continued Geoncha, "to be revenged upon me for destroying so often as I do, the unjust projects he forms against young princes and princesses, whom he persecutes for nothing but his cruel diversion, carried on his design in this manner. As he knows that his power is very much inferior to mine, he, by some subtle trick or other, stole from the good King Zif the ring of the mighty Solomon, which that prince used for the benefit of mankind; and, being master of this treasure, he came to me, asked me pardon for all the uneasiness he had given to the persons I protected, and begged me to grant him my friendship, with protestations so sincere in appearance, that I could not tell how to refuse it him.

"After our reconciliation, we took a walk together in this wood; when, having insensibly drawn me towards this place, he sat him down upon the side of this cistern: then the traitor, who designed nothing but to circumvent me, having desired to see a carkenet of diamonds which I wore round my neck, let it fall into the cistern, as he was pretending to return it to me. I immediately threw myself into the cistern, to fetch out my carkenet. This was what the wretch wanted: he took advantage of this moment, covered the cistern with that stone, and fastened it with the seal of the great Solomon. I leave you to judge how much I was astonished at this stratagem," continued Geoncha. "The useless efforts I made to get out of my prison, convinced me that there was but one power so superior as to be strong enough to detain me; and this place is so much out of the way, that I supposed I should have staid here for several ages. But, since I am obliged to you for so unlooked-for a freedom, you may assure yourself, prince, that my gratitude shall have no bounds."

The Genius (continued Badour) having given my son to understand that he was not ignorant of the cause of his journey, offered him the assistance he wished for.

"The death of your brothers was just," said he; "and Guhullerou ought, indeed, to sacrifice no less than those murderers to the manes of her husband; but I will moderate the sharp resentment she is actuated by; and from this moment you need no longer be apprehensive of that princess's fury."

Then, having replaced the stone upon the mouth of the cistern, he again fixed upon it the print of Solomon's seal, that Zeloulou might not be sensible of his being at liberty; and having by his power formed in it a noise like that which he made there in the time of his restraint, he embraced the prince and princess; and conveying them through the air with extreme rapidity, set them down in a charming meadow, which was on the frontiers of my

dominions. "I will not leave you," said he to them, "till I have made you happy: but, as I must hide myself from the traitor Zeloulou, in order to get from him the ring of Solomon, I will not appear to you in my proper shape; I will contract myself into so small a bulk, that the beautiful Dejara shall be able to carry me easily by her side; and you need only to wish that I would resume my former shape, and obey your orders, and it is done that moment." Then the Genius, having dissipated himself into smoke, the princess my daughter found at her feet a golden-box, which hung in a chain of the same metal. She immediately opened it; and was in the utmost surprise to see in it, through a crystal, several springs, which performed all the internal functions of the human body. She tied it to her side.

The Genius (continued Badour) had given my children magnificent clothes, and ordered them to conceal their quality no longer. They had already passed through some towns of my kingdom; when one evening, being come to a sort of village where the approaching night obliged them to stop, they knocked at the door of the house which had the best appearance there. They were very well received by the master of it: but just as they were entering into the chamber that was prepared for them, three Chinese cavaliers would have taken possession of it for a lady who was at the gate in a palanquin*. My son had no sooner discovered himself to be the prince of Caor, but the three men yielded him the place, went out of the house, and carried the lady to another lodging.

My children, after a slight supper, went to bed: and sleep now reigned profoundly in their chamber, when the very same Chinese cavaliers, the Princess Guhullerou (who was the lady in the palanquin), her brother, and all her servants, came to the door of the house where Abouzaïd and Dejara were buried in repose. She had been transported with joy when she heard they were so near her; but being willing to stay till they were asleep, it was not till she judged they were so that she knocked at the door of the house where they were.

The master of the house had no sooner opened the door to them than he found a dagger at his throat, with menaces of stabbing him that moment if he made the least noise. "We have no design," said Guhullerou to him, "upon any but two perfidious wretches who are lodged in your house, and give themselves out for the children of the king of Caor: deliver them up to our revenge, or thou diest this instant." The host, terribly frightened, was forced to shew them the chamber of Abouzaïd and Dejara, deploring in his heart the miserable fate he saw they were going to endure.

The queen of Nangan (pursued Badour), as she has since confessed to me, made terrible reflections in that moment. She was filled with remorse against the injustice of the action she was committing. "But forget that thou art a woman," said she to herself; "or at least remember that thou art an offended woman!" Then, having given one of her poniards to Kiahia, and armed herself with the other, they entered into my children's

* A palanquin is a sort of sedan used among the Indians.

apartment; and though with a trembling hand they were just going to exercise their cruel resolution, yet, when each of them cast their eyes upon the persons they were to destroy, they found their arms held back by a superior power.

Neyer was Guhullerou so struck as when she considered the regularity of Abouzaid's features; and the charms of the princess of Caor so dazzled the eyes of Kiahia, who was going to pierce her heart, that the poniard fell out of his hand.

Guhullerou was somewhat longer before she yielded: but the Genius Geoncha, who was watchful for the preservation of my children, having entirely touched the heart of the queen of Nangan, she waked the prince my son. "Return thanks," said she, "to the secret power that disarms me: the desire of revenge is quite vanished away from me, and I find my heart relent, in the very moment when I least looked for such a change." Then turning to her brother; "As for you," said she, "my dear Kiahia, I am sensible that the extreme beauty of the princess has made a strong impression upon your soul: how glad I am to find this happy sympathy between us! I should have died with grief if you had executed one part of our unjust resolve; and I begin to feel that I was pushing my cruelty too far. The real criminals are punished; the death of my husband is sufficiently revenged."

Dejara awaked in this moment; she was frightened at seeing so many people in her chamber. "Powerful king of the Gepii," cried she, "come speedily to our assistance!"

She had no sooner pronounced these words than the gold-box opened of itself; the chamber was filled with obscurity, which dissipating by degrees, exposed to sight the formidable Geoncha. This sudden aid struck terror into Guhullerou and Kiahia: they began to be afraid for their own lives, when the Genius encouraged them with extraordinary kindness.

"Forget, Madam," said Geoncha to Guhullerou; "forget the death of a husband whom you have sufficiently revenged. Let Abouzaid and Dejara be the bonds of an eternal peace between your families; and let the field of battle be turned into the nuptial bed." Guhullerou was at first so surprised at the sight of the redoubtable genius, that she scarce heard what he said to her: but Abouzaid, who was that instant struck with the splendour of her charms, throwing himself at her feet—"Suffer your heart to be touched, Madam," said he to her, with a submissive air: "I shall esteem myself the happiest of mortals, if my cares, my respect, and the most tender love, can one day prevail upon you to give me the place of a prince whom you have indeed the greatest reason to bewail."

Guhullerou now began to be moved (continued Radour :) she lifted up Abouzaid; and Dejara, persuaded by the passionate expressions of Prince Kiahia, gave him to understand that she should not oppose me, if I consented to this marriage.

The Genius having then commanded the four new lovers, and all their attendants, to take hold of his mantle, he transported them in a moment into my palace; where at length, after the queen of Nangan had set apart

some time for the decency of her widowhood, she married Abouzaid; and the same day Kiahia became the husband of the princess my daughter.

This double marriage restored my heart to its former tranquillity; and it gave me so much joy to see my family again settled in peace, that, for fear my repose should again be disturbed by some new accident, I resolved with the queen my spouse to retire into this rural palace, built by the potent Geoncha. And here, free from the troubles of grandeur, and under the protection of that king of the Genii, who is gone to an invisible island to wait for a fair opportunity of revenging himself upon the traitor Zeloulou, the queen and I enjoy a quiet, peaceable state of life.

THE SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF CHEREF-ELDIN AND GUL-HINDY.

THE night was pretty far advanced (continued Ben-Eridoun); therefore Badour, after having concluded his history, perceiving that his guests stood in need of repose, conducted each of them to a separate apartment. That which he assigned to the real Gul hindy was furnished with the utmost politeness, and adorned with pictures drawn by an Indian, equal in skill to the famous Many*. That Indian was so excellent in his art, and in the disposing of his colours and shades, that he could have expressed with his pencil the breath itself, and the respiration of animated creatures. There was described in one of these pictures a triumphal car, all in flames, upon which stood a child supporting a sphere on his head, and his face surrounded with rays which reflected a great deal of majesty upon him; his hands were filled with fiery darts; he had a quiver on his shoulder, a sabre by his side, and he dragged along in a chain behind his car an infinite number of persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions; one might read in their faces and attitudes the expressions of the most lively passions.

This celebrated painter had outdone himself in this work; and by some nice touches peculiar to himself, the winds that he had painted at the corners of the picture seemed to keep in their breath, for fear of increasing the flames which glowed throughout this masterpiece.

Gul-hindy looked attentively upon this piece; she sighed and blushed at the same time. She cast her eyes upon another, at the bottom whereof she read these verses:

“ A lawless passion Koka's† bosom warms,
And her incestuous heart her brother charms;
Her flame, with virtuous horror, Cyne views;
The more he flies, the swifter she pursues.
No ray of hope to cheer her suit appears,
And sorrow melts her into floods of tears;

* Many was a famous Chinese painter, often mentioned in Oriental books.

† It is probable this story of Koka and Cyne is only the fable of Bybbs and Caanus, accommodated by the Indians to their own fancy.

Vichnou*, with pity, saw her ceaseless grief,
 And, kind to the unhappy, brought relief;
 Into a fountain he transform'd the dame,
 Where guilty love extinguishes his flame."

Never was any thing more beautiful or more striking than this painting: but, notwithstanding all the m^aster-strokes with which it abounded, the princess turned away her eyes from it. She met with another which seemed more apposite to the condition she herself was in: it represented the history of Fork and Onam†. She read their adventures with great attention; and, oppressed with a thousand cruel reflections—"Just Heaven!" cried she, "must every thing that offers itself to my view conduce to nourish a passion whose consequences must inevitably prove fatal to me? I love; but who do I love? A woman like myself! And this very obstacle, as invincible as it is, redoubles my affections. Ah, miserable princess! do not form such unlawful wishes; love nothing but what a woman may love without a crime, since Nature opposes thy unreasonable ardour.—But," said she again immediately, "may not the example of Fork, which is now before my eyes, alleviate the uneasiness I am in? Why should I be inspired with so extravagant a passion, if it is not designed that a miracle shall be wrought in my favour?" Fork was a beautiful woman: the god Vichnou, whose assistance she implored, in a moment changed her to the most amiable of all mankind. "Ah! I rave!" continued Gul-hindy. "Let us fly from this adorable object; that is the only remedy for my misfortunes! But wherefore fly?" interrupted she presently afterwards. "What harm is there in loving the princess of Tulphan? No, no! let us not find out a crime where there can be none; but let us maintain with honour the character I am at present forced to act!"

Gul-hindy spent almost the whole night in these reflections; and rising at day-break, she descended into the garden to walk off her inquietude. She found a little door opened into the forest: she went into it; and her thoughtfulness insensibly drew her into a place where the wood was very thick; she sat herself down there; and, fatigued with having spent the night in so restless a manner, fell into a gentle slumber.

Cheref-Eldin was agitated with the like thoughts; the night seemed very tedious to him. Aurora hardly began to appear, when, jumping from off the bed, upon which he had only laid him down, he took his bow and his arrows; and passing out of the garden into the wood, he followed, without knowing it, the same track that Gul-hindy had gone before him. He was walking pretty fast, when he heard a little noise in a private place: he went nearer to it; and seeing the leaves stir, he imagined that it was some beast moving out of his hold, and thereupon shot one of his arrows at random.

What was the surprise of Cheref-Eldin (continued Ben-Eridoun), when he

* Vichnou, or Ram, is one of the principal gods of the Indians.

† We are apt to believe that this is the fable of Iphis and Ianthe, as may be judged by the sequel of this story.

heard a doleful cry, which proceeded from somebody whose voice he was acquainted with! His heart was seized with the sharpest grief; he ran with all his speed to the place, and found that he had wounded the very man who had rescued him from the giant.

What horror and despair was the prince seized with at the sight of his deliverer all in blood! His eyes were covered with an obscurity which hindered him from seeing what he had done. "Unhappy bow!" cried he; "unhappy dart! but rather unhappy prince! die, and bear the punishment of thy indiscretion!" In pronouncing these last words, my lord, Cheref-Eldin was just going to stab himself with one of his arrows, when he heard his friend groan: he immediately quitted his design of dying, to try to save a life which was so dear to him; he ran to embrace him, melting into tears; and going to stanch the blood which trickled from the wound he had given him in the breast, he remained without motion, when he perceived that he had wounded a woman. He was ready to expire with sorrow at this discovery. "O Heavens!" said he, his eyes overflowing with tears, "must I obtain the knowledge of the most charming person in the world by so tragical an accident! But let us, if possible, repair our error." Then tearing the muslin of Gul-hindy's turban, he stopped the blood with it as well as he was able. He afterwards, in vain, endeavoured to find the soul of that princess upon those lips where the paleness of death was painted. She gave no sign of life; but as there was a stream which glided along at some distance from thence, he ran to it, and brought some water in the princess's turban, when he beheld her in the arms of a frightful man.

Cheref-Eldin, at this sight, immediately drew his sabre, and prepared to fight the monster, who grew larger and larger every moment; when he cried out to him in a terrible voice—"Stop, young madman, unless thou thyself wouldst be the murderer of this princess, whose neck I will wring round at the least motion thou makest!"—"Ah, barbarian!" cried the prince, "you know too well how to take advantage of my tender concern! Were it not for that, I would let out thy life, or perish gloriously in attempting to succour the divine person whom thou deprivest me of with so much baseness!"—"I am above your threats," replied the ravisher: "know that I am called Zeloulou, and that I am one of the most powerful Genii upon earth. I took delight, at the moment of thy birth, and of that of this princess, to traverse your lives. I made an exchange of you two; I laid thee in the cradle of the princess of Tuluphan, and her in thine. You were to have been happy in each other's love, if you had attained the age of seventeen years without knowing one another for such as you really are. You have, unhappily for yourself, discovered this princess's sex before the time prescribed: this is what puts her into my power, and you must never hope to see her more, while I am what I am."

Zeloulou then carried away Gul-hindy, leaving the prince in a despair so violent, that he resolved not to survive his misfortune. He fiercely set the point of his sabre against his breast, and was just going to pierce his heart, when he found his arm suddenly stayed by an invisible hand.

Geoncha, who incessantly watched over the malignant actions of Zeloulou and hindered the consequences of them as much as lay in his power, though it high time to assist the prince of Ormus. He disarmed him therefore in the very moment that he was making an attempt upon his life, and offering himself to his sight in the shape of a majestic old man;—"Cheref-Eldin," said he, "moderate a little the violence of your passions, and follow the wholesome advice of a Genius who loves you. It was I that presided at yours and Gul-hindy's birth: it was I that, in the resolution to unite you together, formed between you such charming ties, and inspired you with that sudden reciprocal tenderness: but as neither of you were able to avoid what is written on the Table of Light, you must wait with patience for the moment that may restore you to your princess, and, by a perfect submission to the will of Heaven, deserve the happy destiny which is perhaps prepared for you."

The prince was very much consoled by these words. "Powerful Genius," said he, throwing himself at Geoncha's feet, "since I am obliged to submit without murmuring, at least inform me what will be done with me till the arrival of that happy moment."—"Do you find in yourself, prince," replied the Genius, "so much courage as to face death in rescue of your princess? That is the only way to abridge your misfortunes, or perish gloriously for her sake."—"Can it be made a doubt?" answered Cheref-Eldin. "I am ready to sacrifice a thousand lives to obtain the adorable Gul-hindy; and the most cruel death is not sufficient to avert me from so noble a design."—"I admire your intrepidity," replied Geoncha; "give me your hand: you shall quickly be satisfied." The prince gave his hand to Geoncha; he struck the ground, and the earth opened: they both of them plunged into its most dreadful abysses; and at last found themselves in a cavern, the mouth of which looked into a champaign country adorned with a thousand various flowers, which led by a walk of palms to a magnificent palace, into which they entered.

"To effect the deliverance of your princess," said the Genius then to Prince Cheref-Eldin, "I must begin by recovering the superiority which I naturally have over the malicious Zeloulou: I can never bring that about but by artfully getting from him the seal of Solomon, which that traitor has undoubtedly stole from the good king Zif; and to do this, I have occasion for a prince like yourself, who will fearless expose himself to almost unavoidable death. What you are to do is this.

"There is in the island of Gilolo* a spring called the Fountain of Oblivion, unknown to all mortals. There are very few even of the sages and Geni that can precisely tell where this fountain is; and though some do know it, they are ignorant of the proper dose, which is the chief point, because the remedy is to be found in the very distemper; and according to the quantity that is drank of it, it takes away and restores memory. This water is guarded

* Gilolo is an island of the Indian Sea; the capital city of that island is Gilolo, which likewise gives its name to a kingdom of pretty large extent.

by a Genius named Neboray, who, without mercy, strangles all those that come near it; but, as he holds all his authority from me, he has not refused me some water of this fountain. Here is a bottle of it, enough to answer my necessity for it. The difficulty lies in presenting it to the perfidious Zeloulou, and not one of all the Genii who depend upon me would accept the commission, so much they dread the power of Solomou's ring. Have you, prince, firmness enough to undertake so perilous an action? It may endanger your life, and even that of your princess, if Zeloulou should mistrust the deceit you intend to put upon him; but if you can, by your cunning, bring him to drink off the water of the Fountain of Oblivion, you will that very moment become possessor of the princess of Tuluphan."

Cheref-Eldin (continued Ben-Eridoun) accepted Geoncha's proposal without the least hesitation; and that Genius, having conducted him into a spacious hall, made him enter into a bath.

The prince had not been half an hour in the water, before he perceived a change in his person which frightened him. He jumped immediately out of it; and, covering himself precipitately with a very fine cloth—"Ah, Genius," cried he, "what is the meaning of this new metamorphosis?" Geoncha fell a laughing; "What," said he to the prince (who was then changed into the most beautiful woman that ever was seen, and whose features were quite different from those he appeared in when he was a man) "are you already sorry for the promises you have made; and does the sex I have given you, for some time only, incline you to renounce the charming Gul-hindy? Go, prince, execute punctually what I am about to prescribe to you, and I can soon restore you to your former condition."

The Genius, my lord, having then instructed the prince what he was to do when he should be with Zeloulou, gave him the Water of Oblivion, and transported him in less than four minutes to the ordinary habitation of that perfidious Genius.

Zeloulou, whose power was limited with regard to Gul-hindy, after having cured her wound with one single blast of his breath, had confined her to a dark tower, and was gone out in quest of some new subject for his malignant recreation, when he met with Cheref-Eldin, who was stretched out upon the grass and feigned a profound sleep. The Genius, after having viewed her with abundance of attention, owned in himself that he had never beheld so charming a creature. He fell passionately in love with her; and, forming to himself a flattering idea of the happiness he should enjoy in being beloved by her, he assumed the form of a young man of about twenty, and beautiful even to a degree almost equal to her's; he carried her away, conveyed her to his palace, and waited till she should wake, to declare to her the extreme passion he felt for her.

Cheref-Eldin, who was prepared for what might happen, acted his part to perfection. At first he pretended to be hugely afflicted, shed abundance of tears, and afterwards, by a seeming resistance so inflamed Zeloulou, that that Genius, whose passion increased every moment for that prince, whom he mistook for a woman, declared to her who he was, and offered to make her

a partner in his power, if she would make a kind return to his tenderness. The disguised princess feigned to be shaken by the greatness of his promises, and the personal merit of the Genius : she asked some days to consider of it, promising to spend all the time in his company ; and Zeloulou, blinded by his passion, and without in the least suspecting that she designed to put a trick upon him, resolved to wait with patience for that happy moment, and in the mean while to procure her a thousand diversions that might prevail upon her to be grateful. To begin, he caused to be served a magnificent collation ; and presenting her with a very excellent wine, she excused herself from touching it, and told the Genius she drank only of a certain water she carried always about her ; but that this was of so excellent a taste, that it far excelled the finest wines. The Genius seemed surprised at this : " Give me leave, madam," answered he, " to doubt of so improbable a story, till I have myself experienced the truth of it."—" You yourself shall be the judge," replied the Prince of Ormus. Then having poured into a cup just so much water as was requisite to take away the memory, Zeloulou had no sooner drank it off than he was perfectly besotted.

Cheref-Eldin, seeing the operation of his liquor, was in a joy hardly to be expressed : he gave the Genius such tender caresses, that, moved with the charms of so beautiful a woman, he had much ado to contain himself ; and would absolutely embrace her, when, pushing him fondly back, she told him she would not consent to his desires, unless, as a pledge of his eternal tenderness, he made her a present of the ring he wore on his finger.

Zeloulou, in this moment, by means of the water he had drank, forgetting of what consequence it was to him to preserve Solomon's ring, which all the powers of the earth could never have forced from him, took the ring from his finger, and presented it to his new mistress. She had no sooner got it into her possession, but pouring out a second glass of the same water, but whose dose was so much as would restore him his memory, she earnestly begged him for her sake to drink that too, and assured him that he should no sooner have given her that last mark of his complaisance, than she would consent to gratify his desires.

However tasteless the Genius thought the liquor he had already drank, as he was so transported at the sight of this charming lady, that he was no longer the master of his will, he presently swallowed the water she offered him ; but what a fury was he in the moment afterwards, when Cheref-Eldin vanished from his sight, to perceive that he was no longer the possessor of Solomon's ring, and to remember that he himself had foolishly given it away to the woman whose false charms had so grossly deceived him ! He then abandoned himself to the most violent despair, and blasphemed against all the supreme beings.

When Cheref-Eldin had given to Geoncha the ring he had so subtly acquired, that king of the Genii transported himself in the very moment to the place where the perfidious Zeloulou was still making most dismal reflections upon the loss he had sustained. But, though the seal of Solomon, which with the utmost surprise he saw in Geoncha's hands, ought to have humbled

him, and induced him to have recourse to his clemency, yet he had still the temerity to rebel against him ; and, forgetting that he was his king, he was so rash as to defy him to combat. But Geoncha making use of all the superiority and immense power which that divine ring gave him, soon put an end to the fight : he annihilated the traitorous Zeloulou ; and after having carried to his palace the Prince of Ormus, while he washed in another bath which restored him to his primitive form, the Genius went and fetched the beautiful Gul-hindy out of her prison ; and, embracing them both, he conveyed them in an instant to the palace of the king of Tuluphan.

Mochzadin and Riza, who bemoaned the loss of their daughter, and, according to Geoncha's prediction, never expected to behold her again, almost died with joy at so unexpected a sight. The Genius told them, to their great amazement, of the error they had always been in by the malice of Zeloulou ; the dangers to which their real daughter had been exposed, as he had foretold them the moment she was born ; and the annihilation of the malignant Genius ; and commanded them immediately to unite in the most holy ties Cheref-Eldin and Gul-hindy ; since the king of Ormus too had before formed the same design.

The king and queen of Tuluphan (continued Ben-Eridoun) would not defer a moment the happiness of the prince and princess ; and that illustrious couple, under the protection of the great Geoncha, spent the rest of their days in the most perfect union ; and enjoyed a felicity which, to their lives end, was never interrupted by the least unlucky accident.

Ben-Eridoun having thus concluded the adventures of Cheref-Eldin and Gul-hindy, the king of Astracan let him know the great pleasure he had taken in hearing them. "I could yet have wished," added that monarch, "that there had been something in the catastrophe of your story a little more wonderful. I cannot help thinking that Zeloulou runs too blindfold into the trap that is laid for him, and that Cheref-Eldin too easily gets from him the ring of Solomon."—"My lord," replied Ben-Eridoun, "I did not invent this history myself, but had the honour to tell it your majesty just as I had read it in one of our Arabian authors. And after all, love is so violent a passion, and deprives the wisest men of the use of their reason to such a degree, as to set them upon an equal foot with the weakest of mankind."

"I confess it," replied the king ; "and now I reflect upon it more seriously, I perceive that it would have been very hard to have rescued Gul-hindy out of Zeloulou's power by any other means than the blind passion he felt for Cheref-Eldin, who seemed so beautiful a woman. That Genius, by the assistance of Solomon's ring, might have defended himself against all surprises ; nothing but so passionate a love could have torn it from him : and this thought convinces me that it is very easy to criticise any thing, but hard to mend."

"It is true, my lord," replied Ben-Eridoun : "but, since your majesty was

not at first entirely satisfied with the conclusion of that history, I will relate one which I am sure will please you, both for the wonderful and comical strokes that there are in it."

"Nobody hitherto has succeeded so well as thou, in diverting me," replied the king of Astracan: "begin this history, therefore, since I have still some moments left." Ben-Eridoun, in obedience to his prince, spoke in these terms.

THE HISTORY OF THE THREE CRUMP TWIN-BROTHERS OF DAMASCUS.

UNDER the Caliphat of Watik-billah, grandson of Haroun Arraschid, there dwelt at Damascus* an old man called Behemrillah, who did but just get a poor livelihood by making steel-bows, swords, sabres, and knife-blades. Of thirteen children which he had by one wife, ten died all in one year; but the three that remained were so odd a figure, that it was impossible to look at them without laughing: they were crooked both behind and before, blind of the left eye, lame of the right foot, and so perfectly like one another in face, shape, and clothes, which they always wore the same with one another, that even their father and mother sometimes mistook one for the other.

Of the three sons of Behemrillah (said Ben-Eridoun, the next day), the eldest was named Ibad, the second Syahouk, and the third Babekan; and these three little hump-backed brothers never worked in their shops but they served for laughing-stocks to all the boys and girls in the town.

One day, as the only son of a rich merchant, named Mourad, returned from walking with some of his play-fellows, finding himself more merry than usual, he leaned upon the bulk of the three crumps, and insulted them with so much keenness, that Babekan, who was then at work upon a knife-blade, lost all patience; he ran after those children, and, singling out his principal enemy, gave him a cut in the belly; but finding that he was pursued by the mob, he ran into his shop and pulled to the door after him.

As Mourad was dangerously wounded, all the avenues of Behemrillah's house were immediately secured till the cady, who was sent for, should be come. He repaired thither immediately with his azzas†, and having broken down the doors, upon their refusal to open them, he entered into the shop, and demanded of those who had been witnesses of the action that was committed, which of the three crumps was the murderer? Nobody could affirm that it was one of them more than the other; they were so exactly alike, that they were all at a loss. The cady examined Ibad, who assured him that it was not he that had wounded the boy, and that he could not tell whether it was Syahouk or Babekan: Syahouk averred the same thing; and Babekan, see-

* Damascus is a city of Syria, at the foot of Mount Libanus, about forty leagues from Aleppo. It is mightily resorted to for its knives, bows, and sabres. The steel of Damascus is in very great esteem.

† The Azzas are a sort of catchpoles that generally accompany the cadies.

ing himself out of danger, had the impudence to deny likewise that he had any hand in the crime.

The cady was therefore much perplexed what to do; there could be but one criminal, and here seemed to be three; and never a one of them would own himself to be the man. He thought he could not do better than to inform the king of Damascus of so singular an affair. He carried the three crumps before his throne; and that prince having examined them himself, without being able to find out the truth, gave command, in order to discover it, that each of them should have a hundred bastinadoes upon the soles of his feet. They began with Syahouk, and afterwards proceeded to Ibad; but both of them being ignorant whether Babekan was the criminal or no, so much resemblance there was between them, they endured the bastinado without giving the king any clearer information than he had before. Babekan afterwards received his quota of stripes; but being judge in his own cause, he did not think fit to betray himself: he made the most earnest protestations of his innocence; and the king, not knowing which was the murderer, and unwilling to put to death two innocents with one criminal, was contented with banishing them all three from Damascus for ever.

Ibad, Syahouk, and Babekan, were obliged to comply with this sentence immediately. They departed from the city; and, having considered what they should do, Ibad and Syahouk were entirely for keeping together; but Babekan having represented to them, that, let them go where they would, so long as they were together, they should always be the jest of the public, and that if they were single, they would each be infinitely less observed, this reason prevailed over the opinion of the other two. They parted from each other; and taking every one a different road, Babekan, after having travelled through several towns of Syria, came at length to Bagdad*, where I have already told your majesty Watik-billah, the grandson of Haroun Arreschid, held the supreme power.

This little crooked wretch, understanding that there was in that city a cutler of tolerable good repute, went to him for employment. He told him he was of Damascus, and that he had a particular art in tempering of steel. The cutler was willing to try if Babekan was as great a master of his trade as he boasted himself to be: he took him into his shop; and finding indeed that not only the steel he tempered was as hard and sharp again as what was commonly used at Bagdad, but also that his work was much more neat and perfect, he retained him in his service, and entertained him with great kindness, that he might keep him to himself.

From that time his shop was always crowded with customers. The little crump could not work fast enough. The cutler sold his bows and sabres at his own price; and, if he had not been a drunken extravagant sot, he might have made a very considerable fortune.

Babekan had scarce been two years at Bagdad, when his master fell very

* Bagdad is a city of Asia, seated upon the Tigris, in the province of Hierac. It has long been the place of abode of the caliphs of Egypt.

of a great debauch he had made. His body was so worn and wasted by wine, brandy, and women, that all the care of his wife and Babekan could not save his life. He died in their arms.

Though Nohoud (which was the name of the cutler's wife) was very far from being handsome, Babekan had nevertheless been in love with her for some time; and his master's death being a fair opportunity to declare his passion, he without any hesitation made the widow acquainted with his sentiments. She was not much alarmed at them; for, besides that his out-of-the-way figure began to grow familiar to her, she further considered, that if Babekan left her, the shop would presently lose its reputation, and that the little money she had saved during her husband's life would soon be spent. These reasons induced her, like a sensible woman as she was, to make Babekan a promise of marriage, so soon as she could do it with decency. She kept her word with him some months afterwards; and Babekan, not satisfied with his cutlery-trade alone, whereby in a little time he got a great deal of money, fell likewise into the way of selling brandy of dates, which he had a very considerable demand for.

The correspondence that Babekan had in several towns of the east, came to the ears of his two brothers; who, after having lived for almost five years in the utmost poverty, were at last met together at Derbent*. Here they learnt, to their great joy, the prosperity of Babekan; and, not doubting but he would assist them in their want, they resolved to go together to Bagdad. They were no sooner arrived there, than they sent for him by a poor woman who had taken them into her house out of charity.

Babekan was prodigiously surprised at the sight of his brothers. "Have you forgot," said he to them in a violent passion, "what happened to us at Damascus? Have you a mind to make me the jest of this city too? I swear by my head, that you shall die beneath my cudgel, if you dare to come near my house, or stay in Bagdad another hour!"

Ibad and his brother were amazed at a reception so little expected. It was in vain they represented their misery to Babekan, and shewed him the most abject submission; he continued unmoved; and all they could obtain of him was ten or twelve pieces of gold, to help them to settle in some other town.

Babekan being returned home, his wife perceived an alteration in his countenance. She asked him the cause of it, and was answered that it proceeded from the arrival of his two brothers; but that apprehending at Bagdad the same railleries he had borne at Damascus, he had forbid them his house, and obliged them to leave the town.

Nohoud to no purpose remonstrated to him the cruelty of what he had done; her husband's fury was but increased by her persuasions. "I find," says he, "you will be tempted to entertain them here during the journey I am to make to Bamora: but take notice, I would advise you, that if you

* Derbent is a town of the province of Servan in Persia, at the foot of Mount Caucasus.

do, it shall cost you your life. I say no more, Look to it, that you do not disobey me."

Babekan's wife was too well acquainted with her husband's violent humour to contradict him; she had often enough felt the weight of his arm. She promised most punctually to execute his orders. But those promises did not make Babekan easy; he passed the whole night without taking a wink of sleep; and returning next morning at break of day to the woman's house where his brothers had lodged, he heard, to his great satisfaction, that they were gone from Bagdad with an intention never to see it again.

Ibad and Syahouk were indeed departed with a resolution to go seek their fortunes elsewhere; but the latter falling sick about two days journey from Bagdad, and they finding themselves obliged to stay there almost three weeks, their money was soon gone, and they reduced to their former want. Not knowing how to live, in spite of the severe prohibition they had received from Babekan, they resolved to go back to Bagdad. They went to their former landlady, and begged her to go once more to their brother, in order to persuade him, if she could, to take them into his house, or at least to give them a little money to defray the charge of their journey.

The poor woman could not refuse to do them that service: she went to Babekan's house; and being informed at his shop that he had been gone twelve days to Balsora, to fetch several bales of merchandizes, she returned immediately to tell this news to her guests, who were so hard pressed by their necessity, that they went themselves to implore the assistance of their brother's wife.

Nohoud could not help knowing them; they resembled Babekan so exactly, that there was nobody but who would have mistaken each of them apart for him: but though he had so strictly commanded her not to let them into her house, she was touched with their poverty and tears; she entertained them, and set some victuals before them. It was now dark night; and Ibad and Syahouk had scarce satisfied their first hunger, when somebody rattled at the door. The voice of Babekan, who was not to have returned in three days longer, was a thunderbolt to his wife and brothers; they turned as pale as death: and Nohoud, who did not know where to put them to conceal them from her husband's fury, thought at last of hiding them in a little cellar behind five or six tubs of brandy.

Babekan grew impatient at the door; he knocked louder and louder every moment: at last it was opened; and, suspecting his wife of having some gallant hid in a corner, he took a stick, and beat her soundly; afterwards, his jealousy inducing him to search all the house, he visited every hole with the greatest care, but never thought of looking behind the brandy-tubs, though he went into the cellar. At last, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), the hump-backed churl having made no discovery, grew a little calm; he locked all the doors, taking the keys, according to his custom; went to bed with Nohoud; and did not go out all next day till toward the evening prayer, telling his wife he should sup with a friend. His back was hardly turned, when Nohoud ran immediately to

the cellar. But she was in the utmost surprise at finding Ibad and Syahouk without the least sign of life. Her perplexity increased when she considered she had no way of getting rid of the two bodies; but, taking her resolution at once, she shut up the shop, ran to look towards the bridge of Bagdad for a foolish porter of Sivri-hissar*, and, having told him that a little hump-backed man who came to her house to buy some knives having died there suddenly, she feared she should be brought into trouble about it, she proffered him four sequins of gold, if he would put him into a sack, and throw him into the Tigris. The porter accepted her offer; and Nohoud, having taken him home with her, gave him two sequins by way of earnest, treated him with drink till it was night, put only one of the crumps into his sack, helped him up with it, and promised to give him the other two sequins when she was sure he had performed his commission.

The porter, with the crump upon his shoulders, being come to the bridge of Bagdad, opened his sack, shot his load into the river, and running back to Nohoud—"Tis done," said he, laughing; "your man is fish-meat by this time. Give me the two sequins you promised me." Nohoud then went behind her counter, under pretence of fetching him the money; but starting back with a loud cry, she pretended to fall into a swoon. The porter, strangely surprised, took her into his arms. After having fetched her to herself, he inquired the cause of her fright. "Ah!" said the cunning hussey, acting her part to a miracle, "go in there, and you will soon know the cause." The porter went in, and was struck as mute as a fish when, by the glimmering of a lamp, he perceived the same body which he thought he had thrown into the Tigris. The more narrowly he viewed it, the greater was his surprise. "I am sure," said he to Nohoud, "I did throw that plaguy crooked rascal over the bridge: how then could he come hither? There must be witchcraft in it. However," continued he, "let us try if he will get out again." Then having put the second crump into the same sack, he carried him to the bridge; and choosing out the deepest part of the Tigris, opened his sack, and threw in poor Syahouk. He was again returning merrily to Nohoud, not doubting that his burden was gone to the bottom; when, turning the corner of a street, he saw coming towards him a man with a lantern in his hand. He was ready to drop down dead with fear at the sight of Babekan, who was going home a little overtaken with wine. He dogged him, however, a little while; and finding that he took the ready way to the house from which he had fetched the two crumps, he seized him furiously by the collar. "Ah, rogue!" cried he, "you think to make a fool of me all night, do you? You have served me this trick twice already; but if you escape the third time, I will be hanged." Then, being a lusty fellow, he threw his sack over his shoulders; and, forcing him into it in spite of his teeth, tied the mouth of it with a strong rope; and running directly to the bridge, flung in poor Babekan, sack and all. He walked a

* Sivri-hissar is a town of Natolia, the inhabitants of which are famous for their simplicity.

pretty while thereabouts, for fear the crump should get out again to cheat him of his reward; but hearing no noise, returned to the cutleress to demand the other two sequins which she had promised him. "Do not fear his coming any more," said he, the moment he set his foot into the house. "The wag had a mind to make me his sport for ever, I think. He only pretended to be dead that he might make me trot my legs off. But I have done his business for him now so thoroughly, that he will never come to your house any more, I will engage for him."

Nohoud, surprised at this discourse, desired him to tell her what he meant by it. "Why," replied he, "I had again thrown this damned crump into the Tigris, when, as I was returning to you for my money, I met him again, about five or six streets off, with a lantern in his hand, singing and roaring under pretence of being drunk. I was so horridly enraged with him, that, laying hold of him, I forced him into my sack in spite of all his resistance, tied it with a cord, and so threw him into the Tigris; from whence, I believe, he can never return, unless he be the Daggial* himself."

Babekan's wife was in an unparalleled surprise at this news. "Ah, sirrah!" said she, "what have you done? You have now drowned my husband. And have you the impudence to think I will reward you for this murder? No, no; I will revenge his death, and go this moment to make my complaint to the cady."

The porter gave very little heed to all her threats; he thought she did this only to avoid paying him the money she had promised him. "Without jesting," said he, "give me the two sequins I have so lawfully earned: you have made a fool of me long enough already. I must be gone home." Nohoud refusing to pay him—"I swear by my head," replied he, in a violent rage, "if you do not give me the two sequins this moment, I will send you to keep company with that crooked monster I have thrown into the river! Now," added he, "dispute my payment if you dare. I am not such a fool as you take me for: I will have my money presently, or I will make the house too hot to hold you." The more the porter insisted upon his money, the more noise Nohoud made. He grew weary of so much resistance; and, taking her by the hair, he pulled her into the street, and was really going to throw her into the Tigris, when the neighbours ran to her assistance.

The porter upon this took to his heels, very much in dudgeon at having, as he thought, been so grossly put upon; and was going towards the bridge in his way home, when he met three men, each with a load upon his shoulder, as far as he could discern in the dark. He that went first took him by the arm. "Where are you going at this time of night?" said he. "What is that to you?" said the porter very snappishly: "I am going where I please."—"You are greatly deceived," answered the stranger; "for you shall go where I please. Take this bundle off my head, and walk before me."

The porter, surprised at the command, would have resisted; but that

* The Daggial is the Antichrist of the Mahometans.

man, having shook at him a sabre four fingers broad, and threatened to cut off his head if he did not obey that moment, he was forced to take up the load, and go in company with the other two ; whereof one seemed a slave, and the other a fisherman. They had not walked ten streets, when they came to a little door, which was presently opened by an old woman. They passed through a long passage, very dark, and arrived at last in a magnificent hall. But what was the porter's amazement, when, by the light of above forty tapers with which it was illuminated, he saw the crooked brothers he had thrown into the Tigris ! two of whom were upon the shoulders of the slave and the fisherman, and the third upon his own head ; he was seized with such terror, that he began to shake all over his body. He was more thoroughly convinced than ever, that so extraordinary a thing could be imputed to nothing but conjuration ; but, recovering a little from his fright—"The devil take this cursed crump-backed, one-eyed, son a whore !" cried he, in a very comical tone ; "I believe I shall do nothing all night but throw him into the river, and not get rid of him at last. The rascal was so malicious to come back again twice to hinder me from having the sequins the cutler-woman promised me ; and here I find him again, with two others besides, not a farthing better than himself.—But, Sir," continued he addressing himself to him that seemed the master of the house, "lend me, I beseech you, that sabre of yours but for a moment ; I will only cut off their heads, and then go throw them all three into the Tigris, to see if they will follow me again. I am so horridly unlucky to-day, that I am sure the devil will carry them back either to the cutler's house or mine, do what I will."

The porter having finished this speech of his, the caliph Watik-billah, for it was he himself, my lord, that, by the example of Haroun Arreschid, his grandfather, walked out very often in the night-time in the streets of Bagdad, to see what passed, and to be capable of making a judgment himself how the people liked his government ; this caliph, I say, who was disguised like a merchant, was in the utmost surprise at these words of the porter. He had been out that night with his prime vizir ; and, having met a fisherman, he asked him whither he went. "I am going," answered he, "to draw up my nets, which I have left ever since yesterday morning in the Tigris."—"And what will you do with the fish you catch ?" replied the caliph. "To-morrow," said he, "I will go sell it in the market of Bagdad, to help to maintain my wife and three children."—"Will you bargain with me for your whole draught ?" replied Watik-billah. "With all my heart," answered the fisherman. "Well," said the caliph, "there are ten sequins of gold for it ; will that satisfy you ?" The fisherman was so amazed at such a piece of generosity, that he almost imagined he was in a dream ; but, putting the sequins in his pocket—"My lord," replied he, transported, "if I were to have as much for every draught, I should soon be richer and more powerful than the sovereign Commander of the Faithful."

The caliph smiled at this comparison. He went to the shore of the Tigris ; entered into the fisherman's boat ; and, with his vizir, having helped him to

draw up his nets, he was very much amazed at finding in them the two little crumps of Damascus, and a sack, in which was the third.

An adventure so surprising struck him with admiration. "Since this draught belongs to me," said he to the fisherman, who was as much surprised as himself, "I am resolved to carry it home with me; but you must lend us a hand." That man had received too great marks of the caliph's liberality to make the least scruple of obeying him; the vizir and he took the one Ibad, and the other Syahouk, by the feet, and threw them on their shoulders; and the caliph himself having shouldered the sack in which was Babekan, they turned back to go to the palace; when they met the porter, who had but a few moments before thrown the three brothers into the Tigris.

As Watik-billah was dropping wet with the water that ran out of the sack, he stopped the porter; and, having forced him to ease him of his burden, he conducted him to a house which adjoined to his palace. There it was, my lord, that the porter of Bagdad, having by the words he spoke relating to the three crumps excited the caliph's curiosity, he desired him to explain himself more clearly upon so whimsical an adventure.

"Sir," replied the porter, "this explanation you require is not so easily made as you imagine. The more I think of it, the less I understand it: however, you shall have it just as I think it happened to me."

"Do you know, Sir," said the porter, "the cutler's wife that lives at the end of the street of the jewellers?"—"No," replied the caliph. "You are no great loser by the bargain," answered the porter. "She is the mischievouslest jade in all Bagdad. I would willingly give the two sequins I am master of to have but five or six slaps at her foul chaps for the trick the witch put upon me this night; though I am but poor, I should sleep the better for it. This cutler-woman then—But stay, since you do not know her, I will draw you her picture. Imagine, Sir, that you have before your eyes a great withered old woman, with a skin as black as a dried neat's tongue; with a little forehead, and eyes so far sunk into her head, that it is impossible to see she has any without a telescope. Her nose has so great a kindness for her chin, that they are always kissing one another; and her mouth, which exhales a charming odour, like that of brimstone, is so wide, that it is not unlike a crocodile's. Must not all this form a complete beauty?"—"Without doubt," said the caliph; who, though impatient to hear the story of the three crumps, almost died with laughing at the porter's comical description. "You are so excellent a painter, that I fancy I see this cutler-woman, and would lay a wager I could find her out amongst a thousand."—"Well, then," said the porter, "since you know her now as well as if you had seen her, imagine that you see this lovely creature, covered with a great veil that hides all her perfections, come to choose me towards night at the foot of the bridge from amongst five or six of my comrades, and promise me in my ear four sequins if I would follow her. The desire of gain entices me; I fly towards her house; go in with her; she throws off her veil; I am frightened at the sight almost out of my wits; she certainly per-

ceases it; and, to encourage me, pops into my hand a great flaggon of wine. I own, sir, it was so excellent, that, without inquiring what country it came from, I emptied the flaggon. Yet I could not help trembling all the while I drank it; I was afraid she had a mind to make me drunk, that she might afterwards debauch me, and get me to spend the night with her. And it was not without grounds that I feared this; for she caressed me enough to make me believe it. After the wine, she brought me a great bottle of date-brandy; she amorously pours me out a large glass-full, which I tipped off without any more ado; then she proposed to me—But stay, stay; I think I drank two glasses of brandy, upon further consideration.”—“Drink six if you will,” answered the caliph, “so you do but make an end of your story.”—“Hold you me there, sir,” cried the porter; one cannot swallow down brandy at that rate, neither; it will fly into the head: I am half-drunk with those two only; and you would have me here, after all that wine, tope down a bottle of brandy to boot. No, no, sir; I will do no such thing though the sovereign-Commander of the Faithful himself should beg me upon his knees to do it. But let us return to our sleep. So then it was that the cutler-woman, seeing me grow a little merry, as one may say, gave me to understand, that a little cracked man, who came to her house to buy some cutler’s ware, had died suddenly in her shop; and that, fearing she should be accused of having killed him, she would give the four sequins she had promised me if I would throw him into the Tigris. I had not drunk so much neither, but that I was resolved to make sure of the cash. I demanded two of the sequins in earnest; she gave them me. I puts little crump into my sack, does as I was bid, and comes back to take the rest of my money; when she shows me again the very same man. I leave you to imagine, sir, how much I was surprised. I put him once more into my sack, carried him again to the bridge, and, choosing the most rapid part of the stream, tossed him in; and I was returning to the cutler’s, when I again met the cracked head with a lantern in his hand, and making as if he was drunk. I grew weary of so much jesting, took hold of him roughly, and pushing him into my sack in spite of his death, tied up the mouth of it, and flung him a third time into the Tigris, with my sack and all, imagining that would keep him from getting out again. I went back to the cutler-woman, and told her how I met the crump alive, and in what manner I got rid of him; but instead of paying me the two sequins I expected, she pretended to tear her hair in grief, and threatened to carry me before the sady for having drowned her husband. I never minded her tears; but swore I would have my money. I made a bloody noise about it. The neighbours ran in at her cries; I took to my heels. I was going home, grumbling in the gizzard very much; when you, sir, forced me to take up this sack upon my head, and bring it hither.

“Now, sir,” continued the porter, “you may easily guess the cause of my fright, when, at my arrival here, I found myself laden with the same man that I had three times flung into the Tigris; and beheld also two others so like him, that it is impossible to distinguish between them but by their clothes.”

Though the caliph could not see into the bottom of this adventure, he took

abundance of pleasure in hearing the porter's story. Then, having viewed the three brothers more narrowly, he thought he perceived in them some signs of life, and sent immediately for a physician. He came soon afterwards; and, finding that Ibad and Syahouk threw up, with the water they had swallowed, a great deal of brandy, he did not doubt, as indeed it was true, but that their drunkenness was the occasion of their being thought dead. As for Babekan, nothing but want of air had almost suffocated him; but as soon as his head was out of the sack, he recovered by degrees; so that in half an hour's time his brothers and he were entirely out of danger.

Never was any body so amazed as Babekan was at the sight of his brothers, who were laid upon sofas. He almost cracked his eye-strings with staring at them, and could not possibly conceive how he came into that strange place with them. He suffered himself to be undressed without uttering a single word, while the same was done to Ibad and Syahouk.

The nalph, having caused the three crumps to be carried into different chambers, had them put to bed, and locked up. Then he sent away the fishermen; and having ordered the vizir to keep the porter, and to use him with great kindness, he prepared to divert himself at the expense of the crooked brothers, and the cutler-woman, whom he arrested next morning by break of day.

To heighten his diversion, the caliph caused to be made that night two suits of clothes exactly like that which Babekan wore when he was thrown into the Tigris. He ordered them to be put upon Ibad and Syahouk, whose drunken fit was quite over; and being all dressed exactly alike, he placed them behind three different pieces of hanging in a magnificent hall of the palace, and gave orders that they should be discovered upon his making a certain sign.

The vizir, who, with the porter and several guards had been early in the morning to arrest the cutler's wife, brought her into the hall, where the caliph was already placed upon his throne. He examined her with relation to what passed between her and the porter. She told him all that had happened, without concealing a tittle of the truth, and seemed very much concerned at the loss of her husband. "But," said the caliph, "is not this a made story that you tell me? how is it possible these three crooked brothers should be so exactly alike, that the porter should be deceived by them?"—"Ah, my lord!" replied Nohoud, "he was half drunk when I employed him; and, besides, my husband and his brothers resemble one another so perfectly, that, if they were dressed in the same clothes, I hardly think I myself could be able to distinguish one from the other."—"That would be pleasant, indeed," said the caliph, clapping his hands; "I should be glad to be a spectator of such an interview."

This was the signal Watik-billah was to give for the crumps to appear. The pieces of hanging were immediately pulled up, and the cutleress was ready to die with fear at the sight. "O Heaven!" cried she, "what a prodigy is this? Do the dead come again to life?—Is this an illusion, my lord; and are my eyes faithful testimonies of what I see?"—"You see right," re-

plied Watik-billah; "one of these three is your husband, and the other two are his brothers; you must choose out your own from among them; view them well. But I forbid them, upon pain of death, to speak or make the least sign."

Nohoud, in the utmost perplexity, examined them one after another. She could not distinguish her husband; and the caliph, who was as much at a loss to know them as she, ordering him of the three that was Babekan to come and embrace his wife, was very much surprised to see the three crumps all at once throw their arms round her neck, and each of them affirm himself to be her husband.

Ibad and Syahouk were not ignorant that they were in the presence of the sovereign Commander of the Faithful; but whatever respect they owed him, they thought they could not be revenged of Babekan better than by trying to pass for him: and this latter got nothing by his rage and passion; for his two brothers obstinately persisted in robbing him of his name.

The caliph could not help laughing at this comical contest of the three crumps; but having at length reassumed his gravity—"There would be no such dispute among you," said he, "which should be Babekan, if you knew that I want to distinguish him only to give him a thousand bastinadoes for his cruelty to his brothers, and for his forbidding his wife to entertain them in his absence."

Watik-billah, my lord (continued the son of Abubeker), pronounced these words in so severe a tone, that Ibad and Syahouk thought it high time to give over the jest. "If it be so, my lord," said each of them separately, "we are no longer what we pretended to be, with a design to punish our brother for his ill-usage of us. If there are any blows to be received, let him receive them, for they are no more than he deserves. As for us, my lord, we implore your generosity; and we are in hopes that your august majesty, who never suffers any to depart unsatisfied, will have the goodness to alleviate our misery and want."

The caliph then threw his eyes upon Babekan, whom he saw in the greatest confusion. "Well," said he to him, "what hast thou to say for thyself?"—"Potent king," replied Babekan, with his face prostrated to the earth, "whatever punishment I am to look for from your justice, I am nevertheless the husband of this woman. My crime is still the greater, in that being the only cause of the banishment of my brothers from the city of Damascus, for a murder of which our resemblance hindered me from being known the author, I ought to have let them participate in my good fortune, as they had shared in my bad. But if a sincere repentance can obtain my pardon, I offer, from the bottom of my heart, to give them equal parts of all the money I have, by my labour, gained since my arrival here at Bagdad; and I hope your majesty will pardon my ingratitude, upon account of the sorrow it gives me to have committed it."

The caliph, who never intended to inflict any punishment upon Babekan, was very well pleased to see him in this disposition; he therefore pardoned him; and, being willing that Ibad and Syahouk, for the pleasure they had

given him, should feel the effects of his liberality, he caused it to be published all over Bagdad, that if there were any women who would marry the two crump brothers, he would give them each two thousand pieces of gold. There were above twenty that were ready to embrace so considerable a fortune: but Ibad and Syahouk having chosen out of that number those that they thought would fit them best, received of the caliph twenty thousand sequins more, with which they traded in fellowship with Babekan. And these three brothers spent the rest of their days in abundance of tranquillity, under the protection of the sovereign Commander of the Faithful; who was so liberal to the porter, that he lived at his ease ever after, without having any occasion for continuing his trade.

When Ben-Eridoun had finished the adventures of the three Crumps of Damascus—"I swear by Aly *," said Schems-Eddin to him, "that if I have been sensible of any pleasure since the loss of my dear Zebd-El-caton, it has been that of hearing thee. Nothing, I think, can be more comical than the unravelling of this story! You had good reason to promise me something wonderful; it is full of it throughout: and as I cannot reward too munificently——" "Ah, my lord!" replied Ben-Eridoun, without giving the king time to make an end of what he was going to say, "it is not interest that I am actuated by. Rewards too great would only stir up more and more the hatred of the physicians of this city against my father, and me your faithful slave. I have felt the effects of it too much already since his departure; and my being still alive is owing to nothing but the happiness I have had to please your majesty."—"What dost thou mean?" replied Schems-Eddin, surprised at this discourse. "Is there any body in Astracan so bold as to try to do thee mischief?"—"My lord," returned the vizir Mutamhid, "Ben-Eridoun ought, I think, to have been entirely satisfied with the conduct I have used towards him. One of your physicians informed me that he made a mockery of the perplexity Cuberghe and I were in to find you new entertainment every day; and assured me he boasted that he himself could be able to do it, if he pleased, till his father's return. This, at first, put me in a terrible passion against Ben-Eridoun: I tried to frighten him with the punishment his rashness deserved; but I found him so unmoved at all my menaces, and so docile to execute what afterwards I perceived the physician accused him of falsely, that I have done him all the justice which is due to his merit, and ever since have looked upon him as my own son."

"It is true, my lord," answered the son of Abubeker, addressing himself to the king of Astracan, "I am far from having any cause to complain of Mutamhid; I have received all the kindness imaginable from him: but, in

* Aly was the son-in-law of Mahomet. This oath is very much used among the Orientals.

the mean while, I am narrowly guarded; and the perfidious physician who sought my destruction walks at liberty."

"That is by no means just," interrupted Schems-Eddin: "he shall be shut up in a dark prison till Abubeker's return; and, to put thee out of all danger from the malice of the other physicians, I make you vizard, and set you upon an equality with Mutamid and Cuberghe, upon condition you have no resentment against the former. His intentions were good; and I know him too merciful to have ever punished thee with death, though I had not been satisfied with thee."

Ben-Eridoun, confounded at the goodness of his king, threw himself at his feet. He at first refused the honour which was bestowed upon him; but was obliged to obey. "My lord," said he, "since your majesty forces me to accept a dignity I find myself incapable of, I submit to your supreme will; and do, for a beginning, assure Mutamid of an eternal and inviolable friendship. But as the oblivion of injuries is the surest token of a noble soul, I beseech you to pardon, at my request, the physician that contrived against me: let him only know that I had it in my power to punish his treachery, and would not make use of the opportunity."—"No, no," replied Schems-Eddin; "in this I will be obeyed: he shall never see the light again till Abubeker returns from Serendib; and he shall now wish for that return as much as before he feared it. But till then, my dear Ben-Eridoun," continued that prince, "do not abandon me to the cruel afflictions wherein I am involved; but contribute, by the charms of thy conversation, to dispel the gloomy melancholy into which the sad remembrance of my losses incessantly plunges me."—"My lord," replied Ben-Eridoun, prostrating himself on the ground, "since your majesty has been pleased to condescend so far as to hear with some complacency the humblest of your slaves, I swear I will never leave you so long as I have the happiness to please you: all the moments of my life shall be devoted to your service."—"Continue, then," said Schems-Eddin, "to give me marks of your affection, in telling me some new story that may afford me as much diversion as these I have already heard."

"I know one, my lord," answered Ben-Eridoun, "that is very particular: but I have already hesitated more than once to tell it you; I was afraid of reviving in your mind the image of your misfortunes, by the conformity it bears in the beginning to the fatal accidents which you have felt. It is true, the sequel is very different, and will soon make you forget the melancholy part of it. But I dare not tell it, without your majesty's express command."

Schems-Eddin studied some moments; and then—"My misfortunes," said he, "are always so present to my mind, that your relation cannot possibly make them more so: therefore, my dear Ben-Eridoun, you may safely begin your story. Let the nature of it be what it will, I will hear you with attention." Ben-Eridoun obeyed so positive a command, and spoke in these terms to the king of Astracan:—

THE HISTORY OF OUTZIM-CHANTEY, PRINCE OF CHINA.

FANFUR*, Emperor of China, had espoused Katife, one of the most charming princesses upon earth: nothing in nature was ever more complete; and the moment one cast his eyes upon the globe of her face, he lost the idea of all the beauties he had ever seen before, to think of nothing but the perfections of that princess, whose qualities of the mind were superior even to those of the body. Such women ought to be immortal. But, my lord, the incomparable Katife seemed to appear in China only to leave in that kingdom an eternal regret for the loss of her. She died in the first year of her marriage, bringing into the world a prince who was called Outzim-Ochantey.

Fanfur was so afflicted at the death of his spouse, that he quitted the care of his dominions, to give himself wholly up to his despair. He built in his palace a magnificent tomb, upon which was, in white marble, the statue of Katife; and never failed to go to it twice a day to wash it with his tears.

That prince had now lived almost five years in this manner; when his chief vizir, who was a man of the greatest probity, presented himself before him: he prostrated his face to the earth, and getting up—"My lord," said he, "may your humble slave presume to remonstrate to you that your grief is of too long duration, and prejudices you in the minds of your people. Though the worth of Katife was inexpressibly great, yet they are ashamed to see you for so tedious a space of time shed tears, which would better become a woman than a king so potent as your majesty. Katife's beauty was really excellent; but are there no other women in the world that may be equalled to her? If you are insensible to any beauty but hers, at least consider that you are answerable to your son for a throne which I see your subjects almost ready to deprive you of, if you continue to live in this retirement."

Fanfur, surprised at the vizir's discourse, awaked as it were from a deep sleep; no less a reproof was necessary to fetch him from the lethargy he was in. "I am inconceivably obliged to you vizir," said he, "for the sincerity with which you talk to me. The interest of my son recalls me to life: I should be greatly to blame if my despair should bring him to misery. Inform my subjects, therefore, that I will now appear to them, and live for the future in a different manner from what I have done since the death of my dear Katife."

The vizir had no sooner told this news, than the air resounded with nothing but shouts of joy. Fanfur was very much beloved; and his subjects, though they were very well satisfied with the vizir's administration, testified, by a thousand feasts and rejoicings, the pleasure it gave them to see their prince himself rule over them.

* There was a prince named Fanfur that reigned in China in the year 1269.

As in all Fanfur's actions there still remained an air of sorrow, the vizir, to dissipate it, brought him the most beautiful women in the world: their charms could not efface from his heart the image of the lovely Katife, whose memory was so dear to him. He looked upon them all with an insensibility which surprised the mandarins; and turning all his affections upon Outzim-Ochantey, he declared that, so long as he was alive, he would never have commerce with any woman.

This only heir of the kingdom of China, my lord, had scarce attained his sixteenth year, when he found in himself a violent inclination for travelling. He one day asked leave of Fanfur for that purpose; but that monarch, very much surprised at such a request, after having represented to him, with wonderful tenderness, all the danger he would expose himself to, and the uneasiness it would be to him, conjured him to have no further thoughts of that design.

These remonstrances were so far from persuading Outzim-Ochantey to desist from his purpose, that they did but inflame his desires; and he resolved, with the first opportunity, to depart without Fanfur's consent or knowledge. He provided himself with a great number of jewels, as much gold as he thought he should have occasion for; and having engaged in his interests six of his friends, they were the only persons with whom he embarked in a little ship which one of them had secretly bought.

Of these persons, one, that had been his governor, in vain dissuaded him from his design; the prince threatened him with all his indignation if he ever opened his mouth about it to the king his father: and as Bakmas, which was his name, loved his pupil tenderly, rather than abandon him to the violence of the passions which the heat of his youth was subject to, he resolved to expose himself to the same dangers with him.

The second companion of the prince's travels was called Ahmody: he was a mandarin of sciences; he possessed almost all the living languages; and no man in the world ever equalled him in eloquence.

The third was the son of the prince's nurse, and of a rich merchant.

The fourth excelled in music, and touched an instrument with so masterly a hand, that he ravished all the senses.

The fifth was a painter, equal to the celebrated Many: and the last was so swift of foot, that he could overtake the nimblest beast in the course.

The winds being favourable, and the vessel an admirable sailer, the prince went almost eight hundred leagues in less than ten days. He arrived at a sea-port; where, after having landed, he made a present of the ship and all the equipage to the pilot, with exact commands not to return to China in six years.

Bakmas and Ahmody, finding that Outzim-Ochantey was very lavish of his wealth in all the towns through which they passed, soon represented to him that, since he intended to travel as a private man, he should not live at so expensive a rate; and that, if he managed with so little economy as he had begun to do, his riches, be they ever so great, would be soon exhausted. The prince gave very little heed to this advice: he was so profuse, that he

was forced to have recourse to his jewels; the value of which amounted to so vast a sum, that he thought it was impossible he should ever want money. Yet, after having travelled about twelve thousand leagues in different countries, he began, too late, to perceive that he had better have followed the prudent counsel of the mandarin and his governor. He then grew sensible of his fault with great affliction, and found himself in the most melancholy condition a prince could be in. To add to his uneasiness, he had made his six companions as miserable as himself: but he had the consolation to see that none of them upbraided him with his want of conduct; but, on the contrary, all offered to assist him in his necessities, by practising every one the art he was master of.

And, indeed, they were no sooner come to the next great town, but the runner, having heard that there was pressing occasion for a man that could despatch some very important affairs with expedition, offered his service. He undertook to perform, in less than four-and-twenty hours, a journey of above threescore leagues. His offer was accepted; and the prince and his companions were his sureties. He was paid the money, the greatest part of which he left with them; and having executed what he had promised, to the great content of those who had employed him, the prince had the advantage of his diligence; and, living with great economy, they came to another town, having now but four pieces of silver left them.

The moment they were arrived there, the merchant's son, who was a perfect master of arithmetic, went to a famous trader, and offered to balance all the accounts he had with his correspondents in less than three days. Though this seemed almost impossible, the trader set him about it, was wonderfully well satisfied with him, and paid him liberally. This sum maintained the prince and his train a fortnight; at the end of which, they again found themselves reduced to the same necessity. The musician then took his lute, and sang with so much melody and art, that the chief men of the city had him to their houses. They rewarded him nobly for the pleasure he gave them; and with this money they lived for some weeks. The painter then perceiving that they were again falling into the same straits, went to the king of the country where they then were: he offered to draw his picture; which he did with so much art, and so exactly like, that the king, amazed at such a novelty, looked upon him as something divine. He could not conceive it was possible to draw lines so just and so natural, that nobody could miss knowing him by the picture. He gave the painter a diamond of great value and three thousand sequins besides. All the great men of that court, after the example of their prince, were drawn by him likewise: he succeeded perfectly well, and received such considerable presents, that he carried out of that city above ten thousand pieces of gold. This was a great sum, considering the condition the prince was in; but very little compared to the immense riches he had indiscreetly squandered away.

They all put themselves with this into better habits, were very saving of their money, and resolved to return directly to China. They had now travelled above five hundred leagues in their way thither, and were almost

come to Zoffala*, when they were surrounded by a band of almost two hundred robbers.

Though Outzim-Ochantey was accompanied only by his six comrades, the number did not frighten him; he resolved to put himself into a posture of defence. But Ahmedy having represented to him the rashness of such an enterprise, the prince laid down his arms. A man of a tolerable good mien, who seemed the captain of those rogues, accosted him with civility enough for a person of his trade: "We have no design upon your lives," said he; "since you do not resist, we will content ourselves with what you have; but, if a man of you had been so bold as to defend himself, you had all been dead before this." Outzim-Ochantey looked upon him with indignation. "If you were but fifty to our seven," said he, "I should not fear you; but there is no contending against numbers; you are the master of our fortune."

This bold answer pleased the captain of these thieves. "I see thou hast courage," says he; "and I like thee for it: upon that consideration I will use thee well." Then, having examined what the booty amounted to, he returned the prince a hundred sequins of gold, and fifty a-piece to each of his companions; gave them their horses, and suffered them to continue their journey.

At length they arrived at Zoffala, where the prince of China falling dangerously sick, they spent most of their money, and found themselves reduced to their former want.

It was now Backmas's turn to employ his talent to enable them to pursue their journey; but the city was inhabited only by merchants, whose heads ran upon nothing but commerce, and who had very little notion of the politeness he had studied at the court of China, and pretended to teach: it was to no purpose that he boasted his nobility all over the city; he lost his labour, and met with nobody that so much as offered him a glass of water. He bit his lips with indignation.

Bakmas, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), was returning home, and in the deepest affliction, at not having been able to do his prince the same service as his companions had done, when he was met by a venerable old man, whose foreign air sufficiently shewed he was not of Zoffala; he judged by Bakmas's looks that he was stung with vexation; and being informed of the cause of it, he desired him, with his company, to come and refresh themselves at his house. The prince went thither with his train; and, during the repast, the good old man, seeing that Bakmas boasted mightily of the prerogatives that an illustrious birth gives a man—"My friends," said he to his guests, "the poor man is always despised, let his quality be what it will. If your circumstances are narrow, it will be much the best way not to talk

* Zoffala is a city in a kingdom of the same name, in the country of the Caffres in Africa. Several geographers are of opinion it is the Ophir where Solomon sent ships, and from whence he fetched so much gold and ivory. Two reasons support this opinion: first, because there is no country that has so much gold, and so many elephants; and, secondly, because it is the course that his ship sailed in the Red Sea.

too much of your nobility; if, on the contrary, you are rich, were you descended from the dregs of the people, you would be universally revered as the greatest man upon earth." Having said this, he put twenty pieces of gold into Bakmas's hand; and, rising from the table to go about his affairs, the prince and his companions took their leaves of him.

What melancholy reflections did this advice bring into the prince's thoughts! He wept for very shame. "What!" said he to himself, "am I reduced by my own fault alone to subsist upon the talents of my followers? Without their help, then, I should be brought to the utmost poverty." Ahmedy seeing the prince overwhelmed with sorrow, made use of all his eloquence to comfort him: he even upbraided him with want of courage in adversity; and, being departed from Zoffala, they came in a few days to a small but very pretty town. Ahmedy was no sooner entered into it, but he made a proclamation that he would dispute for eight days successively upon any subject whatsoever, against the most learned men there. At first people only laughed at his presumption; but when they were come to the trial, he so ravished the hearers, and shewed so universal a knowledge, that he confounded all that disputed against him. But in the end, his learning only provoked the envy of the men of letters: he gained by this dispute nothing but a vain and fruitless glory; and his adversaries formed such cabals against him, under pretence that his doctrine was contrary to the interests of the state, that he was forced to betake himself to flight to save his life; and if our seven travellers had not still been masters of a little cash, they would have been very much at a loss.

The learned Ahmedy was in a strange confusion: he declaimed a long time against the ingratitude and ignorance of the age; but at last, after eleven days journey, they came to the gates of Zeb*.

The prince of China, oppressed with the cruel thoughts his misfortunes gave him—"O Heaven!" cried he, "every one of you but Ahmedy has earned wherewithal to maintain us, and I alone have left my fortune untried: no, no, it shall never be written in Heaven, that I was always a burden to you." Then having told them he would leave them for an hour only, he ordered them to come to him in the principal place of Zeb; and resolving to be obeyed, notwithstanding all their opposition, he parted from them. After having traversed great part of the city, he sat himself down upon a stone seat which he found in his way, and was ruminating upon his misfortune, when a funeral with the greatest magnificence passed by the street where he was. He was so buried in thought, that, not minding what was doing, he had not the least curiosity to inquire who it was for whom the inhabitants of Zeb shed so many tears; and when the hearse came by, he did not rise up like all the rest of the spectators.

Every body was so offended at this neglect, which they imputed to contempt, that they loaded the prince with a thousand abuses. He did not

* Zeb is one of the chief provinces of Biledulgerid, near the Desarts of Pearson in Africa, whose capital bears the same name.

think fit to make any answer, considering with himself what injuries we are exposed to by poverty: but his silence being likewise ill interpreted, one of the officers of the funeral struck him rudely on the face with a wand which he carried in his hand.

Outzim-Ochantey was so transported with rage at this blow, that, drawing his sword, he parted the head of that insolent officer from his shoulders. This bold action amazed all the spectators: they ran upon the prince; but he, defending himself like a furious lion, despatched thirty of them before they could seize him. But, oppressed with numbers, he was at last taken: they tied his hands, and were just carrying him to a shameful prison, when his six companions came luckily to the place where this bloody scene had been acted.

They all in a moment drew their sabres, and falling suddenly upon those who had made themselves masters of Outzim-Ochantey, soon delivered him out of their hands. The prince then again took up his sabre, and joining his defenders, they spread such terror throughout the city, that the attendants quitted the funeral, and all fled away with the utmost speed.

Ahmedy, upon inquiring of Outzim-Ochantey what was the occasion of all this disturbance, was very much surprised to find that he did not know himself: but having learnt of him that drove the hearse, that it arose upon his not having paid the respect due to the corpse of the king of Zeb, named Mezuan, who died without any heir, he resolved to take advantage of the general fear; and advising the prince and his comrades to sheath their sabres, he led them towards the place whither the people had betaken themselves to flight. They arrived at an open part of the town, where the inhabitants were assembled; and, walking with a grave pace, he accosted some of the prime men, who beheld them with a sort of respect mixed with terror.

Ahmedy then made a sign that he had something of importance to communicate to them. There was presently an universal silence; and that wise Chinese spoke to them in their own language with so much eloquence, that all the people who were about them did not at all grow weary of hearing him, and seemed to look upon him as a man inspired. He soon improved this credulity; and, pretending to have been forewarned by our great prophet of all that was to happen after Mezuan's death, and that to put an end to the differences that might arise among the chief men of the province about the election of a new king, he had received orders to bring them from the furthestmost parts of the earth a young prince of unheard-of bravery; he then commanded them in so absolute a manner to receive Outzim-Ochantey for their king, that nobody durst contradict him: he afterwards gave them a ravishing description of his wisdom, and particularly of the valour he had shown such prodigious tokens of, and concluded with promising them all manner of prosperity under his government.

This discourse, pronounced with the air of a prophet, and heightened with all the charms of eloquence and graceful action, surprised even the least credulous minds. The people gave a thousand shouts of joy. "Let this young

hero, sent us by Mahomet, reign over us and our posterity," cried they; "and let the man that opposes his elevation be looked upon as an enemy to the great prophet." Though the pretenders to the kingdom themselves had undertaken to cabal against the prince of China, they could not have convinced the people, or removed the prejudice they were in: but on the contrary, they themselves giving credit to the Mandarin's words, with one voice proclaimed Outzim-Ochantey king of Zeb; and he was immediately carried about the city, which owned him for their sovereign.

That prince was in a surprise not to be expressed. He took this adventure for one of those agreeable dreams which a man is unwilling to come out of; but, finding it real, he received with gravity the honours that were done him, ordered Meznan's funeral to be continued, assisted at it himself with his companions, and having taken out of the public treasury a hundred thousand sequins of gold, he distributed it among the people.

That there might be nobody discontented in the whole city of Zeb, the new king, after having caused the bodies of those whom he and his followers had deprived of life to be buried, commanded a magnificent tomb to be raised in their honour, and made Ahmedy affirm that they all should enjoy the reward set apart for good Mussulmen. And, to comfort their families by something more substantial than words, he gave their widows, and each of their children, ten thousand sequins of gold.

Ahmedy and Bakman hardly ever quitted the prince; who regulated his conduct entirely by their prudent counsels. He liberally rewarded the other companions of his travels; and was near five years upon the throne, adored by all his subjects. But the love of his own country working upon him, and incessantly calling to mind the grief his absence must be to the king his father, he resolved to return to China. For this purpose he assembled the prime men of the kingdom; and having made them acquainted with his intentions, he begged them to choose two from among themselves to govern the state with Ahmedy and Bakmas, until they heard from him; and desired them, in case they should receive no news from him in three years, to go immediately upon electing a new king.

I shall pass over in silence, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), the arguments that were used to dissuade the prince from going, and the regret his subjects shewed to part with him. Whatever sorrow he perceived in their countenances, and whatever uneasiness he himself felt at leaving them, he remained firm in the same sentiments, embraced his six companions, who would fain have gone with him, took a large quantity of gold and jewels, and departed alone and incognito from his capital. Ahmedy, who had raised him to the throne, was the most concerned at the absence of the prince. "My dear lord," said he to him, receiving his farewell, "since you are inflexible, and I must lose you, perhaps for ever, accept, I beseech you, of this carbuncle;" presenting Outzim-Ochantey with a precious stone of the bigness of a nut, and full of talismanic characters. "The light of the sun," said he to him, "is not more radiant than that which this carbuncle emits in the dark. It was given me by a sage cabalist; and I put it into your

hands, my lord, as the most precious thing that I have. You will perhaps have occasion for it in the tedious journey you have undertaken." The prince accepted of Ahmedy's present; and, after having tenderly embraced him, he set forwards for the dominions of the king his father.

There happened nothing extraordinary to the prince of China in the several courts through which he passed. He generally staid some time at each, where he made a very noble figure: but he was quite cured of the extravagance which had before rendered him so miserable.

At length, after a year's travelling by sea and land, he came to the dominions of a prince named Kuseh*. At the entrance into his capital was a great open square, made spacious by the destruction of an old temple, which idolaters had formerly dedicated to a deity called Pudorina. It was upon the foundations of that temple Kuseh had built a magnificent palace, before which stood a great obelisk of black marble; upon which, on one side, was carved in letters of gold the fundamental laws of the kingdom, and, on the other, several maxims of gallantry.

The young prince of China was amusing himself with examining this whimsical pyramid, when he perceived at the windows of the palace two women of uncommon beauty. He was presently struck with their charms; and, inquiring who they were, he learnt that they were the king's two daughters; the eldest of whom was named Modir, and the younger Gulpenhe†. He admired the former extremely; but some strangers gave him so horrid a character of her, that he soon effaced from his heart the impression she had made there. "That princess," said they, "is never the same. One day she is fair, and the next day black: she abhors one week, what the last she loved to distraction. Her caprice is an indispensable law; it extends its power even to the language: and she keeps the subjects of the king her father in so servile a dependence, that nobody, without running the risk of being thought ridiculous, can do or say any thing that is not approved by this fanciful princess."

"As for Gulpenhe," said a sensible old man, "though less handsome, she is much more to be feared than her sister; it is almost impossible to resist her charms. She keeps an old black woman-slave named Kouroum‡, who changes her figure and clothes every moment to surprise young strangers that arrive in this city. This dangerous princess has built a sumptuous palace adjoining to the king's. The gardens are delightful; there is in them several labyrinths ingeniously contrived, and where she generally wanders with her lovers: but they are no sooner entered into a little walk embroidered with roses, than they come immediately into a vast open country called the Meadow of Satiety. In this place no roses are to be seen; they are all stripped from their leaves: in their room there grows an ugly fruit, long and reddish; and all taste of pleasure is so lost there, that

* Kuseh, in Arabic, signifies Effeminate, a Man of little Beard.

† Gulpenhe signifies Peach-tree Blossom.

‡ Kouroum, signifies in Arabic Chimney-soot.

every body wishes for nothing but to escape from thence for ever. In vain Gulpenhe has placed a large dyke at the end of the rose-walk; there is hardly any body, especially the men, but what easily leap it."

After having left this old wise man, the prince was reflecting upon what he had heard, when he was accosted by a woman covered with a very thick veil.

"My son," said that woman to the prince, taking him by the hand, and drawing him aside, "you are but newly come into this country; I perceive it by your indifference, and your carelessness in not going in quest of some lucky adventure, which are not uncommon here for such men as you. I bring you tidings of one which you ought to esteem the chief happiness of your life. Only follow me, and be discreet."

Curiosity hurried away Outzim-Ochantey: he followed the woman without asking any questions; and, after a pretty long walk, he came to a very narrow street; at the end of which his guide having opened a little door, she led him up a stair-case, and through a dark entry, into a hall illuminated by above a hundred tapers, and enriched with all the most brilliant ornaments that art and nature can afford. It was perfumed with such delightful odours, as enchanted the senses; and the woman, having left him to give her mistress notice of his arrival, the prince contemplated all the beauties of the place he was in. He was soon diverted from that employment by the entrance of a young lady into the hall. He was struck with her charms the moment he saw her; and, casting himself hastily at her feet—"How much to be envied is my fortune, Madam," said he, "which brought me hither to swear to you an eternal love! No, Madam; all that is most beautiful upon the face of all the earth does not come up to—" The prince was going on, when she suddenly raised him up: "Sir," said she, with some emotion, and her face all overspread with that lovely blush which modesty alone produces, "have a care what you do: I am not she that ought to cause these violent transports; I am but an unfortunate slave. But, let my present condition be never so mean, I would not change it for that of the lady you are going to see. If her rank is noble, her conduct is so far from it, that I am ashamed for her every moment. You are now to think of nothing but how to make a proper return for the tenderness she is so indiscreetly lavish of to all mankind."

The prince of China was listening with surprise to that beautiful person, when the old slave who had conducted him thither entered with the Princess Gulpenhe, who rested upon her arm. Do you imagine, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), what was the surprise and uneasiness of the prince; he had been so prejudiced against her by the old man he had met in the square before the palace, and by that lovely person, that he remained speechless: and the princess might easily have perceived his indifference, if she had not been so accustomed to flatter herself, that she interpreted his silence in her own favour.

Though she was dressed in the most gallant manner in the world, and the prince beheld in her a thousand charms, capable to move the most insensible

of mankind, he received her caresses with an insensibility that exceeded all imagination. His mind was wholly taken up with the young beauty, to whom he had at first addressed his vows; and he thought her behaviour so noble, and so different from that of Gulpenhe, that he had much ado to refrain, even in her presence, from giving that charming creature new marks of his love; but, reflecting that such an imprudence might, perhaps, deprive him of her for ever, he put a constraint upon himself, and pretended for some moments to answer the favours Gulpenhe shewed him. The prince was ashamed of her advances; but, in spite of his repugnance, they were so engaging that he might, perhaps, have been overcome by them, if one of the princess's slaves had not come in to tell her that the king her father would speak with her that moment.

Gulpenhe seemed vexed at this interruption. "I will soon return," said she to the prince; "and I dare say you will not be impatient in the company wherein I leave you." She then ordered the young person whom Outzim-Ochantey already adored, to converse with him until her return; and went out immediately with Kouroum, the old woman that had accosted the prince.

He was not at all sorry for Gulpenhe's departure; and, making the best of her absence, he threw himself a second time before the knees of that incomparable woman. "How much have I suffered, madam," said he, "in the little time I was with the princess! In vain she is so liberal to me of her charms; she shall never be mistress of a heart, over which you alone have a sovereign empire."—"Sir," replied the young lady, proudly, "I am not so easy as Gulpenhe. Though I am reduced to an ignominious slavery, my soul is more free than her's; and the idleness and luxury which reign in this court, have not yet been able to corrupt my heart. It is decreed my hand shall be his who shall have the courage to put me in possession of my dominions, after having revenged the death of the king my father."

The tears that upon these words streamed in abundance from the princess's eyes, pierced the very soul of the young prince. "Nothing, charming princess, will seem impossible to me," said he, "to re-establish you in all your rights. Name but to me your enemies, and I will convince you that the sole heir of the king of China is not utterly unworthy of your affection." The princess earnestly viewed the prince: "Ah, my lord!" said she, "my pride in vain opposed the inclination I found in myself towards you: I am now fully assured that you are destined to be my husband. Yes, prince, I accept you for my defender; and I do it so much the more joyfully, because I may now depend upon being shortly revenged of a traitor that has occasioned all the misfortunes of my life. Gulpenhe's absence," continued she, "will give me time to inform you of the particulars of my adventures. I know the reason of the king her father's sending for her.

"A young prince, named Atabek, arrived yesterday in this court to treat of some affairs with King Kuseh. This monarch, very uneasy to have his pleasures interrupted, and unfit to carry on a war which Atabek comes to declare against him from a very potent king, if he does not obtain the satis-

faction his demands; this unworthy monarch, I say, has agreed with his daughter, that she shall use all her arts to seduce the heart of that young prince. She will certainly succeed in this design; and, while she employs herself to her satisfaction in this new conquest, I shall, perhaps have leisure enough to tell you my misfortunes."

Outzim, Ochantes, a thousand times embraced the princess's knees, who was not displeased at these transports; and having made him sit down by her upon a sofa, she began her story thus.

THE HISTORY OF GULGULI-CHEMAME, PRINCESS OF TEFLIS.

I OWE my birth, my lord, to the wise Gomer-Yaouph, King of Teflis*, and the Princess Ayna, the daughter of the enchanter Zal-reka, king of Palabad†; but though my birth was illustrious, I have never been the more happy for it; on the contrary, scarce did I begin to see the light, when Heaven, resolved to persecute me, shed upon me its blackest influences.

The enchanter Zal-reka, my grandfather, after having endued me at my birth with all the qualities necessary to a princess, gave me also an extraordinary patience; foreseeing, without doubt, that it would be one of the most necessary virtues he could bestow upon me, and named me Gulguli-Chemame‡.

The wise Gomer-Yaouph, my father, made it his whole business to instruct me in all the most sublime parts of nature and religion. At fifteen years old I possessed almost all the sciences, besides the talents I had cultivated in the other occupations of my sex. One day, as I was walking with the king, my father, in the gardens of the palace, he stopped on a sudden to listen to the chirping of several birds. I observed that he hearkened to them with great attention; and I was amazed to see him laugh out without any cause. This surprised me in a man of his wisdom. I was so importunate with him to know the reason of his doing so, that he told me he understood the language of all animals, and that two wrens had just brought a piece of good news to the other little birds. "And what is this news," cried I, laughing, imagining

* Teflis, formerly Artaxata, the capital of Georgia, is situated at the bottom of a mountain whose foot is washed by the river Kur. The people of Georgia are the handsomest of any in all the east; there is not an ugly face to be seen in the whole country, either of man or woman. Nature has lavished upon most of the female sex charms which are not to be found elsewhere; and it is impossible to behold them without loving them. They are for the generality tall, well-shaped, not at all too fat, and go very loose about the waists, so that they have hardly any hips; but they spoil their faces with paint. Their habits are like those of the Persians. In a word, it is impossible to draw more charming faces, or exacter shapes, than those of the Georgian women.

† Palabad is the peninsula between the Ganges, in the Indies.

‡ Chemame, in Arabick, signifies Apple of Odour; and Gulguli, Colour of Roses.

my father did but jest. "It is," said he, "that a miller's mule being fallen down near the fountain of Jasmins, the sack she had upon her back is broken, and there is a great deal of corn spilt upon the ground." I begged Gomer-Ysough (continued the lovely Georgian) to carry me to the fountain. He did so; and, indeed, I beheld so great a number of birds busied in picking up the corn which the miller had left upon the ground, that I was in the utmost amazement. I persecuted my father to teach me that language; and, almost neglecting all the other sciences to apply myself wholly to that, I became, in less than a year's time, as skilful in it as Gomer-Ysough himself. It is impossible, my lord (continued Gulguli-Chemame), to conceive the pleasure it affords one to understand the different jargon of animals; it is much more full of wisdom and nature than that of men: and I may, perhaps, relate to you hereafter things of it which will give you no small delight. But at present let us return to my story.

I had now attained my sixteenth year, and we were very far from expecting the misfortune that hung over us; when a traitorous enchanter, named Biseh-El-Kasak*, out of an old aversion he had to our family, surprised us one night with a numerous army. He strangled the wise Gomer-Ysough and the queen, my mother; and was going to deprive me too of life, when, touched by my cries, or perhaps by some little beauty he perceived in me, he contented himself with carrying me with him to an island in the middle of the Caspian Sea, where he shut me up in a strong tower. This island was guarded by phantoms that were incessantly upon the watch; horrible tempests continually dashed the coasts; and no mortal could approach it with impunity, except only one day in the year, on which all the Enchanters, Fairies, Genii, and other spirits of that nature, were indispensably obliged to assemble in a grotto of Cochin-China, in order to give an account of their actions to him who had been chosen their king the year before, and to proceed to a new election of one from among themselves.

The perfidious Kasak had no sooner brought me to this melancholy prison, but he tried to assuage my grief by the most respectful manners. My despair was so violent, that I loaded him with the bitterest reproaches; and I testified so much horror for his person, that he was twenty times upon the point of destroying me: but hoping, perhaps, that time would bend the stubbornness of my temper, he only laughed at all I could say; and leaving me a prey to the sharpest affliction, he did not come to me again until eight days afterwards. I tremble yet, my lord, when I call to mind that dreadful moment. The traitor endeavoured, in vain, to persuade me: but finding that my sorrow, instead of diminishing, increased every day, he flew into the most violent fury, and told me, in plain terms, that I must consent immediately to his infamous designs, or he would cause me to be burnt alive.

This choice did not at all frighten me: I beheld, with great tranquillity, the preparations for my death, and ran to it with joy; when the enchanter, who had no design upon my life, carried me back to the tower. "I am now

* Kasak, in Arabick, signifies inhumane.

going to Cochin-China," said he, "from whence I shall return in four-and-twenty hours. I allow you that further time to come to a resolution; and if I do not find you obedient to my absolute will, I shall use the utmost violence towards you."

I did not condescend to answer these insolent menaces; and being resolved to destroy myself, rather than endure that barbarian's brutalities, I saw him depart without the least fear of his return.

Zal-reka, my grandfather, was not ignorant of the place of my confinement, nor the author of my misery.

That enchanter impatiently waited for Kasak's absence. He no sooner saw him depart for Cochin-China, but, by the power of his art, he dispersed the thick clouds which concealed me from the eyes of all the world: he freed me from the dismal tower I was in; and, after having set me upon terra firma, caused the island which was the habitation of the perfidious enchanter to be swallowed up in a moment in my presence; and, conveying me through the air with incredible rapidity, he placed me in a vast open country, from whence one might behold the city of Palimban*.

It is impossible to give you an idea of the excess of my joy: I embraced my grandfather with all the tenderness imaginable. "My daughter," said he to me, "I must go without delay to Cochin-China, where we are obliged to be before sun-rise. I will there put up all my complaints against your persecutor. You are no longer in his power: do you now go in quest of the prince." At these words, my lord (continued Gulguli-Chemame, shedding a flood of tears), Zal-reka stopped short. A cold sweat rose upon his face; he lost the use of his speech for some moments; and then returning to himself—"Ah, my dear daughter!" said he to me, in a weak voice, "my hour is come! I see the sword of the angel of death ready to cut the thread of life! all my art cannot save me from going to give an account of my actions before the tribunal of our sovereign Judge. But I have the consolation, at my death, to know that a young prince, after having slain your tyrant, shall marry you, and restore you to the possession of the dominions the traitor has usurped from you." Then, my grandfather, having struck the earth with his foot there arose out of it a dun-mule richly harnessed. "There is something," said he, in a dying voice, and embracing me for the last time, "to carry you where your destiny calls you. Only remember, my dear Gulguli-Chemame," added he, "that you were born a princess; that memorandum includes all your duty."

Zal-reka had scarce said these words, when he expired in my arms. Judge, my lord, of the excess of my grief and fear: I lost the only support I had in the world, at the time when he was most necessary to me. My despair was somewhat heightened by the impossibility I saw myself in to pay him the last duties; and I could not resolve to leave his body to the wild beasts, when there arose out of the earth a magnificent tomb of porphyry and

* Palimban is the capital of a kingdom of the same name in the island of Sumatra.

jasper. I put Zal-reka into it, in a coffin of cedar; and shutting the door of the tomb, which I washed with my tears, I saw rise up over-against me a group of brass, representing the cruel Kasak, whose head was severed from his body, and a young man with a sabre in his hand. As the statues were pretty high, I could not distinguish the features of my tyrant's conqueror: I only observed that 'he wanted a finger on the left hand. And as before I began to make you this relation of my misfortunes, I took notice that you want the little finger of the same hand, I presently judged it was you, my lord, that the great prophet has chosen to avenge me. I then gave myself up, without reserve, to all the tenderness that is due to him who is one day to be my husband.

The prince of China, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), threw himself that moment at the feet of the princess of Teflis: he could not find words strong enough to let her know the excess of his joy, when she raised him up with extreme goodness. "Let me make use of Gulpenhe's absence," said she to him tenderly, "to finish my story; I shall afterwards find time enough to make a return to these protestations of love, which are the only happiness of my life." The princess then resuming the thread of her discourse, went on thus.

I mounted upon my mule, and had travelled almost three hundred leagues without meeting with any accident; when, one morning, stopping to make her drink at a spring, the water of which was extremely clear, she would not come near it. For my part, being very dry, and ignorant of the consequences that attended the drinking of the water, I got off my mule, and took some in the hollow of my hand. I had no sooner brought it to my lips, but I fell backwards. I know not, my lord, what became of me in that moment; I only remember that, when I returned from the trance I had been in, I found myself in the arms of a huge black man, whose under-lip was so thick, that it hid near all his chin. I gave a terrible shriek at the sight of this monster. He only laughed at it; and throwing me into a great leathern sack, which he afterwards closed up, he put the strings of it under his left-arm; and I cannot tell, my lord, whither he was going to carry me, when a man, so little that he might easily have walked between the black monster's legs, rode full speed upon a horse whose height was proportioned to his own. "Stop, cruel Cosayb!" cried he to him at a distance; "it is time to put an end to your tyranny!"

Cosayb (which was the name of the frightful black) gave but little heed at first to the little man's threats; yet, when he was at a certain distance from him, I thought I could perceive, by the motion of his arm, that he trembled all over his body. He presently hung the sack, in which I was,

upon the branch of a tree, and put himself into a posture of defence with an iron club all full of spikes. For my part, my lord, I had my thoughts about me. With a poniard that I had at my girdle I made a hole in the sack large enough to see through it in the combat, which I imagined must conclude entirely to the black's advantage: but judge of my surprise, when, after an obstinate resistance on both sides, I saw that little hero, with one back-stroke of his sabre, cut off both his enemy's legs, and afterwards sever his head from his body. I cannot express to you the joy I felt at so incredible a victory: I ripped the sack enough to put my head out; and, addressing myself to my deliverer, I let him know, in few words, the infinite obligation I had to him.

The little man was surprised to see me in that posture; he seemed extremely troubled that he could not reach at me to help me down: but I, being more fruitful of invention than him, cut the sack in such a manner, that, having made two large long straps of it, I slid down to the ground without hurting myself in the least. "Madam," said the little dwarf to me then, "whatever pleasure it gives me to have come time enough to hinder you from being the last object of Cosayb's cruelty, I should not, perhaps, have had that happiness, unless I had been spurred on with a desire to revenge a sister that has too long felt the tyranny of the villain I have just now slain."—"I am very much beholden to chance, then," replied I. "But, sir, forgive my curiosity: how is it possible that, with the disproportion there is between Cosayb and you, you could yet overcome him?"—"It is no hard matter," replied the little man, "to satisfy you. If you will come with me to Achem*, where the king my father reigns, I will, by the way, inform you of the motives of my revenge, and by what supernatural assistance I was able to conquer the traitorous Cosayb." I mounted again upon my mule (continued Gulgul-Chemame), and this is what my deliverer related to me.

THE HISTORY OF BOULAMAN-SANG-HIER, PRINCE OF ACHEM.

WHO would think, madam, to look upon my stature, that I am the son of a giantess? yet nothing is more true than that I owe my birth to the Fag-Houry, princess of Serendib, who is almost eight feet high. But then you are to know, that, to make amends for that, my father, named Kouter-Aas-mai, king of Achem, is yet less than myself.

Love makes every thing equal. My father, who in his travels became passionately enamoured of Fag-Houry, did not think she was too big for him; and the princess, my mother, touched with his solemn protestations that he would love her all his life, never minded the great inequality there was in their stature. As she was mistress of herself, because the thing,

* Achem is a city famous for its haven, the capital of a kingdom of the same name in the northern parts of Sumatra, with a sea-port very much resorted to by the Indians.

her brother, who reigned in Serendib, was but seven years old, she consented that my father should carry her to Achem, where he espoused her.

My mother was brought to-bed of me four months and a half after their marriage, according to the manner of the Pigmies, from whom my father was a great way off descended, and I was named Boulaman-Sang-hier. But as she had conceived two children at the same time, after four months and a half more she likewise brought forth a daughter; who, taking after her, and being born according to the common order of nature, was called Agazir, the Tall. Thus, though my sister and I were born at different times, and of different statures, that did not hinder us from being twins. When Agazir was grown marriageable, her beauty made so much noise, that she was sought in marriage by all our neighbouring princes: but one of our relations, who was called Badem, and reigned at Pedir*, prevailing above all the rest; was just upon the point of seeing his passion crowned with success, when unhappily the cruel Cosayb fell in love with Agazir. The refusal he met with from the king, my father, enraged him. He warned any body from pretending to marry the princess, upon pain of his wrath; but his threats were despised; and my father, being resolved upon Badem's marriage with my sister, they were brought before the pagod.

Part of the ceremony was now over; the bonze had finished all the prayers; and Badem was going to give Agazir his hand, when all the spectators were strangely amazed to find the prince without motion, and to see that he was nothing but a statue of marble.

This dreadful metamorphosis struck my father and all the court with horror. My sister, who tenderly loved Badem, almost died with grief; and the most valiant men of Achem, seeing how much my father laid this accident to heart, resolved to go and seek out Cosayb, to deprive him of life; but, of all those that have been upon this design I am the only one that ever came back.

You are to understand, madam (continued Boulaman-Sang-hier), that it is impossible to come by land into our dominions but through that place where my combat with Cosayb was fought. That perfidious wretch, as I was afterwards informed, very well knew he must expect to be punished for his crime. He formed the enchantment which you certainly felt the effects of. You are no sooner come thither, but a burning thirst obliges you to refresh yourself at that pernicious spring, whose water immediately takes away the senses; and several brave men of Achem, have, in all likelihood, perished by that surprise which has put them into the power of the cruel Cosayb. At length my sister was almost reduced to be his victim; when, walking the day before yesterday, very uneasy, upon the banks of the canal which is at the bottom of the gardens of the palace, I saw a boy about nine or ten years old trying all manner of ways to get a tortoise out of its shell; and not

* Pedir is a famous kingdom, and gives its name to its capital, which is situated about twenty leagues from Achem, at the extremity of the island of Sumatra on the north-side, and almost under the line.

being able to do it, he threw it several times, with all his force, against a great stone. The shell of this tortoise was so brilliant, that it seemed studded with diamonds. I took it out of the boy's hand; and was viewing it narrowly, when I thought I heard some complaints proceed from it. I put it to my ear; and, indeed, heard that it begged me to throw it again into the canal. I was at first somewhat frightened at so extraordinary a thing: but, though I was very desirous to have kept it, I immediately obeyed, being very little accustomed to such requests. I had scarce put the tortoise into the water, when it appeared again, and thanked me for the service I had done her. "Ask whatever you will," said that little creature to me, "and you shall see how grateful the Fairy Mulladine will be for so essential a piece of service as you have done her." I remained for some time motionless with terror (continued Boulaman-Sang-hier); but, animated by revenge—"Succourable Fairy," replied I, "since you put so great a value upon so small a kindness, furnish me, I beseech you, with means to deliver my sister and Prince Badem from Cosayb's persecutions."—"Stay for me here a moment," answered the tortoise; "I will fetch you the assistance you want." Then, replunging for some time into the water, she came again to the top, holding in her little claws the sabre I made use of; and having informed me of the enchanted spring, she ordered me to go and fight Cosayb; and, without waiting for my answer, dived into the canal.

I did not a moment delay the execution of Mulladine's command (added the little prince of Achem); I flew to my revenge, notwithstanding all the arguments of the king and queen, who looked upon my death to be certain; and I arrived very luckily to deliver you, madam, from that monster's brutality.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF GULGULI-CHEMAME, PRINCESS OF
TEFLIS.

JUST as the prince had ended his story (continued the fair Georgian) we arrived at the palace of Kouter-Aasmai, king of Achem.

They had looked upon the apparition of the Fairy Mulladine to the prince as a vision; and were so doubtful of the success of the combat, that they were bewailing his death, when they perceived that the king of Pedir had resumed his former shape. That monarch, who ceased to be a statue at the very moment that the monster expired, came to meet us, with the king, the queen, and the Princess Agazir. So soon as the prince of Achem had told the particulars of his victory, which I confirmed, nothing was to be heard or seen but rejoicings; every one ran to see the black giant; who, dead as he was, had still in his countenance something so menacing, that he frightened the most intrepid. The king commanded a great fire to be kindled, in which the traitor's body was thrown; and, having given orders for building in that place an eternal monument of the prince of Achem's victory, he caused that happy day to be celebrated by a thousand gallant diversions. Badem and his illustrious spouse overwhelmed me with marks of friendship;

and I could willingly have passed a considerable time with them, if a desire of revenge had not carried me away to find out my deliverer.

It was not without great violence to himself, that Boulaman-Sang-hier could resolve to let me go: he was become passionately enamoured of me. But though his little person was very agreeable, and he had an infinite stock of wit, and I was indebted to him for my life; yet, as I very well knew that he was not decreed to revenge me of my tyrant, I begged him earnestly not to think of loving me any longer.

The little prince was ready to die with sorrow at my feet. However, he did all he could to obey me; and, contenting himself with all my esteem, he saw me embark with a great deal of tranquillity in appearance.

I was born, my lord, to fall out of one misfortune into another. We had scarce sailed a-hundred-and-fifty leagues, when our vessel was attacked by a famous corsair. As we were much weaker than him, we were forced to submit. It was not without tears that I saw myself again deprived of my liberty: but a moment afterwards I had not so much reason to complain, when Faruk (which was the name of the corsair) accosted me with a certain timorousness very unusual in men of his profession: "It is not just, madam," said he to me very civilly, "that such beauteous hands as your's should be loaded with chains: you are from this minute free. How happy should I be if your heart were as much so as your person, and if my respect and complaisance could one day deserve it?"

Whatever was my surprise at so speedy and passionate a declaration, I thought it would be my best way to dissemble with Faruk. I gave him some glimpses of hopes that I might in time be sensible of his love; and upon this I enjoyed a perfect freedom.

I began to exercise the power I had over his mind, by delivering from chains not only all those that he took in our ship, but even some slaves which he had taken upon other occasions. He did more; he restored them one-half of what they had lost, put them on board a little brigantine, gave them arms and provisions, suffered them to take what course they pleased, and reserved out of all his prizes but one young Indian woman, whom he designed to keep me company.

This woman (continued the princess of Teflis) was of a ravishing beauty: a majestic port, a noble air, sparkling eyes, a mouth and teeth extremely lovely, black hair set off a skin as white as snow, and a charming neck, formed one of the most charming women that ever my eyes beheld; and all these perfections were heightened by a graceful way of speaking, which stole away the hearts of her hearers.

However violently I was afflicted, the young Indian was still more so: her bright eyes were continually drowned in tears; and though I gave her a thousand caresses to stop their course, it was all at first in vain. I represented to her that I was, perhaps, yet more unhappy than herself; but that, humoring the times, I put a constraint upon myself to conceal my grief from Faruk. "Ah, madam!" said she, I have not so much strength of reason as you, and cannot so easily assuage my sorrow: the condition I am in re-

duces me to despair." I pressed that amiable creature to tell me the occasion of this sharp affliction. "Spare me such a relation, madam," answered she; "my ill fortune is not worthy to give you a moment's concern." But, in short (continued Gululi-Chemame), I so often embraced the young Indian, mixing my tears with her's, that at length I engaged her to speak to me thus.

THE HISTORY OF SATCHE-CARA*, PRINCESS OF BORNEO†.

BRUNINGHIR, king of Borneo, having wedded Gulbeas‡, princess of Sumatra§, had, by her, two daughters, of which I am the younger. The king and queen, who loved one another tenderly, died after twelve years' marriage, and consequently left us very young. Though my sister was then but nine years old, and I a year less than she, we felt all the grief imaginable at this loss; and if any thing could diminish it, it was that my sister and I were not parted from one another's company.

Ghionluk, king of Java, who had espoused my mother's sister, and whom at her death she begged to take care of us, came himself to Borneo. He left a viceroy there; and, taking us with him to Java, committed us to the management of the queen his wife.

The prince had but one son, who was a little older than my eldest sister. He was continually with her; and saw, with pleasure, that Sirma (which was my sister's name) made a suitable return to his affection; it was indeed almost impossible she should refuse her heart to a prince who had so many good qualities. He was of a charming personage; and his countenance had something in it so engaging, that it was impossible to see him without loving him. But what made him most agreeable with my sister, was the sweetness of his temper, and the sharpness of his wit.

The king of Java cherished the memory of our mother in her children: he formerly made his addresses to her himself; but falling into a long and dangerous sickness, during which his life was often despaired of, he was very much surprised, at his recovery, to hear that he was prevented by the king of Borneo, our father, the king of Sumatra having disposed of Gulbeas in his favour. This gave him a great deal of uneasiness: but the Princess Gulnad-hare, my mother's younger sister, being a lively image of the elder, Ghionluk could think of no way to mitigate his sorrow for the loss of the other but demanding this in marriage. He easily obtained her; and had by her, at the end of ten months, Samir-agib, the model of all perfection.

That prince was now above twenty years old: and the king, his father,

* Satche-Cara, in Arabick, signifies Black Hair.

† Borneo is an island whose capital bears the same name, and is situated in the Indian Ocean.

‡ Gulbeas is a White Rose.

§ Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, are the three principal islands of the Sound.

beginning to think of a wife for him, threw his eyes upon the Princess Bisnagar*, the only heiress of the kingdom of that name.

This was, indeed, so advantageous a match for the prince of Java, that Ghionluk imagined his son's ambition would be very well satisfied with the alliance: he informed him of the resolution he had taken to send ambassadors to the king of Bisnagar, in order to obtain the princess; but he observed the prince to be so uneasy at the proposal, that he was persuaded it was not agreeable to him. "Perhaps the weight of the engagement frightens you, my lord," said he to him mildly; "but if you knew the princess of Bisnagar, who is called Donei-Kerin†, because there is nothing in nature more charming, you would quickly change your mind. I give you a month's time to come to a resolution: let me have an answer by that time, such as may suit with the obedience I am to expect from you."

The prince made a profound obeisance, without returning any answer; then he retired into his own apartment; and, being a little recovered from the trouble he was in, he came into that where my sister and I were together. He looked upon us melancholy for some time without speaking a word, and his tears beginning to fall, notwithstanding all he could do to restrain them, Sirma, in abundance of emotion, asked him kindly the cause of his affliction. "Ah, madam!" said Samir-agib to her, redoubling his his tears, what a barbarous command have I just now received! The king, my father, designs me for the princess of Bisnagar, and I have but one month to resolve upon a union which would be the most insufferable misfortune of my life, if I had not courage enough to resist my father's will." My sister (continued Satche-Cara) seemed thunder-struck at this news: she looked steadfastly upon the prince; and, seeing him extremely dejected—"Ah, Samir-agib," said she, how miserable shall I be made! you will obey your father's command; and I love you too well not to advise you to do so. What is Borneo in comparison to Bisnagar, or a rough pearl to a perfect one—"Hold, madam," cried the prince of Java; "comparisons are odious: Donei-Kerin, let her be ever so deserving, shall never possess either my hand or my heart; they are both reserved for Sirma alone; and I will sooner die than break the oaths I have so often made to be none but your's."

How tender and generous was this conversation, and how pleased was my sister with these fresh protestations of the prince, her cousin! He came every moment to assure her of his love; and above three weeks were passed of the time Ghionluk had given him to consider, when that monarch, walking one evening in the gardens of his palace, perceived the prince, his son, entering by himself into a little grove. He had observed that he was grown of late melancholy and thoughtful, and that he had always loved solitude ever since he had spoken to him of the fair Donei-Kerin. He was desirous to know the cause of this alteration; and therefore, commanding his followers

* The kingdom of Bisnagar is in the Indies beyond the Ganges. It is of a very large extent.

† Complete Pearl.

to stay there for him, he slipped behind a close row of trees, from whence he could easily see and hear Samir-agib.

That prince, who thought himself alone, and at liberty to complain, at first gave himself up to a profound thoughtfulness; afterwards he seemed to listen with attention to some little birds which filled the air with their accents. "Happy birds!" cried he, "that are not constrained in your loves, and submit to no other laws but those which your inclinations prompt you to; continue your agreeable songs; my soul, which is plunged in the sharpest grief, cannot behold your felicity without envy; it renews my own torments. The time approaches," continued he sadly, "when I must return an answer to the king, my father. O Heaven! how shall I acquaint him with a passion so contrary to the interests of his greatness! The princess of Bisnagar will undoubtedly weigh down in his heart that goodness which he would shew me upon other occasions; but what woman besides the princess of Borneo can touch a soul so insensible as mine? What rose can boast a colour so beauteous as that which shines on the cheeks of the lovely Sirma? Or who can shew such divine charms as appear in her face, and from which the heavens themselves seem to borrow their serenity? Hope not, feeble mortals, to come in competition with my adorable princess; she deserves to give laws to the whole universe. But whither does my passion hurry me?" said Samir-agib, mournfully interrupting his own extravagancies. Alas! the more charms that princess is mistress of, the more tears the privation of her must cost me. But why should I shed tears? Can I burn with a more glorious flame?—Ah! charming princess of Borneo! you have not yet power enough over my heart; a love so violent as mine ought to serve as an example to all the world. Let us break a timorous silence, endeavour to obtain you of the king my father; and if neither my prayers, submissiveness, nor tears, can move him, let us teach mankind that it is dangerous to irritate a heart that looks upon death as the end of misery."

Samir-agib went out of the grove in this resolution, and left Ghionluk as much surprised as afflicted at what he had learnt. The prince his son was very dear to him: he had a great kindness for my sister and I (continued Satche-Cara); but the kingdom of Bisnagar inclined him in favour of Donei-Kerin. He retired, nevertheless, very uncertain what to fix upon; and, after having rejoined his train, he locked himself up in his apartments, and would be seen by nobody. His mind was in great agitation all the rest of that day and the following night; but his son's satisfaction being dearer to him than that which he expected from seeing him united with Donei-Kerin, he no longer hesitated what to do, but sent for Samir-agib. "My son," said he to him, "I know what passes in the bottom of your heart: you are in love with Sirma; and, whatever reasons I may have to oppose this passion, I yet approve it, because it is, I find, the chief happiness of your life. But as the authority I have over the princess of Borneo might induce the world to believe that I made use of that power to unite you together, we must think of some means to bring it about without endangering my honour."

Samir-agib at these words was as much amazed as it is possible to imagine.

He blushed, bent his eyes to the ground, and was some time without answering the king his father, fearing that monarch might make use of this artifice only to discover his passion for Sirma; but, being come a little to himself, he thought he saw so much ingenuousness in Ghionluk's actions, that, throwing himself at his feet—"Ah! my lord," said he, embracing them, "how can I express the sense I have of your goodness? You restore me to life in the very moment when, perhaps, I was going to give myself up to the most fatal despair. Yes, my lord, I adore the lovely Sirma. The blood that joins our families has so bound our hearts to each other, that nothing but death can dissolve so lovely a union; and, since your majesty is willing to consent to it, there is a sure way to avoid wounding your delicacy in this point. The princess is of age to fill a throne; give me leave, my lord, to place her upon that of her ancestors: Borneo is the fittest place for me to win her in; and there I am in hopes love alone will prevail with her in my favour."

"How ingenuous is your passion!" replied Ghionluk, embracing the prince his son. "Go, then," said he, "inform your princess yourself of this news, and make all the necessary preparations for conducting her to Borneo."

I was with my sister (continued the young Indian princess) when Samir-agib entered her apartment. Joy sparkled in his eyes; and he was so transported with the conversation he had had with the king his father, that it was some time before he could speak. He embraced Sirma's knees in aapture. "Charming princess," said he, "at length every thing conspires to my good fortune; Donei-Kerin is now no longer mentioned; you are from this day Queen of Borneo: I have just received orders to prepare every thing for placing you upon the throne of that kingdom; there you will be absolutely mistress of your own will; and there I will live and die your slave." My sister felt an infinite deal of joy at this news; she raised up Samir-agib. "My dear cousin," said she to him, "my will shall be always submissive to your's, since from this day I accept you for my lord and husband; and I shall never think myself happy any longer than while I enjoy your tenderness."

I was present at this conversation, which gave me inconceivable satisfaction (continued Satche-Cara): it ended in new assurances of love; and the prince then retired to give orders for our departure, which was fixed for the fifteenth day following. During that time my sister received the compliments of the principal lords of Java; every one of them, in order to ingratiate himself with the young prince, whose passion nobody was unacquainted with, made magnificent presents to the new queen of Borneo; and our apartment, which was generally accessible to none but Samir-agib, was open to every body during the time we were to stay at Java.

This, madam (continued the young Indian princess), was the beginning of my misfortunes. A Jew named Isaac Mier, as I learned afterwards, made a wrong use of this liberty: he saw me; I had the misfortune to please him; and he had the insolence to raise his wishes even to possess me. As he knew not what way to bring about his desires, he had recourse to a famous en-

chantress named Dôubana, and promised her a considerable sum, if, by her art, she should make me inclinable to return his passion.

Dôubana, under the most modest appearance in the world, insinuated herself into the palace: she got acquainted with some of my women-slaves, and engaged them, with my permission, to go to make merry at a little house which she had in a delicious place called the Fountain of Roses; because, indeed, there is a spring there that takes its source from the foot of a rose-bush, which bears flowers all the year round; it was not two leagues from Java to that house. My women, at their return, gave me so delightful an account of it, that I was curious to be a judge of it myself. I would have persuaded my sister to have gone with me; but she was too much taken up with preparing for her voyage; and I let Dôubana know that I would come the next day to see her country house, accompanied only by eight of my women and twelve black eunuchs.

I was received by that perfidious woman with all the appearances of the sincerest respect. After having seen the house, which was very neat, I went down into the gardens. As it was yet pretty hot, Dôubana presented me with a veil of a rose-colour, which I put upon my head; but I was hardly covered with it, when I found an unknown fire running from vein to vein; I was ignorant what it was that I felt; a languishing tenderness had seized all my senses; and I was ashamed to think of the reflections on which my mind was then employed. In short, madam, I walked off alone from my train, musing upon the extraordinary circumstances I was in. Modesty induced me to be desirous of solitude; I turned into a little wood, and had several times walked over all the alleys, when Isaac Mier, whom I did not yet know for what he was, accosted me with an air very full of perplexity: I then grew sensible of my imprudence, and would have avoided the sight of that man by hiding myself in my veil, when I saw him at my knees declaring his love in terms I was hitherto unacquainted with. I at first repulsed him, without making myself known; but, as he followed me wheresoever I went, I was resolved to inform him of my quality; by this means I thought to have put an end to his importunity. But what was my wonder when the insolent spoke to me thus: "I am not ignorant, madam, that I address myself to the Princess Satche-Cara, nor how much distance there is between her and me; but my love is stronger than all the reflections I can make to extinguish it: consent with a good grace, madam," continued he impudently, "to unite your destiny to mine, or all the powers upon earth cannot save you from being forced to do it."

I trembled with indignation at these insolent threats; but, whatever venom lay hid in Dôubana's veil, it had not at all the effect that was probably expected from it. I could no longer endure the boldness of the Jew. "Wretch," said I, in a tone full of anger, "whoever thou art, fly from my presence this moment, if thou wouldst avoid the punishment thou deservest!"

Isaac Mier was surprised at the firmness with which I spoke to him; he

flew away trembling, and went to give the enchantress an account of the little success he had met with.

I remained quite lost in my reflections, and could not recover from my surprise, when Sidhim, one of my maids, came running to me—"Ah, madam!" cried she, in a terrible fright, "what place are we come to? The famous enchantress that is mistress of it, has grossly deceived us by her virtuous appearance, which would have blinded any body. That base woman conspires against your honour. I was behind a thick row of rose-bushes, when I saw a man in great disorder accost her, and whisper something which I could not hear. Doubana studied for some moments; and then, directing her speech to him—"Let not the princess's resistance disturb you," said she to him; "I will soon deliver her to your desires; only take care of one thing: it is but a short half-quarter of a league from hence to the habitation of Firnaz, who is called the Genius of Wisdom; hinder the princess from turning her steps towards her palace. All my power is useless if once she sets her foot there; and we may both repent the undertaking we are embarked in as long as we live. Go back, therefore, immediately to Satche-Cara, and do not leave her until I come to you; I will, in the mean time, give such orders as are necessary for breaking this stubborn virtue of her's." Ah! let us fly this moment, my dear Sidhim," cried I; "I tremble all over: let us save ourselves, if possible, from this pernicious abode, and fly to seek the protection of Firnaz."

Two young hinds frightened by the noise of the huntsmen, could not have run more swiftly than we then did. We fortunately met with a little door that opened out of the garden into an avenue full of thorns and brambles, and which in some places was so narrow, that it tore our faces and hands. We, slighting this obstruction, made our way through a thousand bushes that dyed us all in blood, and we soon perceived a little palace of an antique structure, which I judged to be Firnaz's by the difficulty there was in getting to it. We were now but a few steps from it, when the perfidious enchantress, who rendered it of a sudden invisible, stopped up our passage by a wide river which appeared before our eyes. This at first frightened me; but choosing rather to die than fall into Doubana's power, I took Sidhim by the hand, and precipitated myself with her into the stream, when I found myself pulled back by my clothes. "You fly in vain," said the deceitful enchantress to me; "I shall now make you obey my pleasure." I tried to no purpose, madam, to move her by my tears and entreaties: the villanous Jew that accompanied her, gave me to understand that nothing could dissuade him from his resolution; and they were carrying back Sidhim and me towards the Fountain of Roses, when a nightingale, flying to me with all its speed, perched upon my shoulder, and dropped in my breast a ring of gold.

I looked upon this ring as a present from Heaven: I presently put it upon my finger, and had no sooner implored Firnaz's assistance, but Doubana and the Jew fell backwards; the river that had stopped me from entering the

Genius's palace disappeared from before my eyes, and I no longer saw upon my head the enchantress's pernicious veil.

In that situation, madam (continued the Princess of Borneo), I left this vile sorceress and the execrable Jew; and, entering into the palace of Firnaz, I found my dispositions entirely changed from what they were before.

The Genius received Sidhim and myself with extreme tenderness. "My dear children," said she, addressing herself to me, "few persons of your age and sex are disposed to visit me. My name alone is become so disgusting, mankind seldom approach my palace till they are worn out with age, or debauched with sensuality. But, since you sought my protection, it was but just that I should counteract the infamous Doubana in sending you the Ring of Reflection. This ring is of mighty efficacy: it rectifies in youth the violence of our passions, and teaches us to follow with pleasure the strict rules of untainted purity; and, though you have less need of such a ring than another, preserve it, I conjure you, as an eternal pledge of my friendship; for it will shortly direct you in the choice of a spouse worthy of yourself."

"Mighty Firnaz! propitious Genius!" answered I, prostrating myself at her feet, "how am I obliged to you for this seasonable assistance! The remembrance of it will be gratefully impressed on my mind even to my dying hour: but, to this unmerited goodness, add one instance more; tell me, I beseech you, who is this odious creature with whom the sorceress would have united me?"

The Genius, madam, as I have the honour to inform you, soon acquainted me that the audacious villain was the son of a Jew, and called himself Isaac Mier. She then drew his character in such hideous colours, that I tremble to recite the danger I have undergone.

"But, madam," said I to the Genius, must this perfidious magician still continue to seduce, with impunity, the young and inexperienced; and the infamous Isaac receive no punishment for his crime?"

"My dear daughter," replied the Genius, "this truly laudable resentment highly delights me. I have already anticipated your severest wishes. Doubana shall be punished in that way which most sensibly affects a woman: she is driven with shame and confusion from the Fountain of Roses; her figure is become so frightful, as to inspire mankind with horror. As for the Jew, he is from this hour confined to a large iron cage, where four monsters shall continually drain off his purest blood, if any thing pure can flow from a body so contaminated as his; and in this condition he is doomed to end his days, overwhelmed with the stings of a guilty conscience."

This method of executing justice pleased me wonderfully; and having again thanked the Genius, I desired her to permit me to return to the palace of Ghionluk. She transported me thither in an instant; where, after re-assembling my women and eunuchs who had attended me to the Fountain of Roses, all Java was informed of this surprising adventure. As Firnaz had charged herself with the punishment of these wretches, we thought no

more of them; but, parting from Java, we happily arrived some days after at Borneo. My sister was then proclaimed queen, and immediately published her nuptials with the prince her cousin.

The uncommon good qualities of Samir-agib were so well known at Borneo, that they were delighted with his accession to the throne. Nothing was to be seen but joy and festivity for upwards of a month; and the principal lords of Borneo invented every day diversions to entertain the new king.

I confess, madam, I could not behold my sister's good fortune without some degree of regret; and I conceived such a high opinion of her happiness, that I incessantly wished to be as grand as the queen of Borneo.

One evening, as I was walking in the gardens of the palace with Sidiham, I saw something glitter at my feet on the gravel; I picked it up hastily, and found it to be a picture in miniature, enriched with diamonds of an extraordinary size.

I gazed, but not without some emotion, on this lovely picture, which represented a young man of exquisite beauty. Upon consulting the Ring of Reflection, I perceived my heart violently attached to the original; but, distrusting the surprise I was in—"Where are you, powerful Firnaz?" cried I. "Surely you will never approve that I should so suddenly abandon myself to so flattering an inclination, which draws me to so charming an object."—"You may resign yourself without reserve to the secret motion with which Love has inspired you," replied a voice, which I knew to be that of the Genius, without seeing her. "The prince whom that picture represents shall be thy spouse." I was transported with joy to hear the Genius of Reason authorize me to love a prince so completely perfect; I flattered myself that I should one day be advanced with him to enjoy supreme felicity.

Judge, madam, if I flattered myself without a cause.

Saying this, she put into my hand a little gold box which contained the picture of her lover. I had no sooner opened it, than I cried—"O Heaven, what do I see! What! is this the picture of your intended spouse?" Satche-Cara was astonished at the exclamations I made. "Do you know then," said she very earnestly, "this prince? Ah, Madam! if you do, answer me directly, I conjure you?" I hesitated a few moments; but the princess growing impatient, I was obliged to tell her I owed my life to the little Boulaman-Sang-hier; who, it seems, was all this time her lover. "This prince," said I, "is very well accomplished, and extremely well made: I say nothing of his other charms, as that picture resembles him to the life. It is true, his great soul is enclosed in a little body; which is the only defect, if it may be called one, that belongs to him." I then recited the particulars of the combat between the prince of Achem and Cosayb, and acknowledged, in a few words, the obligation I was under to the prince.

The young Indian, being put to a nonplus, she consulted her ring with great attention; and, after a considerable pause, replied thus: "What! though the size of this prince is but little, as you assure me, that defect is of no consequence, provided the goodness of his heart compensates for the shortness of his stature. The Genina who is my protectress is too wise to suffer me to be matched with an unsuitable person. However, let us submit without complaining of our destiny, and patiently resign ourselves to the disposal of the god Vichnou."

She then resumed the thread of her history in the following terms:

The lively impression this picture made in my mind, kept it always before my eyes; and, whenever I attended the king and queen to the chase, I withdrew purely to indulge the dear delight of gazing on it alone and without interruption.

One day, as I was thus occupied, a violent shower of rain overtook me. Darkness succeeded the storm; and, when I would fain have gained the middle of the chase, my horse being startled at the thunder and lightning, ran with me through unknown paths. Night was at hand; and, being greatly perplexed, I alighted; and leading my horse by the bridle, perceived a light, at a great distance, to glimmer through some trees. Turning my steps that way, the further I walked, the farther it appeared. I followed it near an hour, without being aware of the danger to which I was exposed. At last, being heartily tired, I tied my horse to a tree, laid down, and slept very comfortably. But when I awoke, judge, madam, if you can, the terror I was in to see myself on the verge of a tremendous precipice; for if I had proceeded a few steps further, I should infallibly have been dashed to pieces. I recollected, as soon as my fright would permit, that I was conducted to this place by one of those elementary spirits who sport themselves with the lives of persons travelling in the dark. Altering my course, I proceeded very slowly for about an hour; when I found myself on the sea shore. I was now dreadfully alarmed; for not a soul appeared to put me in the right road. In the midst of this cruel perplexity, out started four negroes from behind some rocks; and seizing the bridle of my horse, they took me in their arms; and, in spite of my cries and entreaties, bore me to a shallop just by. Two of these wretches rowed with all their might; while the other two prevented me from plunging into the sea, till they reached a ship which rode about half a league from the place where I was so unhappy as to lose my liberty.

They presented me to the master of the vessel, who was a very tall lusty man, and whose thick hanging eyebrows, lowering aspect, and short wry neck, were frightful enough. He carried me into his cabin, and accosted me with an insolent air: "Dry up your tears," said the brute, "and thank the great prophet that he has destined you to the honour of my bed." Far from complying with his orders, I redoubled my tears. The hardened villain,

without regarding my anguish, approached to embrace me; which so provoked me, that I snatched a poniard from his side, and plunged it directly into his heart. The noise of his fall alarmed and brought several of the crew into the cabin, which rung with their cries. I still held the poniard in my hand, and was just going to turn the point of it to my own breast, when one of them held my arm. It was the cruel Nakour, the unworthy son of him whom I had just killed. "Perfidious!" said he, foaming with rage; "the death you are about to inflict upon yourself, is too mild and too glorious. No, you shall expire under the most excruciating torments ingenuity itself can invent." My hands and feet were presently chained; and, when I was turned down into the hold, the principal officers were summoned to determine the manner of my execution: but while they were thus consulting about my death, a sail appeared steering directly towards them. A thirst for prey suspended all thoughts of vengeance: Nakour addressed himself to the attack; but, when he saw the enemy hoist his flag, he trembled for the event, as he well knew it to belong to the celebrated Faruk. This latter had never been vanquished. Fortune and the sea, which are so inconstant to others, were hitherto subject to him. Our ship being boarded, an obstinate engagement ensued: at last, Nakour and the stoutest part of his crew being killed, the rest were obliged to surrender their arms. The conqueror entered, and visited every part of our ship; and being informed of the cause of my chains, he highly applauded the resolution I had taken; and, having ordered me to be unbound, I was with the rest of the prisoners conducted to his ship, and that of Nakour was immediately sunk.

Behold, madam (continued Satche-Cara), behold the source of all my woes! You see how the stars persecute me: they set me as a mark for the wicked Jew; and, if I had not owed my escape to a miracle, I infallibly should have fallen a victim to his horrid designs. Afterwards, I fell into the hands of a brutal corsair; and now I am become the capture of another. And though I have nothing to apprehend from Faruk, yet it must be allowed a chain of misfortunes have always attended me; and, notwithstanding the predictions of Firnaz, I see no likelihood of a period being put to my affliction.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF GULGULI-CHEMAME, PRINCESS OF
TEFLIS.

I USED, my lord (continued the lovely Georgian), every effort I was mistress of to dispel the melancholy of this captive princess. And, indeed, her grief began visibly to abate; when we were encountered by a ship whose poop and masts were gilt, and whose sails were of a flame-coloured sattin. This singularity inspired Faruk to attack this vessel, though, by her appearance, she could not be a corsair; however, upon giving the signal, they engaged with prodigious ardour and intrepidity.

The commander of this ship was a black about six feet high. He exposed

his person to every danger ; and, by his presence and example, so animated his soldiers, that they all fought like a company of heroes.

This warrior, who seemed to recover new strength, leaped into our ship ; and, as soon as he beheld Satche-Cara and myself, he hewed down all that stood in his way.

Faruk began now to be greatly alarmed at the unexampled courage of this mighty hero ; and, believing that himself alone was able to oppose him, closed with him. Never, my lord, were champions seen to exert more skill and courage ; the soldiers on each side suspended their blows, that they might behold those of their respective commanders. At last, Fortune decided the victory ; or, to speak more properly, the arms of the black captain were better tempered than those of Faruk, who received two large wounds, which he sunk under. In this condition, the corsair thought it no disgrace to surrender. " I am vanquished for the first time," said Faruk : " but, Sir, if you will spare me my life, I shall be eternally indebted to your generosity."—" Rise, then," said the conqueror, reaching him his hand. " Others, perhaps, might have loaded you with chains ; instead of which, I admit you amongst the number of my friends : and, as a proof of my esteem, I restore you your ship, with all her company, except these two princesses, whom I demand as the reward of my victory."

How great soever the passion might be with which I had inspired Faruk (continued Gulguli-Chemame), he strove to suppress his affection when the conqueror claimed Satche-Cara and myself. " The life, Sir," said he to the black captain, which you offer me, is less dear to me than one of these princesses ; however, I yield her up : and, though penetrated with a lively sense of my loss, I do not repine at your good fortune."

The young princess and myself were more dead than alive ; and having tenderly embraced each other, we were on the point of jumping into the sea, rather than become a prey to the black captain ; when this illustrious warrior, taking off his turban, discovered a face which before was concealed under a very fine black crape. We were all struck with amazement : but nothing could equal the astonishment of Satche-Cara and myself ; she perceived in the conqueror the original of her picture, and I beheld all the features of the little prince of Achem. We stood fixed like a couple of statues ; when the hero, smiling at our surprise, directed his speech to me, ' You are not deceived, most amiable Gulguli-Chemame. The prince who is now in your presence is not unknown to you, though he must never appear again under his former character. The fairy Mulladine, who protected me from the tyranny of Cosayb, extends her favours even beyond my most sanguine expectations ; the history of which I am going to relate to you.' Saying this, he conducted Satche-Cara, Faruk, and myself, to his own ship, where we were reposed on cushions of embroidered gold ; and, after Faruk's wounds were dressed, which were not dangerous, he thus began.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF BOULAMAN SANG-NIER, PRINCE OF
ACHEM.

IT is impossible, madam, for me to express the extreme anguish I endured when I saw you ascend your ship, and after you was embarked. As I had not the happiness to obtain a place in your affections, despair seized my mind, and my next resolution centred in death. Full of this design, I went back to the palace, and directed my steps to the edge of that canal where I was once so happy as to oblige the Fairy Mulladine. Here, being agitated by some unknown impulse, I took a resolution to put a period to my days. This thought was no sooner conceived than executed; I threw myself headlong into the water; and, after some struggling, sunk to the bottom. But how was the scene amazingly changed, when I found myself in a palace of crystal, reposed on a sofa of yellow amber. Astonished at this miracle, I thought it was but a dream; when the Fairy appeared to me again. "My lord," said she, "your distress grieves me much; and I am sorry, as you love Gul-guli-Chemame, that I cannot with all my art assist your passion: a stranger, it seems, is destined to possess her hand and her heart. However, be comforted; I will assist you to choose another mistress from among a number of the most charming princesses in the universe." Saying this, she uttered to herself certain mysterious words; and, from that moment, madam, I confess, I perceived in my heart that the extreme passion which I had entertained for you, gave place only to an esteem for you; and now the Fairy, having entirely changed my sentiments, led me to a private cabinet; where, upon looking into an enchanted glass, I saw some of the most beautiful princesses in the universe. A great number of them escaped me without the least attention: but not so when I beheld the lovely Satshe-Gara; her appearance renewed those delightful transports in a more lively manner than I had ever felt before.

At these last words (continued Gul-guli-Chemame) the princess of Borneo blushed extremely, and was about to interrupt the prince; who, perceiving her confusion, prevented her reply. "Permit me," said he, "madam, first to finish a history so particularly rare and uncommon as mine." Then, resuming his discourse, he thus proceeded.

As soon as the Fairy observed the risings of a fresh passion for this amiable personage, she rallied me very agreeably. "You see, my lord," said she, "how effectually the charms of the brown lady can obliterate those of Gul-guli-Chemame! But, that nothing may be wanting to complete your good fortune, I will repair in an instant the injustice you have received from Nature. Drink this liquor without fear, and you shall soon perceive its

happy effects." No sooner had I obeyed the Fairy, than I felt a strange kind of tremor run all over my body, and my limbs seemed as if they were disjointed, till my whole frame, without altering my features, became proportioned just as you now behold. "But this is not all," added Mulladine, "I intend to do for you; I will send your picture to the princess, who must crown your utmost wishes, and you shall receive her's in return." She then presented me a box enriched with diamonds; in the bottom of which was portrayed the adorable Satche-Cara, adorned with all those graces of which she is now possessed; and, having enclosed my resemblance in such another box, she further informed me that, in a short time, it should have the like effect on her heart, as her picture had already had on mine.

"I was so transported with a sense of the Fairy's goodness, that I prostrated myself at her feet without being able to utter one word. She raised and tenderly embraced me. "Go, my lord," said she, "go and deliver the dear object of your affections from a miserable captivity; and, at the same time, set Gulguli-Chemame at liberty." The Fairy, having disguised me with her veil in order to surprise you the more, agreeably transported me in this gilded vessel; and the winds, I find, have wafted me where my presence was most necessary. I have obeyed the commands of Mulladine; and am so happy as to have executed, in a short time, all that can contribute to my future happiness, if the charming Satche-Cara is disposed to follow without reluctance the wise counsels of the Fairy, my protectress.

The prince of Achem having finished his narration (continued Gulguli-Chemame), the princess of Borneo refused her consent, while her heart was struggling between a tenderness for the prince and the great modesty with which she was inspired by the Fairy Mulladine and her Ring of Reflection. But after I had strongly pressed her, she no longer scrupled to confess that she loved this charming prince from the moment she found his picture.

Boulaman Sang-hier was overwhelmed with joy when the princess apprised him of his good fortune with her own mouth. He expressed a tender and lively sense of the many and great obligations he was under to Mulladine, when that Fairy suddenly appeared in a ship far more splendid and magnificent than that of the prince of Achem, which had all this time been concealed in a cloud which had rendered her invisible.

The Fairy was accompanied by the king and queen of Java, and Prince Samir-agib and the princess his spouse. "I come," said Mulladine, "to crown my work.—Behold, my lord," said she to Boulaman Sang-hier, "there are the only persons who could oppose your good fortune; and they are now so favourably disposed, as to consent heartily to your union with the beautiful Satche-Cara."

"They all embraced each other with great tenderness; and the Fairy, who was unwilling to defer their bliss any longer, transported them in an instant to Borneo; where, after Faruk was cured of his wounds, the nuptials of this

illustrious pair were celebrated with feasting, triumphs, and a thousand other demonstrations of joy.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF GULGULI-CHEMAME, PRINCESS OF
TEFLIS.

FOR my own part (continued the beautiful Georgian), however solicitous I might be to find the prince whom my destiny had allotted for me, I was far from being tired with this illustrious company. Faruk was resolved not to forsake me; and, following the example of the prince of Achem, he converted the violence of his passion into a high esteem for my person. "Madam," said he one day, "since I have not the happiness to be chosen by the great Prophet to reinstate you in your kingdom, I cannot contribute less to your good fortune, than to assist you in your search after the prince whom the stars have ordained for that purpose." As I was fully satisfied of this good man's sincerity (a virtue seldom found in persons of his profession), I made no difficulty in closing with his offers, and, without the least hesitation, put myself again under his protection.

At length, my lord, after a considerable stay in Borneo, I embarked with Faruk. The winds were very favourable the first three or four days; but on the fifth there was such a surprising calm, that we could neither advance nor put back. Though Faruk's uneasiness by this delay was different from mine, he neglected nothing which might serve to divert my chagrin during a calm of nine days. To dispel which, he strove to amuse me with several entertaining histories; and, as he was very polite, and possessed a large share of good sense, he acquitted himself so well, that I heard him with prodigious delight. "But, sir," said I to him, "among all these singular adventures, am I to be left ignorant of your own? Your conduct to me hitherto makes me suspect that you are different from what you appear to me; and therefore I am more curious to know your history than any I have hitherto heard."

My suspicions were presently confirmed; for Faruk, by an involuntary sigh, discovered that my curiosity had brought something painful to his remembrance. "You have, madam, too much power over my mind," replied Faruk, "for me any longer to conceal from you who I am. Prepare, then, to hear the history of an unfortunate prince, whose life has almost always been marked with some sorrowful catastrophe."

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF OUTZIM-OCHANTEY, PRINCE OF
CHINA.

JUST as the princess of Teflis (continued Ben-Eridoun) was about to relate to Outzim-Ochantey the history of Faruk, Gulpenhe entered the hall. She presented her hand to the young prince of China, and led him to a cabinet, in which was a carpet of gold and silk strewed over with flowers of an odoriferous smell. He was then presented with rose-water to wash his hands, and his beard was perfumed with a fra-

grant composition enclosed in a vessel of gold. After this, a magnificent collation was served up; which being ended Gulpenhe ordered all her women to withdraw.

The prince trembled at this order; and Gulguli-Chemame, who was not excepted, gave him such a sorrowful look at parting, that he was once inclined to rise from the sofa, and leave Gulpenhe to herself; but, considering such a step would be highly imprudent, he was constrained to stay; and, though the princess used every artifice to engage his affections, he received all her caresses with coldness and indifference.

A behaviour like this would have highly disgusted any other but Gulpenhe; but that princess either feigned herself ignorant of this indifference, or else attributed it to some other cause than that of contempt. She appeared, however, highly delighted with his conversation, till the hour of parting arrived, when she consigned him to the care of Kouroum, who was an old and faithful confidant of her pleasures. The prince followed her; but, in passing through a kind of dark gallery, somebody ingeniously slipped into his hand a billet, the substance of which was couched in the following terms.

“It is difficult enough long to resist the tender impressions of that for a person you have just now quitted. But, my lord, I am of opinion you may elude her artifices. Dissemble a while till you can deliver me from this miserable captivity. I hope to see you to-morrow at the combat of tigers, with which King Kueh intends to entertain Prince Atabek. If there is no speaking with you, then I will contrive, towards evening, to convey you into my apartment, where I have a thousand things to say.

“THE PRINCESS OF TEPLIS.”

Outzim-Ochantey kissed this letter a thousand times; and now his fidelity being strongly confirmed, he lay down with a heart full of excessive joy.

The next morning Gulpenhe, pursuing her design, sent to the prince, before he was well awake, a basket embroidered with gold, in which was a magnificent rich scarf; intimating, at the same time, that it would be very agreeable to the princess if he was disposed to rise.

As the apartments of the princess were exposed to all comers, he flattered himself that Gulguli-Chemame would be there. He was not mistaken; for this latter was appointed to receive the prince, if he arrived before the princess was awake: but, as Gulpenhe had this meeting too much at heart to sleep long, the young prince could do no more than just assure his mistress that he would love her for ever.

The indifference with which the prince had received Gulpenhe's passion, had affected her so much, that this princess enjoyed but little sleep. She was not willing that this conquest should escape her; and she no sooner knew of his being with the princess of Teflis, than she sent for him. There were few persons in her chamber when she left her bed, and being clad in an unaffected negligee, she appeared so charming that the prince had certainly been enamored, if he had been less fortified. The princess, without

taking the least notice of his indifference, received him with a great deal of joy: she caused him to be seated on a sofa; and, bending her ear towards him, asked him very obligingly why he neglected to put on the scarf she had sent him; telling him, at the same time, that he was surely ignorant of its great value. "Madam," replied the prince, "I did not dare to appear in this court with such a glorious unmerited mark of your kindness: but, since you are pleased to permit me, I will do myself the honour to wear this illustrious proof of your goodness."

Their conversation had held near an hour, when Prince Atabek, who knew that the princess was always easy of access, entered suddenly. She had but just time to tell the prince of China that, after dinner, he should find her at the combat of tigers; and that he should place himself at as little distance as possible, because she desired to have some further discourse when the diversion was ended.

The prince obeyed her orders, and fixed upon a place beneath her balcony; and as Gulgul-Chemame was on the same side with Gulpenhe, his eyes were always turned towards the former, without giving the least umbrage to the latter.

During the combats of some lesser animals, Atabek entertained the Princess Gulpenhe with great politeness and vivacity. This being ended, a monstrous tiger and a prodigious large lion were let into the area; and after they had fought near an hour and a half with equal success, and with inconceivable rage and fierceness, they rolled over each other directly under the balcony where Gulpenhe was placed. The ladies, that they might take a better view of the engagement, all bent forwards; but, while they were in this attitude, the princess of Teflis dropped from her finger a ring, on which an eagle was engraved in a jewel. "O heavens!" she cried, perceiving it near those outrageous animals, "must I to-day be so carelessly unhappy as to lose the only real good I possess?"

Gulpenhe was so touched with the extreme anguish of her favourite, that she called out, but in vain, to the keepers, to pick up the ring; no one was handy enough to execute her orders, though she offered a considerable reward: when, behold! the prince of China leaped into the area, and picked up the ring the princess had dropped from her finger. Luckily for him, the lion and tiger had spent the greatest part of their strength in the long fight they had sustained; but as soon as they saw the prince, they quitted each other, as it were by consent, and turned all their rage against him. The prince was only armed with a sabre; which was, however, so well tempered, and he wielded it with such success, that, leaving them both dead, he returned unhurt with the ring to the princess of Teflis.

If the intrepidity of the prince astonished the king and all the spectators, Gulpenhe was surprised to the last degree. She began now to open her eyes; and rightly judging that the coldness with which she was treated proceeded from the charms he had discovered in her favourite, she could not, indeed, publicly disapprove an action so truly heroic: on the contrary, she bestowed high encomiums on the prince; but conceived, at the same

time, a lively resentment against the preference he had given to the princess of Teflis.

With respect to King Kuseh, he was so little accustomed to achievements of this sort, and was so charmed with the behaviour of the young prince, that he perfectly loaded him with caresses. "An action so superlatively great as this," said the monarch, "deserves the highest praises, and the largest rewards: and I would, young stranger, find how to recompense so much valour, if there be any thing in my kingdom that is worthy of your acceptance; and if there be, demand it boldly: if it be one of my daughters, I can refuse you nothing."

Outzin-Ochantey replied with great modesty to these encomiums of the king. "My lord," said the prince, "a private gentleman, as I am, ought not to aspire to the honour of your alliance; I am not so ambitious: but, since your majesty has assured me of your esteem and goodness, permit me to make one small request in favour of Gulguli-Chemane; which is, that she may be set at liberty."

The king, my lord, was still more astonished to see this young man set such a narrow bound to his wishes, which he esteemed as nothing in comparison to those immense treasures with which he was ready to honour him.

"Gulguli-Chemane is from this moment her own mistress," replied the monarch, embracing the prince; "and I heartily wish she may make you a suitable acknowledgment; and I believe the princess my daughter will not oppose my will."

Gulpenhe was almost choked with rage; the visible contempt the prince entertained for her charms threw her into despair: but, being a perfect dissembler, she embraced the princess of Teflis with all the marks of tenderness and sincerity; and taking from her hair a cluster of jewels of prodigious worth, she joined this as a present to the liberty she had just obtained.

The beautiful Georgian was in the utmost confusion; joy and terror had successively made such impressions on her mind, that she was fallen into a swoon. She could scarce believe, when she was recovered, that her dear prince was alive, when he even informed her that he had obtained her liberty.

They returned to the palace; and the king ordered an apartment for the prince; and being invited by Prince Atabek to a repast, that he might give Outzin-Ochantey the greater pleasure, he caused Gulguli-Chemane to grace the table with her presence: but this princess was more attentive to the behaviour of Gulpenhe than to the honours which were paid the prince her lover. She remarked, in spite of all her artifice, something stiff and reserved in her looks and behaviour; and even her very jests had a tincture of that rancour which predominated in her heart. In short, she was very uneasy, as she was too well acquainted with the genius of this malevolent princess.

Supper being ended, and passing into a magnificent hall, they were en-

tertained with a fine concert of vocal and instrumental music. Gulguli-Chemame took an opportunity to tell the prince not to come to the place appointed in her letter; but gave him the key of a wardrobe which communicated to her apartment.

The concert being finished, the prince retired to the chamber which they had prepared for him; and dismissing all his attendants, he hastened to the wardrobe of the princess of Teflis. As he was greatly fatigued, and not choosing to be seen, he concealed himself under a table, which was covered with a large carpet. He fell into such a profound sleep, that the princess, after she had put Gulpenhe to bed, entered the wardrobe without giving him the least disturbance. As she did not perceive her lover was come, she fancied he could not execute his promise; but, not despairing of his appearance, she lighted two wax-candles; and placing them on the table, she laid down on a sofa, and fell presently after into a calm sleep. But, my lord, how great was the surprise of these two lovers, when they were awaked by a violent noise of a person falling with all her weight on the floor, and whom they soon perceived to be the Princess Gulpenhe in the very agonies of death. "O heavens!" cried the prince, dreadfully frightened, and creeping from under the table, "what fatal object is this? Am I asleep or not?"—"Alas!" replied Gulguli-Chemame; "would to God it were a dream, "it would quickly be dispelled! But, unfortunately for us, this is a sorrowful truth! The princess, animated with revenge, has entered my apartment with a design to deprive me of life; but Heaven, who always preserves the innocent, has given this event another turn! Judge you by these fragments of this glass tube, and the convulsions of the unfortunate Gulpenhe!

"Watching for you, my lord, I grew sleepy, without knowing you was so near; and I slept so quietly, that when the princess, with the help of another key, stole hither without doubt to put an end to my life, she had filled this tube with a powder which was poisoned, and then applied it to my nose; when suddenly awaking, I sneezed with such violence, that, instead of receiving it in my nose, it went into her mouth. According to all appearance, this poison is of so subtle a nature, that she fell backwards upon the spot; and, as you see, is just ready to expire."

The prince, being shocked with the blackness of this deed, resolved forthwith to abandon the wretched Gulpenhe to her fate. "Let us fly from an object so full of horror," said he to the princess, "that we may elude the wrath of the king; for, though we are entirely innocent, these appearances will certainly condemn us."—"Ah, my lord!" replied the princess, "how shall we fly? The gates of the palace are all guarded. But," continued she, casting her eyes on the prince's scarf; "yes, my lord, I perceive our remedy must spring from the source of this evil. This scarf is enchanted, and will deliver us from perils wherever we are; for it renders those who wear it invisible till it is turned; and it was to secure you from being slandered, as you passed to and fro in the palace, that the princess made this extraordinary present; which virtue she had not undoubtedly yet explained to you."

The princess then put on the scarf, and became invisible immediately; nor did she become visible to the prince till she had turned it again.

While the two lovers were waiting for day, that they might escape the king's resentment, the convulsions of Gulpenhe redoubled. Her eyes emitted only a feeble kind of lustre, and which, upon fetching her last sigh, were for ever extinguished: she died in their arms; and in a moment after looked so horrible, that, notwithstanding her former ill intension, these two lovers could not refrain from tears.

The gates of the palace being at length opened, these lovers made their escape by means of their scarf; and, without being perceived, walked to the next village, where they refreshed themselves; and then pursuing their journey, they made no stop till they were clear of the dominions of King Kuseh. They had now time to rest; and the prince, recollecting the adventure of the ring, desired the princess to explain the reasons which rendered it so precious to her. "It is a present," said she, "which my grandfather Zal-Reka made me, and put it on my finger when he was dying; which was a circumstance in the history of my life I had forgot to inform you of. He assured me that, when my misfortunes were drawing to an end, I should perceive in this ring, as in a glass, in what manner I should regulate my conduct: but I was to take care it did not touch a drop of blood, for from that moment it would lose all its virtue. I know not what possessed me to wear it at the combat of tigers; but you now may judge of my distress, when I dropped it from my finger. I shall be for ever obliged to you for the unparalleled proofs you then gave me of your love and intrepidity."

"Permit me, madam," replied Outzim-Ochantey, "to examine this invaluable ring. Besides, it is high time that we should even consult it."

The princess then pulled out a little perfumed purse, in which the ring was preserved. She presented it to the prince, pronouncing, at the same time, some mysterious words taught her by her grandfather; when on a sudden it darted such rays of light, that they were both of them dazzled with it for some time.

After the light was abated, the prince examined the ring with great attention: he beheld in miniature, and in order, all the adventures of this princess. Here King Kuseh was seen in all the agonies of despair for the death of Gulpenhe: a stately monument was erected to her memory; and as these two lovers seemed to be the sole authors of her death, a considerable reward was set upon their heads.

This new discovery which they had made of the virtue of the ring, rejoiced them exceedingly. They read in it every day, if I may so speak, how they should conduct themselves; and regulating themselves by its instructions, they pursued the road to Georgia.

They had now travelled more than two months; when, forgetting one morning to consult their ring, they had scarce proceeded a league, before there arose a great fog which quite obscured the day, and involved them in thick darkness. This prodigy astonished our adventurers; but the prince having taken out a carbuncle, which he had received as a present from

Armed, it emitted such a bright light for twenty paces round them, that they could easily consult their oracle.

If the carbuncle was useful to them for the present occasion, how great was their grief to find, by their ring, that they must be shortly separated, and meet no more, till they had each of them surmounted several dangerous adventures! The idea of their separation drew tears from their eyes; when, in the midst of their grief, the horse on which the prince was mounted suddenly took fright, and, in spite of all his efforts, carried him out of sight. The princess followed him some time by the light of the carbuncle; but that light ceasing, and it being very dark, she was obliged to stay till it grew light; when, in about an hour after, the day began to appear again. The princess was almost in despair for the loss of her lover. To complete her misfortunes, the prince had carried away her ring; so that she was at a loss what course to steer; and, after having searched in vain for the prince, she resolved to direct her way for the kingdom of China; where, after a tedious journey, she arrived, not doubting of his appearance there, either sooner or later.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF GULGULI-CHEMAME, PRINCESS
OF TEFLIS.

OUTZIM OCHANTEY, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), had been absent from his father above six years. The good King Fanfur, believing him to be dead, was at length resolved to give his kingdom a new heir. It was not more than three months after the king had raised to his throne a very beautiful slave, before Gulguli-Chemame entered Nanquin*, the residence of the king, and capital of China. As she did not desire to be known, she concealed her sex under the habit of a man; but, in spite of this disguise, that graceful ease and charming air diffused all over her person, rendered her not the less observed by the inhabitants of Nanquin.

Fanfur, with his new spouse, were standing at a window in the palace the very instant the princess passed by; and being desirous to know who this stranger was, sent word that he should be glad to speak with him. Gulguli-Chemame appeared before the monarch; and, with a truly charming air, informed him that she was the son of a prince of Georgia; that she only travelled for pleasure; and that she was called Souffel; and should make no long stay at Nanquin.

The Queen Kamzem (for that was the name of the slave the king had exalted to his throne) was present when the princess paid her court to Fanfur: She represented how much beneath his grandeur it would be to suffer a stranger of Souffel's rank to have apartments out of his palace. The good king, following the example of persons at a certain age who marry young women, was entirely governed by his wife, and highly approved

* Nanquin is one of the chief cities of China, where it is certain Fanfur reigned.

of this advice, which was given rather from a principle of love than a generosity to Souffel. She could not but perceive a visible disparity between the latter and her husband; and, as she never had any inclination for the king, he appeared odious to her from this moment, and her heart conceived a violent passion for the young Souffel.

The favourable reception that the queen gave Souffel did not give the least alarm to Fanfur; who, thoroughly satisfied with the prudence of the queen, soon prepared for the entertainment of Souffel; and the queen was not long before she disclosed what passed in her own heart.

Gulnuli-Chemame, who attributed the kindness of this princess to quite a different motive, was astonished at such a sudden and pressing declaration. She stood fixed like a statue; but the queen, putting a too favourable construction on this silence, pursued thus: "I love you, my lord," said she, "and I hate the king; and I am so powerful in Nanquin, that, if you are a man of spirit and resolution, it is easy for me to give you the throne of China. I will myself poison the king; and I only wait your approbation of this project."

The princess, trembling at this discourse, started back with horror. "O heavens, madam!" cried she, "that such a base design should ever enter your heart! And can you believe me capable of such an execrable attempt? Judge better of Prince Souffel, madam; and know, that I would not accept of a throne on a less condition than to punish you for a crime, the bare mention of which has filled me with horror."

The queen of Nanquin, being convinced of her imprudence, in that moment her love was extinguished, and rage and vengeance took possession of her heart; but dissembling her resentment—"My lord," replied she, "we easily forget our duty when we are captivated by love; and you cannot but own that the excess of my passion has put me upon forming this strange project. I thought the enjoyment of my person alone was too little to offer you, and that a throne would tempt you. It is a glorious thing to reign; and I cannot put the crown on your head without the death of my spouse: but, since you disapprove of my proposal, you may at least be grateful for the goodness which a woman of my rank has for you; and consider that a refusal can only be paid for but by death."

The princess of Teflia, besides the impudence of Kamzem, remarked a great indignation in her countenance, when the king of Nanquin entered the apartment of the queen. His unexpected arrival greatly disconcerted Kamzem: she was so confounded, and the princess in such a disorder, that the king was not able to comprehend the cause of their confusion. "What is this, madam," said he to the queen, "which I perceive in your countenance, and in that of Prince Souffel? Does my presence disturb you?"—"No, my lord," interrupted the queen very briskly, taking her resolution on the spot. "If you see me in a surprise, it proceeds from this young hero's proposal. He is come," continued she, "to throw himself at my feet, in order to obtain your permission to fight with the blue centaur, which will

appear to-morrow before the city-gates; and he will lose his head if he do not conduct him alive to one of your prisons."

Though the princess of Teflis trembled at the beginning of this discourse she immediately took the hint, though she was an utter stranger to the centaur. "My lord," said she to Fanfur, "I do not retract my word to the queen; and I earnestly beg that you will not oppose the design I have conceived to rid you of this monster."

The king was astonished at this resolution of Souffel, and at first opposed his design. "I admire your intrepidity," said he; "but I greatly doubt the success of your undertaking. But since the queen has desired my consent, my lord; and be well assured that an ample reward attends the execution of so dangerous an enterprise."

THE HISTORY OF THE BLUE CENTAUR.

YOU are to understand, my lord (pursued Ben-Eridoun), that, not far from the city of Nanquin, there stood a little mountain, at the foot of which was a cavern; from which, for five years past, on a certain day, issued forth a blue centaur, who, approaching the gates of the city, carried away with him both cows and oxen: several arrows had been discharged against him, but to no purpose, for his skin was harder than iron. The king had several snares set, all which he eluded with great address; and though that monarch offered considerable rewards for him, either dead or alive, nobody was able to seize him; and all who had endeavoured perished in the attempt. But he returned to Gulguli-Chemame. This princess, after she had saluted King Fanfur, very respectfully retired to her chamber; and, having informed herself of the history of the blue centaur, rightly conceived that it would be much easier to circumvent him by some artifice than to seize him by force. With this view, she was resolved to avail herself of Gulpenhe's enchanted scarf, which luckily remained with her in the moment of her separation from the prince of China; and at length hit upon the following expedient I am going to relate to your majesty. She demanded of the king of China a chariot to be drawn by two strong horses, some large iron chains, four great copper vessels, a ton of the best wine, and some cakes made of the finest meal.

Fanfur having complied with these demands, the princess ordered them to be laid in the chariot; and being directed to the place where the centaur made his retreat on the eve of the preceding day, she went thither in her chariot; and having placed the vessels on the ground, filled them with the wine she had brought; and having scattered the cakes about in piece-meal, she retired to a little neighbouring wood, where, having turned her scarf, she passed the night in great perplexity.

As soon as the morning began to dawn, the princess awoke; and from the place where she was concealed, distinctly saw the blue centaur coming out of his cavern. He was amazed to see the four copper vessels, and the

odour of the wine drew him near; but first he tasted some of the pieces of the cake, and finding them to be exquisitely good, he greedily devoured the rest; and after that, swallowed all the wine. He had taken in such a large quantity of the wine, that, being thoroughly intoxicated, he could stand no longer, but was soon obliged to lay himself down on the earth, and fell into a profound sleep.

The princess of Georgia perceiving this, ran quickly to secure the blue centaur; with the chains she bound him so fast as to render it impossible for him to break them, should he exert all his might; and having with some difficulty fastened him to her chariot, she mounted it herself, and then moved towards the city, whose gates were opened to receive her.

The rumbling of the chariot dissipated by degrees the fumes of the wine the centaur had swallowed; he appeared in the utmost astonishment on perceiving himself bound; and when he found that all his efforts to obtain his liberty availed him nothing, he lay down to be conducted like another beast.

All the inhabitants of Nanquin were struck with terror and admiration; Gulguli-Chemame alone appeared upon the chariot, with the blue centaur, modest and serene. They had now advanced a good way into the city, when their march was interrupted by the funeral of a young Chinese, whose father wept bitterly for his death; while one of his bonzes, who conducted the funeral pomp, chanted merrily a kind of hymn in praise of Ram and of Viehaou*. The blue centaur raised his head at that instant; and having for some time attentively surveyed the ceremony, he burst into such a violent fit of laughter as almost deprived him of his breath, and at the same time threw the princess into the utmost consternation.

The princess, as we observed, beheld with surprise this sudden sally of mirth: but she had not proceeded far before it was considerably increased; for, in passing through a great place, the centaur broke out again into larger fits of laughter at the people, who looked with pleasure on a young thief fastened to a gibbet, and who was just going to be turned off.

The more the centaur laughed, the more the princess was astonished. They continued their course amidst a prodigious throng of people; but when they arrived before the palace of the king, nothing was to be heard for some time but the shouts of the people, crying—"Long live! long live the brave courageous Souffel!" at all which the centaur laughed louder than he had done before.

The king, upon these acclamations, descended into the court of his palace, leading the queen by the hand. The centaur fixed his eyes steadily upon the queen, and then upon the ladies in her train; and having successively surveyed them all, he set up such peals of laughter afresh, that the king, with his whole court, were beyond measure astonished.

Fanfar asked the princess why the centaur laughed so heartily: she replied

* One of the principal gods of the Indians. †

she could not tell; and then related to him all that had passed since he was taken. Upon this the king asked the centaur himself, but received no answer. The centaur was then put into a double iron cage secured with two keys, one of which the king kept himself, and gave the other to Gulguli-Chemame: both of them failed not to visit the centaur twice a day, and treated him with all the kindness he could possibly receive.

Kamzem, who reckoned herself sure of Souffel's overthrow, was strangely surprised to see her designs defeated. The sight of this accomplished prince rekindled her passion, and being resolved to attempt the conquest of his heart once more, she sent for him under pretence of congratulating him upon his late victory.

Gulguli-Chemame was forced to obey: she attended the queen, who was alone, and in her cabinet. "You see, my lord," said this vile woman, "that, in seeking your life, I have covered it with glory. But let this experiment suffice; I love you in spite of your rigour; and must freely own, if you had fallen a prey to that monster, I should have died with grief: but, if your heart is not softened, I have other means to effect your ruin. Leave, then, your stubbornness, my lord."—"No, Madam," interrupted Souffel, "neither the ascendancy you have over the king, joined to all your threatenings and intreaties, shall force me to violate my honour. Abandon all hopes of ever seducing me, and tremble and fear lest in the end I should advertise the king of your ungovernable passion."

These remonstrances rendered the queen quite outrageous. "Perfidious!" said she, "thou shalt insult my beauty no longer!" at the same time she scratched her face, and cried out with all her might; then commanded the eunuchs her cries had brought thither, to seize Souffel, while she ran all in tears to the king to demand justice upon the prince of Georgia, for endeavouring to violate her honour.

Fanfur being prepossessed with the seeming modesty of his wife, never doubted the truth of her complaints. He was in a violent passion with Souffel; and, without further inquiry, loaded him with chains, and conducting him to the prison where the blue centaur was confined, he reproached him with his attempt upon the honour of his queen, assuring him that he should shortly be put to a most shameful death.

As soon as the centaur heard these threatenings, he laughed so violently, that the vaults of his prison perfectly echoed. The king was now more surprised than ever: this extraordinary laughter redoubled his curiosity, and he desired him to explain the reason upon the spot; and declared that if he did not deceive him, he should be set at liberty; otherwise he should be put to death before the day expired.

The blue centaur, flattered with the hopes of liberty, and frightened with the thoughts of death, approached to the bars of his cage. "King of Nanquin," said he, "will you keep your word?"—"I swear by my head that I will!" replied the king, astonished to hear the centaur speak for the first time. "Assemble, then, into this place," rejoined the centaur, "the gran-

dees of your court, the queen, and all her slaves without exception, and I promise in their presence to give you all the satisfaction you can desire."

The king, who had a great desire to know the cause of his laughter, instantly summoned his whole court before the blue centaur. The assembly being completed, the king called upon the centaur to keep his word; but he refused to open his lips unless Souffel was unbound. This desire being executed, he thus addressed himself to Fanfur: "King of Nanquin, if I laughed heartily at the funeral of the little child, it was to see his reputed father weep so bitterly, while one of the priests, who it seems was the real father, maintains a criminal correspondence with the good man's wife. He sung with all his might at the solemnity; nor could he forbear laughing himself at his mistress's husband's sorrow for the loss of a son he himself had begot.

"Again, who could forbear laughing on seeing a thousand thieves who every day rob over and over again the public of immense sums; who, I say, could help laughing on hearing them extol your justice, in executing a young man whom necessity forced to steal ten sequins for the support of himself, his wife and children; whilst they, for their extortions, ought to have been in his place?"

Here the centaur stopped, and seemed as if he would proceed no further; but, the king's urging him afresh, he replied—"King of Nanquin, do not compel me to come to a further explanation: I had rather be silent than discover things which will infallibly torment you."

The king, who was now more curious than ever, replied—"However disagreeable what you have to say to me may be, I conjure you to discover all you know."—"Well, then," replied the centaur, "how could I keep from laughing with all my heart, to hear the people shout—"Long live the brave Souffel, the heroic conqueror of the blue centaur!" when at the same time I knew that habit concealed a beautiful young virgin, for whom your son, who is not dead, entertains a strong passion."

If Gulguli-Chemame, my lord, blushed at this discovery, a livid paleness covered no less the face of the queen, whom the king beheld with indignation. As she stood near the iron cage, the centaur seized her arm. "Cruel and lascivious woman," cried he, "your deceit is but in part discovered to that monarch. When I renewed my laughter, it was to see you attended by a train who are all privy to your debaucheries; and when the innocent Souffel was unjustly accused and imprisoned, had not I sufficient cause? Since it is impossible a woman could have her honour attempted who takes so little care of it; for there are two men concealed among your slaves who daily disburden you of the little tenderness you have for the king." As these were truths easy to be discovered, Kamzem was ready to die with fear: the king caused her to be taken from his presence; and, in spite of Gulguli-Chemame's intercession, condemned her, with her two gallants, to be burnt alive; and then ordered all her slaves to be strangled. "But, madam," said the king to the princess, "how shall I repair the injustice

which a blind passion for Kamzen hurried me to commit against you! Happy should I be, if my son, my dear son, whom I have so long lost, and whom I understand you are so dear, would, by his unhopèd-for return, acquit me to you, by sharing with so charming a princess that crown whose weight, since his absence, has weighed me down."

The remembrance of the prince of China drew tears from Gulnûr-Chamane's eyes, when the centaur, who was now set at liberty, thus spoke:—"King of Nanquin," said he, "cease to afflict yourself—and do you, his princess, dry up your tears—your sorrows shall soon terminate in the return of a dutiful son and a faithful lover. Go, meet the prince, who, while I am now speaking, is entered Nanquin." Saying this, the centaur rose like a cloud, and vanished from all their eyes.

The king and the princess could scarce contain themselves for joy. The centaur had performed such wonders as left no room to doubt the truth of this agreeable news. They went directly to meet the prince, and found him surrounded with the people, who testified by a thousand cheerful shouts of joy they conceived for his return.

Qutuzm-Ochantey would have thrown himself at his father's feet, but the monarch prevented him; and, tenderly embracing the prince—"O my son," said he, "what showers of tears has your absence caused me to shed! But I forget all that is past, and think only of what has befallen me to-day."—"I am not ignorant, my lord, of all your sorrows," replied the prince, "and in what manner they are terminated by the princess of Tofitz. A celebrated enchanter, who assisted me to punish the persecutor of this adorable princess, has informed me of all that passed in your court. He was so firmly attached to my interest, that he concealed nothing from me within the compass of his art; and then transported me hither with inconceivable rapidity, after he had apprised me of the just revenge you have taken on Kamzen's infidelity."

It is impossible to express the pleasure the princess felt from the return of her lover. She was no longer afraid of losing him again, since she received him now as the vanquisher of the perfidious Biazg-el-Kazak. She then expressed an ardent desire to be acquainted with the particulars of this glorious victory; when, after he had entered the palace, and had related to his father all his adventures from the moment of their separation, he continued his history in the following manner.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF QUTUZM-OGHANTAY, PRINCE OF CHINA.

"YOU very well remember, madam, I could not govern my horse; for, in spite of all my endeavours, he carried me out of your reach: it is true, the light of my carbuncle dispelled the darkness which covered the earth; but my horse ran at such a rate, that I could scarce distinguish the objects that surrounded me: yet, as far as I can remember, the road on each side was full of dangerous precipices; so that I could not proceed without running the

hazard of falling with my horse to the bottom. After all, I am not sure whether the ground failed under his feet or not; but falling from his back, I rolled near a quarter of an hour without stopping; and, after remaining senseless for some time, I found myself on a green turf, near the mouth of a frightful cave. I was doubtless a good while before I recovered from the swoon my fall had occasioned; and, when I came to myself, saw nothing near me but these pits. I entered the cave by the light of my carbuncle; I walked near an hour, and met with nothing but reptiles of all kinds, which fled before me: at last I came to a rock, which shone so bright, that it looked as if it was set with diamonds; on the top thereof sat an ape of a fiery colour. As soon as this animal saw me, he descended from the rock, and, prostrating himself at my feet, bestowed on me a thousand caresses.

As I was afraid of being surprised, I drew my sabre in the entrance of the cave. The ape then made signs to me to strike the rock in that part which shone brightest: I did so; and presently it split in two, and discovered a black marble staircase with steps of solid gold.

I did not hesitate (continued the prince) to follow the ape, who was now become my guide; and, having descended near five hundred steps, we arrived at a large hall illuminated with twelve crystal lamps, in the midst of which was reared a tomb of white marble, whereon was represented several apes in different attitudes. This sight surprised me not a little, when I beheld the living ape sprinkle some water on them, which he drew from a fountain in one corner of the hall; they started up, bore him in triumph to the basin, and plunged all together into the fountain.

This fantastic ceremony surprised me greatly; but, while I was waiting impatiently for the event, there arose out of the tomb a man of a gigantic size, in a coat of mail: he advanced towards me with his sabre drawn; I prepared to defend myself; and, after a very obstinate fight, I threw him on the ground; and, going to unlace the straps of his armour, how great was my astonishment to find I had all this time only engaged an empty piece of armour, artfully disposed, without a body to occupy it.

An enchantment of this kind very much surprised me: I then collected all the straps which laced this armour together; and, throwing them into the fountain, my ears were immediately saluted with soft symphonies of music; after which I beheld several men and women who had been changed from those apes and monkeys who had before plunged into the fountain.

At the head of this company there appeared a man of a very majestic stature, clothed in a long robe of the colour of fire, embroidered with gold, and adorned with pearls and diamonds: he accosted me with a noble air—“My lord,” said he, “I have waited impatiently a long time for you to put an end to an adventure on which the future happiness of both our lives must depend; since, in delivering my spouse from the cruel Kank, and by destroying that monster, you will effectually re-establish the princess of Tefis in her dominions, and become possessed of that charming person.

“You stand amazed, my lord, to hear that I am acquainted with your

passion; but this wonder will cease when you come to know who I am. Then, setting me on a sofa near himself, he thus began:

THE HISTORY OF BIZEG-EL-ASNA.

MY name is well known among the enchanters: they call me Bizeg-el-Asna*; not that I am more beautiful than another, but to distinguish me from my brother Bizeg-el-Kazak, whose surname was given him to denote the depravity of his manners. His power has been always superior to mine, by means of the evil Genii with whom he holds a close correspondence, and who have inspired him with such extreme malice as I was always unwilling to attain.

There dwelt near us a beautiful virgin, called Sahik. I had often visited this damsel; and, finding a mutual sympathy of inclinations, we soon discovered it by a mutual esteem for each other. As you know, my lord, the close connexion between love and esteem, the latter was soon swallowed up in the former. I proposed to bind our hearts with the most sacred tie she consented, and a day was set for the conclusion of that ceremony.

Though there was but little correspondence between my brother and me, I thought it would be civil to acquaint him with our intentions. He not only approved of the match, but must needs settle our nuptials himself. Though I well knew he was capable of the blackest designs, I imagined that he would at least regard the ties of blood, little dreaming of the bloody treasons he has of late executed against me.

We enchanters are in general partly on a footing in point of science. We can neither destroy nor hurt the designs of each other, except it be on our wedding-day; and then, during that time only, we are deprived of our power; unless we espouse a Fairy, or an elementary spirit, which does so make us degenerate. For this cause, we seldom match with simple mortals; and when we do, it is with as little noise as possible.

My perfidious brother took this advantage. Either he was enamoured with my wife, or his own evil inclination disposed him to act so by me. He had the assurance to accost Sahik in a very unbecoming manner. This I at first attributed to his folly; but perceiving my presence set no restraint to his insolence, I resented it. He then rallied me for a jealous fool; and, in short, extended his impudence so far, that, losing all patience, I was going to fell him to the ground with my sabre; to prevent which, he touched me with his wand. "Be not so rash," he cried. "Though I am not disposed to stain my hands with your blood, I will punish you in a way that shall more sensibly affect you. Be transformed into an ape of the colour of fire, and become a witness to the happiness I intend to enjoy with your spouse."

No sooner had this perfidious brother uttered these words, than I took

* Asna, in Arabic, signifies Beautiful.

the figure of the ape which conducted you hither. The traitor received no other treatment from the amiable Sahik, but what testified her horror and aversion. He then caused this marble tomb to rise out of the earth, in which he enclosed that armed enchanted figure you defeated; and, after he had changed all my retinue into apes and monkeys, he caused the palace, in which our nuptials were celebrated, to sink deep into the earth, and conducted me to the top of this shining rock, where I have been confined upwards of a year.

Judge, my lord, what anguish I have sustained in that cruel situation. Your valour has already, indeed, terminated my misfortunes in part, and there remains no more than to break the enchantment of the tomb, to effect which you must seize on the golden chain; but, before you proceed, you must refresh yourself after the combat you have been engaged in.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE PRINCE OF CHINA.

I FOLLOWED the enchanter (continued the prince) into a cabinet, where I soon recruited the strength and spirits I had lost with a magnificent collation. Afterwards, we returned into the hall; and, as soon as I had seized on the golden chain, there fell from the ceiling two fiery globes; each of these opening in the middle, discovered a monster in a human form from the waist upwards.

These two monsters, ranging themselves on each side the tomb of white marble, endeavoured to hinder my approach; when, behold! there arose out of the middle of the tomb a pillar, on which was engraved, in letters of gold—"Strike! defeat! descend!" This incident greatly encouraged me; though I had resolved to engage the two monsters, and, being aided by the enchanter, whose blows were all well-timed, we vanquished every obstacle; for the fiery globes, and the two monsters, were swallowed up; and, on my approaching the pillar, both that and the tomb, from the bare touch of my sabre, were reduced to a powder.

We went down a kind of a trap-door, and descending a staircase hewn out of the rock, were conducted to the banks of a river, whose waters were very black. Here we found a little boat, furnished for a long voyage with all sorts of provisions. The enchanter and myself entering the boat, put off; and falling down the stream, arrived, about a month after, at the mouth of a cave into which these waters were discharged.

Though the current which brought us thither was very rapid, we were five days in crossing it by the light of my carbuncle; and we did not recover the light till about that time. We then moved but slowly; and, coasting along the banks, beheld at a distance two women bathed in tears running towards us. We beckoned to them; and making directly to the shore, leaped out upon dry land, and joined them immediately. "Ah, my lord!" cries one of them, "if you have any pity for the beautiful Sahik, make haste and rescue her from the perfidious Kazak. He has persecuted her a whole year; and who is resolved to suffer immediately the most cruel

death, rather than espouse the cruel Kazak."—"As the charming Sahik has defended herself so well, it is time, my lord," cried I, addressing myself to Bizeg-el-Asna, "to revenge the treason of your perfidious brother. Let us fly to the rescue of your beautiful spouse, and not spare a monster."—"I am infinitely obliged to you," interrupted the enchanter; but there is another method, more sure and less dangerous, for my revenge. Kazak is so blinded with his brutal passion, that he thinks no more of me. I intend he shall proceed so far as even to marry my dear princess; then, as soon as he has divested himself of his power, I shall punish him for his wickedness to me."

This resolution the enchanter committed to writing; and instructed Sahik, at the same time, so to behave, that Kazak might be effectually ensnared; and giving what he had wrote into the slave's hands who was come to implore his succour—"Carry this," said he, "to your beautiful mistress, and tell her here is a remedy enclosed for all her misfortunes." The slave was out of sight in an instant, and acquitted herself forthwith of her commission; and, upon Sahik's opening the letter, she was ready to die with joy to find her dear spouse had recovered his primitive shape. Kazak entering her apartments, she dissembled her sentiments admirably. "Well, my lord," said she with an air that appeared serene, "since I must resolve, I consent to marry you this day, provided you abstain three days from consummating the marriage-rites: my hand is your's on that condition only."—"Ah, madam!" replied Kazak, transported with joy, "I swear by all the tenderness I feel for you, your will shall be obeyed; and may I be for ever deprived of my power, if I once violate my oath." Upon this assurance, Sahik espoused him; and he adorned his nuptials with every pleasure his art could furnish, or his fancy devise.

During this interval, Kazak omitted nothing which might divert the princess, who grew very uneasy till the return of her real spouse. At last, to the dreadful astonishment of Kazak, we entered her apartment. He would fain have fled, but his brother prevented that; and, touching him with his wand—"Stay, traitor," cried he, "and make a suitable acknowledgment of thy crime."

As soon as Kazak found his feet fixed to the floor, so that he could neither advance nor retreat, he grew so outrageous, that, without discovering the least remorse, he uttered against his brother every thing rage and despair could possibly suggest. Transported beyond all bounds, I cried—"This is too much, my lord, to be any longer endured; this wretch has lived too long:" and so, without regarding the interposition of his brother, I struck off his head.

The enchanter was no sooner expired, but all the people of his retinue, who groaned underneath his tyranny, threw themselves at his brother's feet, to implore his clemency, who received them very graciously; and having transported us in an instant to his palace, he banished, by his presence, sorrow, which had so long reigned there. After he had indulged a few moments tenderness with his spouse, he conducted me in an instant to

Teflis; where, having assembled the states of your kingdom, I declared to them the death of the usurper; and, at the same time, renewed in your behalf those oaths of allegiance they owed to you. He then informed me of the cruel trial that the infidelity of Kamzem had put you to for having slighted her love. He instructed me in the victory you obtained over the centaur; who it seems is an enchanter, and was condemned for some fault to waste nine years under that form, unless he should happen to be overcome by the address of a virgin, by whose means he might obtain his liberty. After this, Bizeg-el-Asna bore me with inconceivable swiftness through the air, and landed me at the gates of Nanquin just in the instant the flames were putting a period to the life of the perfidious Kamzem.

This narration wonderfully delighted the king and the young princess. "My dear son," said the good father, "I can defer your happiness no longer; I am too much obliged to this amiable princess, not to admit her with joy for my daughter. But this is not all; I will forthwith surrender into your hands the kingdom of China, and I will—" "No, no, my lord," replied the prince, embracing his knees, "you shall by no means quit your throne. If ambition had been my ruling passion, I need not want a kingdom, where I can truly say I might have enjoyed the affections of the people; but I parted from thence without regret, purely for the sake of revisiting you. The kingdom of Teflis is sufficient to bound my utmost views; but if my advice has sufficient weight with the princess, I had much rather, my lord, be the first subject in your court, than to reign in Georgia."

Gulguli-Chemame was so charmed with this truly noble behaviour, that her will seemed entirely to be resolved into that of the prince. And Fanfur was forced to give way to their united instances; but on this condition, however, that the prince should share the diadem with his father; and, as this latter would be obeyed, Outzim-Ochantey was proclaimed king. He then espoused the princess of Teflis, and enjoyed a felicity with that charming lady, uninterrupted by those accidents to which the lives of princes are so subject.

Here the new vizir stopped; and Schems-Eddin declared himself highly satisfied with his discourse. "Thy conversation enchants me," said the monarch, embracing him: "but, my dear Ben-Eridoun, how is it possible that all these adventures occur to your memory? I am surprised to hear with what ease you have related the history of the prince of China, together with all those which are comprised in this narration."—"Ah, my lord!" replied the son of Abubeker very modestly, "I rather apprehend, from your majesty's observation, that I ought to have been less prolix in my narrations, and that I should have passed on to the histories of the prince of Achem and the young princess of Borneo. This I perceive myself; but to this is owing the suspension of those adventures which could not be so well related till those of Otzim-Ochantey were all unravelled."—"Never mind that," replied

the king of Astracan; "I shall not lose the thread of your narrations. I well remember how ingeniously you brought Gulpenhe back to the hall just as the princess of Teflis was going to rehearse the history of Farak the corsair; and observed, at the same time, you did not explain by what means this princess lost the protection of that brave man, so as to become Gulpenhe's slave."—"This, my lord," replied Ben-Eridoun, "was a circumstance I purposely omitted, in order to prolong the history of that corsair. But, as your majesty desires to be instructed, I will tell you how the beautiful Georgian became the slave of Gulpenhe.

"The calm, which had lasted so long, ceased at length; and one night, when the ship was under full sail, the princess was attacked with a great sickness at her stomach. She walked out upon the deck to take the air; and bending over to discharge what offended her stomach, a sudden squall of wind throwing the ship on that side, she fell into the sea. It was very dark, and they did not perceive the loss of the princess; but hearing something fall into the water, the pilot imagined it was one of the seamen. Several planks were directly thrown overboard, one of which the princess happily gained, and floated about between life and death till break of day; when a little vessel hastening to her succour, took her up. The master of this vessel was a dealer in slaves; and though the lady was half dead, he perceived, as she was very beautiful, she would bear a considerable price. With this view he took great care of her; and the capital of the kingdom of Kuseh being the first port he landed at, he sold her to the princess of Gulpenhe for eight hundred sequins of gold.

"Thus, my lord, you have heard all the adventures of this beautiful princess," continued the son of Abubekër; "and as for those of Faruk, if you please, they shall be postponed a few days longer: mean while, I shall begin such an entertaining story, as I dare say will highly amuse and divert your majesty."—"Proceed then, my dear Ben-Eridoun," replied the king, "and you will oblige me infinitely." The new vizir, being permitted, resumed his discourse in the following terms:

THE HISTORY OF ALCOUZ, TAHER, AND THE MILLER.

THERE lived at Bagdad two young merchants, who contracted from their infancy such an esteem and friendship for each other, that they were never asunder. Every body talked of the friendship of Alcouz and Taher; and as they had neither of them a father, and were their own masters, being resolved to be more closely connected, they entered into partnership, and in less than three years they made a very great gain.

Taher, as he was talking one evening with Alcouz, observed that he was thoughtful. "What," said he, "is wanting to your happiness? Our stock is increased fourfold, and our warehouses are stored with the best of commodities; yet I have observed, for some days past, that you are very melancholy, and that you seem to delight in nothing but solitude. Am I not worthy, then, to be intrusted with your secrets?"—"Ah! my dear Taher,"

replied Alcouz, embracing him, "I am ashamed to confess my weakness to you; which, if it were possible, I would even conceal from myself; but I feel it has an absolute power over my heart. Do you know Behloul^{*} the barber, who lives not far from Bagdad bridge?"—"Yes," replied Taher; "he is better known by his daughter's being reputed the handsomest girl in all Bagdad, than by the lively repartees which have gained him the name he is called by; and I begin to think, by your sighing, that you are not insensible of the charms of that adorable girl."—"You have guessed right," returned Alcouz, blushing: "I love the beautiful Lira; and I shall go distracted too, if I do not enjoy her: and I believe, from the conversation that has passed between us, I am not wholly indifferent to her. I wavered, you see, whether I should acquaint you with my passion, fearing it might make some alteration in our friendship."—"I know," replied Taher, "that matrimony will deprive me at least of one half of your friendship; but, my dear Alcouz, I prefer your satisfaction to my own; and I will go and endeavour to promote your happiness. As you know my mother had the honour to give suck to Giaffer†, first vizir to the illustrious Haroun Arreschid, the sovereign Commander of the Faithful, during the sickness of the mother of that Barmecide, which hindered her from suckling him; I intend to use his authority with Behloul, and then I am sure to obtain the consent of the beautiful Lira."

Alcouz, tenderly embracing his friend, conjured him to lose no time; and the vizir engaging in the affair, Behloul soon consented to the marriage of Lira to Alcouz.

This couple loved each other beyond example: fruition rather renewed than extinguished the ardours of their passion; and they shewed such frequent and strong marks of perfect love in the presence of Taher, that he

^{*} Behloul, in the Arabic, signifies a Jester.

† Giaffer was one of the sons of Jachy, and grandson of Kaled, who was descended from Barmac, from whom they derived the title of Barmecides. Jachy and his three sons were all vizirs at one time to Haroun Arreschid: he intrusted them with the government of his kingdoms. Giaffer discharged his trust with great fidelity, and enjoyed the royal favour seventeen years; when he was so unhappy as to incur the caliph's displeasure, who put him to death. The reason was this: the caliph was very amorous of his own sister, who was extremely beautiful, and whose name was Guehaze; and, that he might have more frequent opportunities of seeing her, he married her to his favourite Giaffer, forbidding him, at the same time, to have any commerce with that princess. The vizir abstained some time; but not being able to do so any longer, he had a son by the princess, whom he sent to be nursed at Mecca. The caliph being informed of it, was so enraged with Jachy, that he threw him, with all his children, into a loathsome dungeon, where they perished miserably. The caliph after this being touched with remorse for his injustice, forbade any one to talk of the Barmecides on pain of death, that he might remove from his mind the injustice he had committed. But his intention was not answered: the wits of the court writ encomiums on these faithful ministers, and the memory of these great men are to this day preserved in their writings.

could not forbear envying the good fortune of his friend. The innocent caresses the wife of his friend bestowed on him, inflamed him to such a degree, that, to avoid being unfaithful to Alcouz, he resolved to take his leave of this tender pair. Accordingly he departed, under some pretence, for a few days: but, in spite of the resolution he had taken, he was unable to preserve it long; he sunk under the restraint he laid upon his passion; and, in striving to extinguish that, he fell a prey to a dangerous distemper.

Alcouz and Lira never quitted the bolster of Taher's bed: but they were so far from contributing to his recovery, that their presence rather increased than abated his disorder; which grew so violent, that the most eminent physicians in Bagdad despaired of his life. Taher being on the point of death, both Alcouz and Lira wept bitterly at the imminent danger of their friend. His youth, however, and the strength of a good constitution, overcame the distemper, but left him in a very weak condition.

The partnership which subsisted between these dear friends, obliged one of them to go and settle some affairs in Grand Cairo. As Taher was too weak to undertake this voyage, Alcouz was obliged to go himself; and, after he had made the necessary preparations, took leave of Taher, and recommended his dear Lira to his care, whom he tenderly embraced with his eyes all bathed in tears: then parting for Balsora, he embarked in a vessel which was going to Cairo.

Taher, far from complying with the intentions of his friend, no sooner saw him depart from Bagdad, than he took as much care as possible never to be alone with his wife. But at last, this beautiful creature observing his behaviour, which appeared rude to her, said to him one evening—"You always avoid me," taking him at the same time tenderly by the hand. "Since Alcouz's absence, I have been considering if I have done any thing to displease you; but I cannot comprehend the meaning of this coldness which appears in your behaviour. Such a conduct is really injurious, as well as unkind; and I desire you will either treat me with less reserve, or else tell me wherein I have offended."

Taher was in the utmost confusion at this remonstrance: the tears which he shed, without daring to look upon Lira, touched her in a most lively manner. She pressed him to come to an explanation; but Taher, throwing himself at her feet, conjured her not to put this violence on his inclinations. "Urge me no more, madam," said he, "to open my heart; you will regard me as the vilest of men, if I discovered all that passes in it, since neither the sacred ties of friendship, nor the near approaches of death, can triumph over a criminal passion: and I feel that—" "Stop, Taher!" cried Lira, in the utmost confusion; "I begin to understand you now! How is it possible you could forget your obligations to my spouse, so as conceive a passion so prejudicial to my honour? Ah! if this be true, let me be for ever ignorant of it."—"No, madam," replied Taher; "it is no longer time to dissemble; I confess I am a traitor, I am a villain! But I am those in spite of myself, for I have used every effort I was master of to extinguish these lawless flames. I would have died the most cruel death, and I was condemned to an eternal

silence ; but you forced me to speak : however, I shall soon punish myself for having invaded the rites of the strictest union." Here glancing his eyes by accident on Lira, and perceiving she was thoroughly incensed, such was the violence of his grief, that he sunk down at her feet in a swoon. To this at first she seemed insensible ; but pity at length getting the better of her just resentment, she did all she was able to restore him to his senses ; and the unhappy lover, feebly opening his eyes, saw how anxious she was for his recovery. " Let me die, madam," said he tenderly : " your assistance is cruelty ; and my life, after having offended you, is become odious to me, and I quit it without regret." He fell then into another swoon ; and Lira verily thought he had but a few moments to live.

Hitherto, my lord (pursued Ben-Eridoun), I have drawn you a beautiful picture of this lady's conduct : but as there sometimes occur some moments when the virtue of certain women are reduced to a dangerous crisis, Lira truly proved this truth. Terrified at the resolution of her lover, and softened by the excess of his passion, she made a sudden transition from the violence of her resentment to the most lively transports of tenderness. " What has Alcouz done for me equal to this ?" she cried, in that moment, to herself. " He never loved me half so much as Taher does, or he would not, for the sake of a little paltry gain, which he could have easily slighted, enterprised a voyage from which he is not likely to return in a twelvemonth. It is done, then, my dear Taher ; I will both live and die for you : and, since you would have died for me, I sacrifice to you, without further scruple, all the tenderness I entertained for Alcouz, and which he so little merited. Live, then, my dear lover ; and live for Lira."

These protestations of this beautiful person, my lord, were accompanied with caresses so touching, that Taher soon recovered from his fit ; and the extreme surprise he was in to find himself enclosed in the arms of his mistress, who perfectly overwhelmed him with the most lively marks of her passion, quickly restored him to his senses. He thought he ought not to neglect an opportunity so favourable to his love ; and, forgetting his obligations to his friend, and taking advantage from the weakness of his beautiful spouse, he became at length the complete conqueror of her affections.

The sacrifice which Lira made of her virtue was attended, however, with some degree of shame and remorse ; but as this was not a time to refuse any thing to her lover, those impressions were easily effaced : his tender and respectful behaviour was such, that she thought no more of Alcouz than if he had never been her husband.

Entirely given up to their passion, they dallied away near a year in the enjoyment of those pleasures which appeared to them always new ; and, not content with seeing each other every moment, they must needs express their love by the most passionate letters they could devise. Thus losing the memory, the one of his friend, and the other of her spouse, neither of them ever dreamed of his return from Grand Cairo.

Alcouz, however, little as they expected him, returned to Bagdad, after he had terminated his affairs at Cairo. Though his presence was not very

desirable, they received him with open arms, and deceived him with their caresses. His long absence made him fancy his wife looked more charming than when he parted from her: not a moment escaped without bestowing on her some marks of his tender affection; and so far was he from suspecting her fidelity, that he furnished her with frequent opportunities of being alone with Taher.

One evening, as Lira lay reclined on her sofa, she was seized with a violent head-ache; to assuage which, she wanted to apply a kind of distilled water, which was reckoned an excellent remedy for such disorders; but, being distracted with the pain, she gave her husband, without a thought, the key of a little cabinet, where the bottle was which held this water. Alcouz, who tenderly loved his wife, ran to the cabinet; but he was no sooner gone, than Taher was surprised to see his mistress tearing her hair. "Ah!" said she, "my life, my dear love, we are utterly ruined! My imprudence will become the future source of our misfortunes: I have been so thoughtless as to give my husband the key of my cabinet, where all the letters lie in which you have expressed the liveliness of your passion. Alcouz, in his rage, will doubtless spare neither his wife nor his friend."

Taher was vexed to the last degree; but being a man of great presence of mind, he ran after Alcouz; and the closet-door being open, he saw him reading one of these letters: then shutting it softly upon him, he double-looked it, and stole away with the key; while Alcouz's surprise at the infidelity of his wife and his friend was too great to attend the motions of the latter. Taher went directly where the cash was kept; and taking all the gold he could find, fled away with Lira to the first village which offered; where being mounted on two horses, they pursued their journey all night, till they were gotten more than twenty leagues from Bagdad.

In the mean time, Alcouz having read all Taher's letters, which left him no room to doubt of his misfortune, took a poniard, and would have descended directly to pierce the heart of his wife; but, to his great surprise, found the door locked upon him: he called to his slaves to come and open the door; but the key was not to be found. Alcouz, enraged at this, ordered it to be broke open; which being done, he ran directly to the hall where he had left his wife; but neither she nor her lover were to be found; he was informed that they were both gone together in great disorder. He went to the place where the cash was kept; and finding his coffers empty, he threw himself on the ground, and his cries terrified the boldest of his attendants. None of his slaves durst demand the cause of this fury; but, being recovered from his first emotions, he sent them about their business. "Whatever may be my unhappiness," said he, "let me act with prudence on this delicate occasion, and not expose myself to ridicule. I am, it is true," said he, "betrayed by my friend, and my wife is unfaithful; and this is a sore affliction, I must own. But ought I to bear myself the punishment of their guilt? No! let them groan and die under a sense of their perfidy: the loss I have felt to-day is not so considerable as wholly to obstruct my future happiness." Then banishing Taher suddenly from his mind, he

despised them so much, that he never once thought it worth while to pursue after them: but leaving them to their destiny, he applied his mind, as usual, to his business; and sought to repair, in the embraces of other women, the loss he had sustained.

Six months were now elapsed since the departure of Taber and Lira, when Alcouz was advertised of the death of one of his correspondents in the East Indies. As that man was considerably in his debt, and had never settled with him, he was resolved to go thither, and settle his accounts with the heirs of the deceased. With a view to this, he left his effects in the hands of his nephew, in whom he entirely confided, and embarked at Balsora in a vessel which he had loaded with sundry kinds of merchandise. They touched at several isles, where Alcouz bartered his goods at an advantageous rate, but especially for diamonds, which he always preserved in a leather-purse in his girdle. A sudden storm overtook them at length; and, after the ship had for some time bore up against the winds and waves, she unfortunately foundered.

During the tempest, Alcouz happily laid hold of a plank, and, in spite of the winds, floated two days and two nights; at last he was thrown on an island which appeared to him to be wholly uninhabited. Being almost dead with hunger, he ate some fruits that grew wild, and which were of a delicious taste; and marching afterwards nine days without meeting with any habitation, he arrived, towards the close of the tenth, on the banks of a river, which he passed by swimming, and descended a charming fine meadow, which led to a noble city called Brava*.

As Alcouz made but an indifferent figure in point of dress, and fearing to be insulted, he declined entering the city till night. After he had refreshed himself with the remainder of those fruits he had brought with him, the coolness of his situation invited him to rest; and, as it was a good while since he enjoyed a comfortable repose, he fell into a profound sleep, out of which he did not awake before the night was far advanced; when he was suddenly awakened.

A dreadful fire, which reflected its blaze from a fine house that stood detached from the city, quickly opened the eyes of Alcouz. He immediately ran to afford his assistance; and hearing several frightful shrieks from within, took up a great piece of timber which lay before the street-door, and having broken it open, and two others, which communicated to the apartments of some women, they were happily rescued from the flames, and saved themselves without staying to thank their deliverer. After this, he penetrated into a little closet, whose door he drove inward. Here he perceived an old woman half burnt, and a young lady of exquisite beauty almost naked, but more beautiful than any he had ever seen, fainting away by her-

* Brava is a city of New Arabia, has a very good port, and is the capital of a free and independent republic of that name. The city is remarkable for its large traffic in gold, silver, ivory, amber, and wax.

self; and taking her in his arms, he carried her in the condition she was to the place where he had slept.

This young woman, whom he imagined the smoke had suffocated, was no sooner restored to the fresh air than she opened her eyes. The day appeared, and she was surprised to find herself in the country; but being informed by her deliverer how she came there, she beheld him with less reluctance, and began to consider him as the only person to whom she owed her life. She told him her name was Salle; that her father, who had been dead three years before, was a rich jeweller; and that she lived with her mother and some slaves in that house which was now burnt. She then expressed a great uneasiness about the fate of her mother; and having learned from Alcouz that he had seen the body of an elderly woman half consumed in the closet from which he saved her, she no longer doubted her loss, and abandoned herself to all the most lively sorrow.

Alcouz did every thing he was able to console this beautiful person; he returned with her to the mother's house, which was now entirely reduced to ashes. This mournful spectacle drew a fresh torrent from her eyes, and reduced her to the utmost misery. Alcouz, who began to conceive a violent passion for her, conveyed her from this fatal place; and conducting her into the city of Brava, directly provided new habits both for her and himself by the sale of one of his diamonds: and having hired a house ready furnished, he carried her thither; and, in a few days after, repaired her losses, by buying, in her name, the house in which she lodged, and presenting her with a young slave.

The person of Alcouz, my lord, was very well made: he had saved the life of Salle, and his conduct to her was such as excited her gratitude. He passed several months with this beautiful creature in the softest and most endearing delights; and learned with excessive joy, from her own lips, how deeply her heart was impressed with his tenderness.

Never was Alcouz in such a happy situation before. The caresses of a mistress are quite of a different nature from those of a wife; and Salle continually bestowed on him such lively marks of her love, that he had reason to think he was the most beloved of all men. But though the passion he entertained for this lady was very great, yet, as the conduct of Lira had inspired him with a general distrust of the whole sex, he watched the actions of his mistress so narrowly, that he thought he beheld her not altogether indifferent to a young man of Brava, who passed often through her street, and whom she always seemed to regard with more than ordinary attention. Whatever regret he felt, he discovered nothing of his suspicions to his mistress: but one evening, this youth, more indiscreet than usual, had placed himself opposite to the door of Salle's house; who, as she was at her window, appeared highly delighted with his gestures and manner of expressing his passion. Alcouz could not govern his passion; he descended hastily into the street, and running abruptly to this giddy-headed youth, gave him such a violent blow, that he fell to the ground. The youth, astonished at this

Alcouz, got up directly, drew his sabre, and made furiously at Alcous; but he having more strength and address than his antagonist, with two strokes of his sabre put an end to the combat, and left his rival all bathed in his blood.

The cries which Salle made when she saw the bloody condition of her new lover, alarmed all the neighbourhood. As there was now no safety for Alcous in Brava, he fled directly; and having gained several bye-streets which conducted him to one of the city-gates, he stopped a little, not knowing what course he should take: but being informed that the young man whom he had wounded, and perhaps killed, was a person of consequence, he judged it would be very improper to return to the city. He had about him, besides the greater part of his jewels, a purse full of gold. Travelling with these, all night, and several days after, he arrived, at length, at Barboa*. Here he embarked on the river Quilmanca, which empties itself into the Oriental ocean, and pursued his voyage to the Indies. There he arrived without any accident; and having settled his accounts with the heirs of his correspondent, he made a purchase of pepper, cinnamon, and amber, by which he gained cent. per cent. Afterwards, being re-embarked, he returned, without any accident, to Balsora, from whence he sent, by land, his merchandises to Bagdad; but stayed at Balsora for some time to recover himself from the fatigues of his voyage.

One evening, as he was walking out of the gates of the city, he drew near to a mill; and observing the miller's wife to be very pretty, he became passionately in love with her. He accosted her without ceremony; and then made her a declaration of his love, accompanied with a very handsome ring, which he put on her finger. He found she was not averse to his wishes. "Come here," said she to him, "in the evening: my husband will be absent three or four days; so that we shall pass away the time together very agreeably. In the mean time, I will go and prepare something for supper."

Alcouz returned to his lodgings: he bathed himself and changed his habit, and returned towards sun-set to find the miller's handsome wife; the neatness of her dress was sufficient to inspire him with delight; and she received him with the most passionate caresses. In short, my lord, they had dallied away a part of the night, when, on a sudden, the door of the mill was opened, and they saw a man, habited like a merchant, enter their chamber. The miller's wife, who looked upon Alcouz with surprise, turned pale at this sight: she arose to excuse herself to this new comer; but he answered her with a blow, and followed it with several other insults.

Alcouz, highly provoked with this brutal behaviour, seized the man by the collar. As neither of them were armed, they could only scuffle with their fists: but the miller's wife interposing between them, how great was their surprise, when they, on surveying each other with a little more at-

* Barboa is the capital of the kingdom of Adea, in the country of Ayan. It is situated on the arm of the river Quilmanca.

tention, found that one was Taher, and the other Alcouz. This latter, who was in a rage at seeing the former, and calling his treason to mind in that instant, was just going to throw a joint-stool at his head; which Taher perceiving, prostrated himself at the feet of Alcouz. "My brother," said he to him with great submission, "I confess myself guilty of the blackest perfidy: I have merited death for robbing you of the affections of Lira; but if you were to know what I have suffered since my absence, and with what remorse I have been agitated, you would undoubtedly pardon me a crime I have committed in spite of myself."

This submission of Taher, being attended with a flood of tears, wrought greatly with Alcouz. As he believed he had entirely forsaken Lira, he threw himself on the neck of his friend. "I pardon thee, Taher," said he; "and whatever reason I had to hate thee, it shall never more be said a woman dissolved so amiable and long a friendship as our's. But pr'ythee now tell me what is become of Lira?"—"Ah!" replied Taher, embracing his friend, "I conjure you to inquire no more about a person whose memory is, perhaps, still dear to you."—"No, no," returned Alcouz, "Lira does not in the least trouble me: her infidelity has entirely effaced her from my heart; and, to convince you of the little regard I have for her memory, let us return with this miller's wife to the table; and since she is disposed to divide her favours between us, let us both love her without jealousy, and drink to the good health of her husband." The miller's wife soon poured out some drink; and peace being restored, all three returned to the table; and Alcouz and Taher, with hand and glass, swore an eternal friendship with each other.

After the wine had a little enlivened their spirits, the miller's wife renewed the conversation. "If Alcouz," said she to Taher, "is incurious to know what is become of his wife, or to be informed of what passed between you two, I conjure you tell me without further delay. As for him, I am persuaded he will hear you without pain; and I shall consider this recital as an ample satisfaction for the violence you have committed." Taher, however, hesitated to gratify her request; but when his friend assured him that Lira was become so indifferent to him that his passion for her was not only absolutely extinguished, but that he should see that the history of her infidelity should not so much as make a change in his countenance, he proceeded to inform him in the following terms.

I shall, my dear friend, lightly pass over the passion I felt for Lira. The beginning of it had well nigh been fatal, since it brought me to death's door: I was not master of my destiny; the beautiful Lira triumphed over my resolutions; I would rather have died than betrayed my friend; and her imprudence in trusting you with the key of the coffer, where all my letters were, obliged me to fly with her to avoid your just vengeance.

"Although my mind was often tormented for my perfidious treatment of you, I expected to be very happy with Lira: but, alas! I had never sufficiently studied the character of this woman. How great soever that passion was which she testified for me, I soon perceived a coquettish air to reign through all her actions; and, wherever we went, this foible seemed entirely

to possess her whole behaviour. I spoke to her about it several times, whenever she vouchsafed to hear me on this subject: at last—"Taher," said she to me, smiling, 'it is extremely unkind to become jealous. Canst thou doubt of my tenderness, after I have done so much for thee? Go, my dear, set your heart at ease, for I love you only; and do not tease me with your unjust suspicions.'

"These words were so far from being satisfactory, that they stung me to the quick; and yet I bore them with patience. After we had passed through several cities, we arrived, at length, at Visapour*. I took a resolution to settle there, and hired a house handsomely furnished of a Jew, which stood in a very agreeable quarter; but I did not observe what a dangerous neighbourhood I had; an amorous handsome young Indian lived, it seems, in the next house to mine. I watched both Lira and him some time, without seeing any thing suspicious in their behaviour; but unexpectedly, one evening, entering the hall where Lira used to pass the whole day, I was in the utmost surprise to see a man slip behind the hangings of a wall, and endeavour to pass through an opening that communicated to the next house.

"I ran after the man; and, seizing him by the foot, brought him back into the hall, and soon discovered him to be the young Indian who had given me so much uneasiness. I then seized Lira with my other hand; and, after having reproached her for her infidelity in the sharpest terms rage and fury could dictate, I was preparing to punish the affront the young man had offered me, when Lira threw herself betwixt us: 'Hold, Taher,' said she in a very haughty tone; 'restrain yourself a while, and remember that you deserve at least the same chastisement. Learn to respect the man I love. What right have you to control my actions? Am I your wife? Am I your slave? And ought you to hope, in our situation, that I must be more faithful to you than I have been to my husband? If you think I love you better than another you are under a mistake: my inclinations are not to be forced; and my heart is just now fixed upon this new lover, till I shall think proper to dispose of it in favour of another.'

"The assurance of Lira struck me with such astonishment, that I remained some time motionless: and the young Indian, taking this advantage, escaped through the hole in the wall; and, before I could speak a word, closed the breach with some planks. Recovering my speech at last—"Lira," said I to her very calmly, 'I did not suspect your bosom enclosed a heart so black: but, since you have thought proper to take off the mask, let us break off all further correspondence; let us divide the rest of the money, and separate for ever.'

"Lira received this proposal with joy. I had still near seven thousand sequins left; I gave her one half, and quitted her without regret. I departed from Visapour fully convinced of the infidelity of all women, and with a resolution to despise them. I then embarked at the first sea-port, pursued a voyage to Arabia, and arrived at Brava; where, as soon as I was landed,

* Visapour, a capital city of the kingdom of Decan, between the Indian Ocean, Gussarata, Golcondo, and Bisnagar.

I went to a tailor's shop to be provided with some new clothes: I bargained with him for a complete suit; and, after I had paid him, I was going from thence: but in my way I observed on the other side of the street two women in veils, sitting on a stone bench; one of them appeared to be in a swoon, and the other endeavouring to recover her. I directly offered my service, which was accepted: taking the sick lady under the arm, I conducted her, with the help of her slave, to her own home. We entered a little house, very well furnished, which by its appearance seemed to belong to a private person. We laid the lady on a sofa; and her slave lifting up her veil for the sake of air, how was I ravished, my dear Alcouz, at seeing one of the most beautiful persons in the universe! Dazzled at this charming object, all my resolutions vanished in a moment; I fell deeply in love with this young beauty, and heartily sympathizing with her, offered her every thing in my power. 'Sir,' replied the charming creature, with her eyes bathed in tears, 'I have just lost the man who was going to complete my happiness, by a union with me, if a brute in my presence had not put an end to his life. We were to have been married to-morrow; and my lover, according to custom, was coming to visit me about the time of evening prayer, when a perfidious Mussulman, who waited for him at the corner of a neighbouring street, gave him two blows with his sabre, which laid him dead at his feet. At my cries the villain fled. I descended hastily into the street, and saw, as they were carrying him home bathed in his blood, that the angel of death had seized his soul. Behold, sir, the real cause of my grief.'

"The young lady then renewing her tears, discovered a despair so violent, that I began to apprehend her life was in danger: I never left her; and when she was put to bed, stayed by her, with her slave, all night to comfort her. The next day she appeared more composed; and, having thanked me for the care I had taken, she fixed her eyes steadfastly on me, and burst forth into a fresh torrent of tears. I was surprised at this new affliction; and, upon demanding the cause very respectfully—'Ah! sir,' said she, sobbing as she spoke, 'the more I look upon you the more I feel my sorrows augmented: the features of your face bear such a lively resemblance to those of my lover, that I cannot behold you without being softened for the irreparable loss I have sustained.'

"From this similitude of features," continued Taber, "I took care to insinuate myself so far into her affections, that she began to forget the death of her former lover.

"Whatever prudence the example of Lira had inspired me with, I believed now I should be the happiest of men if I could espouse a lady whose heart appeared so well formed. This resemblance of features which I mentioned, did my business effectually; and, in fine, I was so favourably attended to, that I became the spouse of this beautiful creature, without having sighed for her more than eight days.

"Never did I taste such perfect pleasure as I enjoyed with my new spouse; and to add, if possible, to my happiness, she told me some days after our marriage, that she was with child. This news redoubled the ardours of my passion, and she appeared so superior in wit and beauty to all other women—

that I was for ever bestowing on her fresh marks of tenderness. But, though my wife made very affectionate returns, I found that all my caresses could not entirely dissipate a melancholy which hung on her spirits. As I imputed this to the loss of her former lover, I took no notice of it; but it was not long before I discovered the true cause.

‘Returning home one evening, about three months and a half after we were married, my wife, who had some days before been slightly indisposed on account of her pregnancy, complained of a violent colick: I did not perceive my presence embarrassed her; on the contrary, such was my tenderness, that when she desired me to retire into another chamber, I would not quit her for a moment. But, my dear brother, how was I surprised, when in the midst of her pains I perceived she was delivered of a girl! I became more cold than marble. ‘O heavens!’ I cried, after I had recovered a little from my astonishment, ‘am I then to be betrayed by every woman I love?—Perfidious Salle!’ continued I, addressing myself to her—‘How,’ interrupted Alcouz, ‘was your wife’s name Salle?’—‘Yes, my dear friend,’ returned Taher. ‘And did she not live in the Banker’s street, opposite a lemon-merchant, in a little low house?’—‘Right,’ replied Taher; ‘and this house her lover, she said, had given her ready furnished, who was killed the very evening I arrived at Brava.’

At this, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), Alcouz laughed so heartily, that he fell backwards, and remained so long in that posture, that Taher and the miller’s wife were surprised to the last degree.

“What is there in all this to be laughed at?” replied Taher: “I do not say, indeed, you ought to be afflicted.”—“What, my dear brother,” interrupted Alcouz, laughing more heartily than before, “was this woman who mourned the loss of her lover so tenderly, and whom you afterwards married, and who in three months and a half was so happily delivered in your arms, the very Salle that lived in the Banker’s street? Oh, my dear friend! a history so singular as this deserves to be transmitted to posterity. You are to understand, my poor Taher, that this little girl, which thy wife would have fathered upon thee, was of my begetting. Salle, without being my wife, gratified my warmest wishes, after I had rescued her from a fire which had consumed her own house; and it was I who furnished her with that she occupied at Brava. A new lover having engaged her, I was so transported with jealousy, that with two blows of my sabre I mortally wounded him. This obliged me to provide for my own safety, and leave Salle, who had been pregnant above four months and a half.”

An adventure so singularly rare surprised Taher. He then recalled to his mind that of Lira. “Now we are even with each other,” cried he, laughing with all his might. “Yes, my dear friend,” replied Alcouz, embracing him, “there is no room left for reproach, since our vengeance is become mutual.”—“It is beyond comparison,” said the miller’s wife; “and you see, instead of being offended, this accident alone has amply avenged you of your rival.”—“I assure you,” returned Alcouz, “the characters of these women are so extraordinary, that they have almost destroyed our tenderness for them; and this double trial of them may make us wise for the future. Let

us henceforth fly all such engagements with the sex. Let us put upon a footing with ourselves those sots who securely repose on the deceitful caresses of their wives; and among that number, let us begin to place the husband of this charming creature."

The two friends, after they had embraced this new proposal, swore never to quit each other. Taher then continued his history, and informed them, that such was his vexation at being so cruelly deceived by his wife, that he left her immediately without taking his leave; and, being resolved to forsake Brava, embarked for Balsora, and arrived there near a month since, during which time he had carried on a tender engagement with the miller's wife, without being aware that it would end in being reconciled to Alcouz.

Alcouz and Taher, after making themselves very merry with their adventures, upon all which the miller's wife heartily rallied them, had disposed themselves to pass the rest of the night very agreeably, when the miller, who had finished his affairs sooner than he expected, arrived very abruptly at the mill.

Great was the astonishment of all parties; and the miller, who saw how well the table was spread, little expected to find his wife in such good company: but she informed him that these two gentlemen being overtaken with a shower of rain, had desired shelter in the mill, which she thought would be uncivil to refuse; that the rain continuing ever since, she had given them a collation. He seemed satisfied with this excuse, though he was inconceivably enraged. He had before now suspected the fidelity of his wife; but as the proofs were not very strong, he had dissembled his resentment. Having sent for fresh wine, he sat down at the table with his guests, who made him drink as long as he was able.

It being now too late for Taher and Alcouz to return to Balsora, when they got up from table, the miller conducted them to a chamber, in which was a pretty good bed, where they reposed themselves, waiting for the return of the day. The miller then went to his own bed, and was just going to lie down by the side of his wife, when he observed she was buried in a profound sleep. As a thirst for vengeance entirely occupied his mind, he went down into the stable, took the halter of his mule, and slipping it round his wife's neck, was on the point of strangling her, when, happily for her, she awaked in the very moment he was beginning to execute his cruel design; and, artfully slipping her hand between the halter and her neck, without making the least noise, she affecting to be as stiff as a person deprived of breath, made the miller, who was all this while in the dark, believe she was quite dead; and who, being afraid of being punished, stayed no longer in the mill, but mounting his mule forthwith, fled as fast as possible from Balsora.

The miller's wife no sooner perceived her husband had left the mill, but she rose in a very trembling condition, and locked the doors after him: she lighted her lamp, and went to awake her two guests, who were fallen into a sweet sleep. She acquainted them with the danger she had undergone, and then shewed them her neck, on which were impressed the marks of her husband's cruelty.

Taher and Alcouz were surprised at this resolution of the miller. "If every loose woman was to be punished thus," said Alcouz, whispering to his

friend, "we should never find halters enough. But, my dear friend," continued he, raising his voice, "let us leave the mill directly: the miller will undoubtedly accuse us with the murder of his wife; and, though she can readily confute him, it is best for us not to be involved in such an affair."—

"That is right," replied Taher; "but must we leave behind the miller's beautiful wife?"—"No, no," said she; "I will follow wherever you go, provided you can provide me with the habit of a man."—"That may easily be done," continued Taher; "and as we are pretty near of a size, if you will come to my lodging in Balsora, we shall find a complete suit."

This resolution being taken, the miller's wife stripped the mill of every thing they could conveniently carry away, and set out with her lovers, as soon as it was light, to Taher's lodgings; where the lady being disguised, they passed several days with great pleasure.

Alcouz and Taher shared together, without jealousy, their good fortune; but Alcouz, who had sent his merchandise to Bagdad, fearing a further delay would retard the sale, and diminish the price of his wares, proposed to Taher to take their route to that city. The miller's wife followed them thither; and, as they travelled but slowly, they were near ten days before they arrived at the end of their journey; which happened to be in the evening, just as the gates of the city were going to be locked. This obliged them to take up their lodgings in the suburbs: but as they were going to the first caravansera that offered, they were overtaken with a violent shower of rain; and, leaving their horses to the care of a slave they had bought at Balsora, they ran to seek a retreat, and leaned back against a little door, over which there was a kind of a pent-house. The rain being no more than a sudden shower, was soon over; but as our three adventurers, who waited till it was fair, that they might go and seek a lodging, were thus supporting themselves against the door, which probably was not well hung, the weight of their bodies forced it off the hinges, and all three tumbled backwards on the ground.

The noise, occasioned by the falling in of the door, with our three travellers, together with their loud laughing at this accident, alarmed in a lower apartment three persons who lay on one bed, and who demanded, in very high terms, why they disturbed their repose. The two friends and the miller's wife, approached the bed to see who spoke to them. They perceived by the light of the moon, which now shone full upon the bed, a porter lying between two handsome women; and who, as well as the porter, immediately hid their faces, under the covering.

Alcouz and Taher renewed their laughter at an adventure so uncommon as this. Their curiosity being excited, they forced off the covering; but how unutterable was their astonishment, when these two women were known to be Salle and Lira. "Perfidious, infamous wretches!" cried the two friends at once, "do you carry your debaucheries to such a length as to take up with a rascally porter?" Then drawing their sabres, they were going to sacrifice their wives and the porter to their just revenge, when the miller's wife, hastily rushing between them, cried out—"Ah, gentlemen! suspend your rage a little, and look well at the features of that man," whom a

double amazement had thrown into a swoon. "I will then give you no further interruption, if you think well of following the first emotions of your blind resentment!"

Alcouz and Taher had so much complacency for their mistress, as to govern their rage till they had examined the porter; and having discovered who he was, in spite of the paleness of his face, they were now both ready to die with laughter. They threw down their sabres, and redoubled their laughter to such a degree, that their wives were convinced their lives were out of present danger; and taking advantage of this sudden change of humour in their husbands, of which they knew not the cause, they throw themselves from off the bottom of the bed, and prostrating themselves at their feet, implored, in a trembling manner, a pardon for all their crimes. But the porter had no sooner opened his eyes, and turned them towards his disguised wife, but he closed them again; believing without all doubt that the devil was come to carry him away. "Sir," said she, "and laughing with all her might at the porter's imagination, "I no longer hinder you from following your first resolutions: I leave you to consider whether in justice you ought not to be revenged of this man."—"No, no," replied Alcouz; "talk no more of vengeance: on the contrary, this is a pleasant adventure. Behold we are all three upon a level; and since the miller," for it was no other than himself, "has lain between our wives, we have no more grounds of complaint against him than he can have against us. It is but just to admit him into our friendship; and we will share our fortune together, as we have done our wives. The presence of Lira, unfaithful as she has been, has revived the remainder of a love not wholly extinguished in the heart of her husband.—"I go," said he to Taher and to the miller, who by this time was come to himself; "I go to set the first example of perfect reconciliation." Then raising his wife, whose confusion had made her speechless, he embraced her tenderly. "Lira," said he, "I forget all that is past, and will not even be informed of your conduct since your infidelity, lest it should renew that wound of which I would not have the least mark remain. I desire my two companions to do the same; and I do not doubt but they, from my example, will sincerely pardon their wives."

Taher and the miller, without opposing Alcouz, tenderly embraced their wives and were perfectly reconciled to them. After several mutual and lively caresses, these three extraordinary couples could not look upon themselves without recalling every thing that had passed between them: a thousand circumstances of their adventures, each more pleasant than the other, which passed through their minds, afforded them excessive matter of mirth.

The Caliph Haroun Arreschid (pursued Ben-Eridonn), whom I had the honour to mention to your majesty, frequently used to walk out in the night, disguised, with his first vizir Giaffer, and Mesrour the chief of the eunuchs. He passed by just at the time that this singular adventure was transacted; and the loud laughing exciting his curiosity, he entered the house, without ceremony, which was wide open, and civilly saluted the four men; for the miller's wife, by her dress, always appeared to be one. "Gentlemen," said he, "as your mirth seems to be grounded on something extra-

ordinary, pardon my rudeness, if, in entering without your permission, I desire to share a part of your pleasure. I love dearly to laugh; and you cannot oblige me more than by acquainting me with the subject of your mirth."

Alcouz and Taher turned their eyes directly to their wives; and perceiving both blushed, and that the request was not agreeable to them, they desired the caliph, in handsome terms, to excuse them the recital of an adventure it was their interest to conceal.

The caliph, my lord, pressed them no further: but, as this place was very incommodious to pass the night in, he offered them one more agreeable, which stood at a little distance. They accepted his kind invitation; and following him to the walls of the city, he led them through a subterraneous passage into the city, and conducted them to a little house, very decently furnished. A handsome collation instantly was served up, with some excellent Greek wine, of which he made them drink heartily; and when the caliph perceived it began to operate, he desired them again to acquaint him with the cause of their extraordinary laughter.

Alcouz and Taher would fain have concealed their adventures from this generous man; but, as the miller threatened to publish his, in spite of their opposition, Alcouz informed the caliph of every thing I had the honour to relate of these six married persons. Haroun Arreschid, who never heard a history so singularly interesting as this, thanked his guests for their complaisance; and in order to further his pleasures at their expense, he caused them to replenish their glasses; into each of which he commanded Giaffer to infuse a certain kind of powder, which had the virtue to lay them asleep for twelve hours, not sparing even the vizir, himself, nor Mesrour; and having ingeniously given each his dose, they presently fell asleep. The caliph then called up two mutes, and ordered them to lay these eight persons on a chariot which had been brought there by his orders, and then conducted them two leagues from Bagdad, to a very fine house on the banks of the Tigris, which belonged to the surveyor-general of his buildings. Here he caused the three men and their wives to be stripped naked in his presence; and having put them on fresh linen and fine drawers*, he commanded them to be put two and two into three beds, which were fitted up under one alcove. After this, he painted the grand vizir all black with his own hands; and causing him to be clothed like a slave, and Mesrour like a woman, he placed them on a Persian carpet, near the men and their wives. The caliph hid himself behind a curtain, and waited impatiently for the time when they should all awake. These eight persons recovering from their stupefaction partly in the same time, but especially Alcouz, Taher, the miller, and their three wives; they were amazed to find themselves in bed, in a place to which they were utter strangers; and to see likewise the rich embroidered robes which seemed to be designed for their use.

They considered all this as a dream, with silence and astonishment; when the vizir, seeing the chief of the eunuchs in a woman's dress, burst out a

* The eastern nations in general, both men and women, sleep in their drawers.

laughing: "Good morrow, my pretty brunetta," cried he; "how have you slept to-night?"

The eunuch, having attended to his garb, was for some moments perfectly confounded; but as soon as he had taken a strict survey of the vizir, he laughed as loud to see how black he was painted. "Good morrow, handsome black," replied he merrily: "one may see by the freshness of your countenance that you have had a sound sleep."

This answer surprised the vizir; who, examining his hands, and his slave's dress, mused some time upon this pleasant adventure; and not being able to recollect any thing of the room he was in, was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of his own and the eunuch's disguise; but remembering the three men and their wives to be present, he immediately determined how to act. "This is doubtless," says he to himself, "some new frolic which the Commander of the Faithful has contrived to please his fancy: we will humour the jest, and endeavour to make him merry in the scene I am to act." Then embracing Mesrour in a jocular manner—"My lovely companion, and light of my eyes," said he, "let us follow the example of these happy married folk. I promise to restore you my affection, if you will be more faithful hereafter; but if ever I surprise you with the handsome Zemtoud, who was with you yesterday, I swear I will either stab or poison you in revenge of your perfidy."

The chief of the eunuchs, amazed at this behaviour of the vizir, and looking steadily at him—"Are you mad, Giaffer?" said he. "Have you forgot who you are?"—"No, my dear Zulica," replied Giaffer; "I perfectly remember that I am Chapour, your faithful spouse: why, do you pretend not to know me? Have you forgot, since yesterday, the goodness of our master, Saed, who reconciled us together? And did not you promise him never to see your spark Zemtoud again? And do not you remember to have heard the history of these gentle husbands, whom he engaged to come and live with him, and from whose example I am induced sincerely to pardon your past behaviour, on condition that you are more faithful for the time to come?"

The more seriously the vizir talked, the more Mesrour believed him to be out of his wits; and yet neither could account for this strange metamorphose. "What senseless discourse is this, my dear friend?" replied the eunuch. "Compose yourself; and remember that I am Mesrour, the chief of the eunuchs to the sovereign Commander of the Faithful, to whom you are the grand vizir. Cease, then, this pleasantry; and suppress—" "You mistake," interrupted Giaffer; "you are mad to think so ridiculously. I wish you was come to yourself; but the wine you drank yesterday has confounded your ideas. Remember that we are no more than the poor slaves of Saed; who is certainly the best master in all Bagdad."

Giaffer, in pronouncing these last words, was going to embrace Mesrour a second time; but this last, rudely repulsing him, cried out—"You are mad yourself! and I appeal to these good people, whether we had not yesterday the honour to accompany the caliph in his nocturnal ramble? Did not we go with him into a house in the suburbs of this city, being led by

the extraordinary laughter of this company? Did not we engage them to pass the night in a house close to the palace, where we had an excellent collation, and where they entertained us with their adventures, which were very extraordinary? Did not we infuse into their wine a powder which laid them instantly asleep? What! am I now dreaming? And are not you distracted; or your mind, at least, disturbed with the fumes of the wine of which you yesterday drank too plentifully?"

Alcouz, Taher, the miller, and their wives, my lord, who listened with a profound silence, were in the utmost astonishment to hear this dispute between the vizir and the eunuch. They were not unacquainted with the frequent and comical adventures of the caliph; but Giaffer and Mesrour were so perfectly disguised, that they imagined them to be the two slaves who had attended him whom Mesrour said was the caliph.

In the mean time, Haroun Arraschid, who was concealed behind the curtain, beheld with infinite pleasure all that passed between these eight persons. He could scarce forbear laughing to see the chief of the eunuchs torment himself on account of the obstinacy with which Giaffer insisted that he was his wife. "I am not," said the eunuch again, "your dear Zulica, neither is Zemtoud my spark; nor do I believe there are in all Bagdad any such persons. You are certainly drunk still: if you are not, I cannot tell what pleasure you can take in wearying my patience. And though I cannot devise how we came by these clothes, yet I am sure my name is Mesrour, and that I am the chief eunuch to the Commander of the Faithful; and, in spite of that sooty complexion, the features of your face declare you to be no other than Giaffer the grand-vizir. It is true, I am not able to comprehend how we and these three couple were transported to this strange place; yet, in spite of these delusions, which can never alter our state, I shall always be Mesrour, and you will never cease to be Giaffer."

Though Alcouz, Taher, and the rest, bore no part in this conversation, yet they were thoroughly provoked at the obstinacy of the eunuch, who could not be brought to acknowledge Giaffer for his husband. This last, who played his part to perfection, at length pretended to fall into a furious passion with Mesrour. He had already cuffed him with his fists, which the other bore very gravely; when the caliph, who was clothed like a merchant, and had hitherto restrained his laughter, entered the chamber where this merry scene was exhibited. "Zulica," said he to the chief eunuch, very gravely, "why does your husband still retain these marks of resentment? Did not you both promise me yesterday to live in perfect union? Are all your promises come to this? Some fresh subject of jealousy, occasioned I suppose by the handsome Zemtoud, has authorized Chapour to treat you in this sharp manner."

The sudden appearance of the caliph, the discourse he held with Mesrour, and the name Zulica, which he had given him, so disconcerted this eunuch, that he was at first struck dumb; but recovering from his surprise, he quickly perceived the caliph had diverted himself at his expense, and that Giaffer had acted the wisest part. He then burst out a laughing: "My lord," said he to the Commander of the Faithful, prostrating himself at his

feet, "I am clearly convinced Giaffer has a hundred times more wit than I have; but I esteem myself happy, if, through my foolishness, your majesty has for a few moments been agreeably entertained."—"I should have been very sorry, my dear Mesrour," replied the caliph, "if you had discovered the presence of mind Giaffer has done; that would have deprived me of an infinite pleasure. But now, as we have taken off the mask, I should be glad to know how Alcouz, Taher, the miller, and their wives, relished your dispute."—"Sovereign Commander of the Faithful," replied Alcouz (for decency would not permit him to prostrate himself with the rest before the caliph, as he was in bed), "the magnificence of your apartment, and the splendour of the robes lying on these sofas, induced us to regard the dispute between Giaffer and Mesrour only as a dream arising from the intoxicating fumes of the wine; nay, I am not yet sure, while I have the honour of speaking to your majesty, whether we are awake, so wonderful and supernatural does the whole transaction appear."

The caliph laughed at this thought of Alcouz. "No, no," said he, "you are all wide awake. But rise; and let each of you put on those robes, which I designed you as a reward for reciting your pleasant adventures; and when you are disposed to depart, you will find a chariot ready to carry you home."

Haroun Arreschid, my lord, then retired with Giaffer and Mesrour into another chamber; where the vizir cleaned himself, and all three changed their habits. In the meanwhile, the six married people dressed themselves with those magnificent robes the caliph had appointed them; and after having demanded and easily obtained leave, they thanked the caliph for his generosity, and were conveyed to their habitations. But I am ignorant, my lord, whether Lira, Salle, and the miller's wife, were afterwards as faithful to their husbands as they had promised.

A history so singular as this which Ben-Eridoun had rehearsed to Schems-Eddin, wonderfully delighted him; and, though afflicted as this unhappy prince was, he could not forbear laughing several times at the comical adventures it contained. "My dear vizir," said he to the son of Abubeker, "if the loss I have sustained in my dear Zebd-El-caton could be erased from my mind, you doubtless would be able to banish it from my memory: but, as I well know this cannot be effected by human art, I submit myself to the supreme disposal of the Almighty. The only request I daily make is, that you at least may survive to entertain me till the great prophet shall be pleased to present me before the throne of his Divine Majesty."—"Ah, my lord!" replied Ben-Eridoun, tenderly embracing his feet, "why is this goodness extended to such a slave as I am? And why am I not permitted to lay down my life, that I may render my sovereign perfectly happy? Yes, I swear, by the six drops of sweat of Mahomet*, which produced the rose

* Mahomet making a journey to the throne of God in Paradise, God turned and looked at him. Mahomet was so greatly ashamed, that he sweat; and

and rice, that I am ready to sacrifice my heart for your majesty. But, my lord, we should not despair; for, if one ought to give any credit to a dream, that which I had last night would incline me to think your misfortunes may be relieved."—"And what hast thou dreamed last night?" returned the king very eagerly. "I dreamed, my lord," replied he, "that I was in a deep sleep, when a great wind opened my chamber-window, at the noise of which I was suddenly awaked; and, to my astonishment, beheld at my bolster the Alborak * of our great prophet, who bestowed on me a thousand caresses. Inspired, without doubt, in that moment, I arose and purified myself; and having offered my devotions, I mounted this divine animal, which transported me through the air with incredible swiftness, till at length I arrived at Serendib; where the first person I saw was my father. I hastily got off the beast, whom I bound to a tree. Abubeker took me by the arm, and conducted me to a mosque, whose door spontaneously closed upon us. 'Adore,' said he, 'the messenger of God!' and prostrated himself. 'I immediately threw myself with my face to the earth—' God is God!' I cried, 'and Mahomet is his great prophet!' Scarcely, my lord, had I finished a prayer so common with us, before Mahomet broke from a shining cloud: he led a lady in his hand, who appeared to me far superior in beauty to all the women I had ever seen. 'Happy Schems-Eddin,' said he, 'for thy destiny is worthy of envy, thou shalt recover a wife whose merits are equal to one of my Houries. Were I to return to the earth, my utmost desire would be bounded in possessing a beauty like hers.' Then putting her into the hands of Abubeker, darkness instantly concealed the prophet from my eyes; and finding myself insensibly remounted on the Alborak, I flew with the same velocity as before, and re-entered my chamber. I went to bed again, and slept till morning, when the hour of prayer awaked me: but I was so fatigued, that, if I had really undergone the journey to Serendib in so little time, I believe I should not have been more weary. This, my lord, was my dream; and I wish it may portend a happy issue to your misfortunes."—"Ah, my dear Ben-Eridoun!" replied the king, in a sorrowful tone, "should even the return of thy father restore me to my sight, I must yet be miserable, since my dear Zebd-El-caton is irrecoverably lost. But as I promised Abubeker, in the moment of our separation, to subscribe without reluctance to the decrees of my destiny, I will banish from my breast an idea so frightfully afflicting as this. Though I cannot but observe, if Mahomet had pleased, he might long ago have ended my distress by depriving me of a miserable life: but then my sorrows would not have been so agreeably beguiled with thy entertaining histories. Pursue, my dear friend, pursue thy career, and remove the melancholy remembrance that overwhelms me with some fresh narration."—"Yes, my lord," replied Ben-

having wiped the sweat from his finger, six drops fell out of Paradise, from which immediately sprung up the rose and rice.

* The Alborak is an animal less than a mule; and bigger than an ass; it partakes of the nature of both those animals, and which the Mahometans believe was sent by God to carry their great prophet into heaven.

Eridoun, who had much ado to restrain shedding of tears for the misfortunes of his sovereign: "is your majesty then disposed to hear the adventures of Faruk the Corsair?"—"Very willingly," returned the monarch; "I am interested in the destiny of that unfortunate prince: and, if I rightly remember, he assumed that title himself."—"It is true, my lord," replied the young vizir; "and you will perceive his life to be a complication of evils: and I shall not only rehearse his history from the time he was separated from the princess Gulguli-Chemame, but also every thing recorded of him by an ancient Arabian author, who wrote a history of those princes that reigned in the isles of Divandour*.

THE HISTORY OF FARUK.

ON Mount Caucasus there formerly stood a little city called Gur†, from the multitude of wild asses which inhabited a neighbouring forest. The king of this country had four sons, by as many different sultanas, all born in one day. The first was called Suffrak, the second Kobad, the third Bzarmehar, and the fourth Faruk.

As this monarch treated his four sons with equal indulgence, it was impossible for them to judge who should be his successor; but if any one deserved to fill the throne preferably to the rest, it was undoubtedly Faruk; in him were united all the eminent qualities necessary to form the character of a great prince. He had scarce attained to his twelfth year, when, by rivalling his brothers in every manly and military exercise, he attracted the daily applauses of the people of Gur; and your majesty may well suppose these encomiums penetrated, like poisoned arrows, into the hearts of Faruk's three brothers.

Faruk frequently talked with his brothers of the difficulty that would arise about the kingdom. "As there can but one of us ascend the throne," said Faruk, "what will become of the other three? I perceive, if either of them cherish the least spark of ambition, his situation will be pitiable indeed."—"Let us, then," replied Suffrak, "prevent the disappointment in good time. There is the illustrious Zeyfadin; by his sage counsels it seems as if the sun and stars were taught to regulate their course: his admirable skill in astrology is so extensive, that his mouth is the treasure of the sublime sciences. Let us go and consult him in our duty, but under such a disguise as his art can only detect; and, since we firmly believe his predictions to be ratified by Heaven, we will each of us take a solemn oath to abide by his decision: then, without murmuring, let those who are excluded the throne depart hence, and by their valour procure other kingdoms."

This resolution being unanimously received, the four brothers disguised themselves, and set out on their journey, without any retinue, and in a few

* These islands are five in number, and each of them six or seven leagues round: they are situated twenty-four leagues from the coast of Malabar. The corsairs frequently resort to these isles in order to refresh.

† Gur signifies a Wild Ass in the Persian tongue.

days arrived on the summit of Mount Caucasus, where Zeyfidin made his abode.

This admirable person was at his devotions when they knocked at his door. As he did not interrupt himself to let them in, they knocked again. "Princes," cried he, without stirring, "wait a little; he whose hand turns the celestial spheres, ought to be preferred to all mortals: I will attend you in an instant."

The princes of Gur were struck with admiration to hear that Zeyfidin, before he had seen their faces, was apprised of their dignity. They waited very respectfully till he had finished his devotions, and then the door was opened: but how was their astonishment increased, when he called each of them by his name, and recounted the subject of their journey! "It is easy, my lords," said he, "to gratify your curiosity, but it is almost always dangerous to pry too narrowly into future events, and you will not be contented with my answer: for, as much as I foresee, he that is to succeed the king his father shall not only risk his life in returning home to Gur, but his own brothers will one day become his most inveterate enemies." This reply, one would have thought, was sufficient to terrify the young princes; and, indeed, Faruk advised them not to carry their curiosity further: but his brothers, who contemned his wise counsels, pressed the astrologer to gratify them about what they so passionately wished.

"Since you are not to be deterred from your designs," said the sublime Zeyfidin, "descend the mountain by that narrow path; and, towards the close of the day you will find a woman, who shall inform you which of you four is destined to wear the diadem of Gur."

The princes obeyed; and, following the astrologer's directions, arrived in the evening at a little plain surrounded with mountains, from the midst of which arose a thick smoke out of a pit not much broader than the mouth of a well. The good woman was sitting on a great stone on one side of the pit. "This is she," said the brothers, "from whom we are to learn our destiny." They approached the old woman; and having acquainted her with the occasion of their visit, she ordered them to take off their sandals, and throw them, one after another, into that pit. Suffrak had no sooner obeyed, than their ears were assaulted with a dreadful noise; and his sandals being thrown up with impetuosity, they fell at their feet all blackened with smoke, and half burnt. Kobad and Bzarncher were repulsed in like manner: but Faruk's treatment was quite different; the noise ceased, the smoke vanished for a little, and his sandals were cast up without being in the least injured. "It is you, then, my lord," said the old woman, "who are destined to be one day king of Gur; since here are the certain marks by which Zeyfidin, who foretold your arrival, assured me I should know you. Take your sandals, my lord, and continue your way."

If the heart of Faruk was secretly elated with this prediction, his brothers were no less swelled with rage and jealousy. However, they discovered nothing of their minds; but, resolving to deprive Faruk of his throne, they secretly contrived to make away with him.

As they were obliged to return home by the same road they arrived, their

way necessarily led them through two mountains. This place was dangerous to stay all night in, on account of its being infested with monstrous serpents, who then came out to take fresh air. Here it was the three envious brothers contrived to destroy Faruk, who was ignorant of this dangerous circumstance. They proposed to him to pass the night in this place. Faruk agreed; and, after a slight repast, they laid down on the grass: but as soon as Faruk was fallen into a profound sleep, his three perfidious brothers suddenly started up, and left him in this dangerous place.

The serpents, according to custom, assembled in the middle of the night. Their frightful hissings might be heard more than half a league; and, approaching the place where Faruk lay, they surrounded him, and were just on the point of throwing themselves on him, when, by the greatest good fortune, a Genius who traversed the air took pity on this unfortunate prince. Some words he pronounced fixed the serpents to the earth, and rendered them so stiff, that they seemed as if they were all petrified.

At length Faruk awoke; but how great was his fright to see himself, as it were, surrounded with death! He imagined his brothers were destroyed by the serpents; but observing they were all immoveable, had the boldness to venture through them; and, without their being able to offer him the least injury, continued the road to Gur. He wept bitterly for the supposed death of his brothers; but he was informed, about six hours after his arrival, that they were safely returned. They were astonished to see him; and pretended they were so dreadfully affrighted with the hissings of the serpents, that each fled for his life, without being able to reflect on the almost certain death to which he was exposed. Faruk, rather than suspect his brothers guilty of so black a treason, admitted their excuse: he discovered not the least discontent, but lived with them as usual, without even pressing them to observe the oath they had taken to depart from Gur as soon as the astrologer should decide in favour of one of them.

It was not more than eight months after the princes had consulted Zeyfadin, when the king their father, being a hunting, fell backwards from his horse, and was unfortunately killed on the spot. As he had nominated no successor, the three brothers refused to abide by their former agreement; but, endeavouring to exclude Faruk, each had gained over a party to elect himself in his place. This last proceeding discovered to Faruk all the ill faith of his brothers; he directly convened an assembly of the states of Gur, and acquainted them with their journey to the astrologer; and whether they thought or loved him better than his brothers, they did not hesitate about declaring for him.

There were in Gur at this time four parties, who were ready to tear one another to pieces with a civil war; when, behold! all the people, as if inspired, laid down their arms, and unanimously proposed to the princes to abide by the decision of the first person who should enter the city the day following; and at the same time declared, that, if they refused to accept this condition, all four should be excluded the throne. The three brothers consented with great reluctance; but Faruk shewed not the least opposition.

The grandees, having confined them in separate apartments, posted sentinels to prevent their designs from being eluded; and then locked the gates of the city, which were also very strictly guarded.

All the people passed the night on the walls, impatiently waiting the appearance of one who was to give peace to Gur. The day broke without discovering any body; when at last there was seen coming, at a great distance, an old calender, almost naked*. The air rent with the joyful shouts of the people; they directly opened the gate on that side the calender was seen; they ran to meet him, and bore him in triumph to the palace where the corpse of the deceased king was deposited.

The calender was greatly surprised, and knew not what to make of these proceedings; but he was soon informed that he was appointed to give them a king, and that he was to choose one from among these four princes, who were to acquiesce in his judgment. As the calender was a man of age and experience, he was not ignorant that, in nominating one of these princes, he should create to himself enemies of the rest; and therefore, to avoid determining himself, he proposed the expedient I am about to relate to your majesty. He caused the corpse of the deceased king to be bound to a tree; and having measured from it a considerable distance, he declared which ever of the four brothers had skill to discharge an arrow into the heart of his father, should be his successor.

That there might be no grounds of complaint among them, the princes drew lots who should begin; and Kobad being the first, he discharged his arrow, and pierced the throat of his father. Bzarmeher, a little more ingenious, struck him in the breast without touching his heart; and Suffrak wounded him in the lower part of his belly.

There was now only Faruk left to try his skill; and the people, knowing his ability, were in no doubt of his gaining the prize; when this prince broke his bow and arrow to pieces.

"What barbarity is this!" cried Faruk. "My lords," said he, addressing himself to the grandees of the realm, "I renounce the throne, if it must be acquired by an action so unworthy and so inhuman. Let my brothers reign, if they please; I shall behold their good fortune without envy. As for me, I will never pollute my hand with an action so impious as that which they have been induced to commit."

The principal lords, and all the people, were to the last degree astonished; and were so touched with this greatness of soul in Faruk, that they pressed the calender, with one voice, to determine in his favour. "That was my good intention," replied this wise old man; I proposed this expedient with no other view than to leave yourselves to discern perfectly which of these

* These calenders, who abound in all the east, are persons who seem to have renounced everything; they quit their parents, wives, and children, and all their relations, to run through the world, and subsist on alms: but they are observed to be not very exact in their religious conduct; on the contrary, there are often seen among them persons who live in all kinds of debauchery.

princes is worthy to fill the throne. Humanity and piety ought to be the prime virtues of a monarch; and as Faruk has given you natural proofs of them, I believe the great prophet would be offended if I did not agree with you that he alone is worthy to reign."

This decision of the calender was immediately attended with a thousand joyful acclamations; and the three princes retired from the city overwhelmed with shame and confusion. They conceived a violent despair, not only from their being excluded the throne by the voice of the people, but also to see that their ambitious thirst after power had betrayed them into the commission of an impiety which themselves regarded with horror; and, resolving to work their brother's destruction, they departed from Gur with a full purpose to put their design in execution.

Meanwhile, the oath of fidelity was taken to the new king. He celebrated the obsequies of his father with great magnificence, and would fain have retained the calender near his person. But this good old man desired to be excused. "It will be thought, my lord," said he, "that your goodness is only the effect of a bare complaisance which I had to decide in your favour: but I would have it known that I followed the dictates of conscience without the least view of my own interest. May Heaven grant you a happy reign; and when you approach the period of your life, may the angels who are to register all your words, present those only which are most agreeable to the Divine Being!" Saying this, he departed from Gur, without receiving the least mark of generosity from this prince.

Three months had now passed, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), during which Faruk possessed his throne in peace, and his subjects were rendered happy under his mild and gentle administration; when his brothers surprised the city one dark night at the head of six thousand men, of which the greatest part were Arabian robbers. These villains taking advantage from the general fright which prevailed, massacred all that opposed their fury: but while they were busied in plundering the inhabitants, Faruk, having rallied all the officers and soldiers he could collect, fell like a lion upon his enemies. He performed every thing that could be expected from the bravest of men; but perceiving his attendants were almost all slain, and that it would be rashness to expose his person to further hazard, he changed his clothes with an Arabian whom he had killed with his own hand; and having disguised his face, he retired alone from Gur, and sought his safety by night.

The horrors of the day succeeding those of the night, nothing was to be seen in all parts of the city but torrents of blood; and the Arabians not only found among the slain him whom they mistook for Faruk by the richness of his dress, but also Suffrak, Kobad, and Bzarmeher, who all perished by an effect, no doubt, of the Divine Justice. The Arabians, I say, having finished the plunder, and massacred all the inhabitants, without sparing either age or sex, set fire to the four corners of the city, and to the middle of it, which in three days time reduced it to ashes.

The unfortunate Faruk, not only deprived of his throne, but also reduced to extreme misery, could not depart from Gur without shedding a flood of

THESE THINGS ARE TRUE



Picture of our when shown from his Theme partaking of a
 report with two Calendarers in a bye road.

THESE THINGS ARE TRUE

tears. The flames, which now appeared at a great distance, took from him all hopes of ever reascending the throne of his ancestors. He hastened, therefore, as fast as he was able, from this frightful place, but with a resolution to conceal his misfortunes from all the world.

The prince had travelled three days through several bye-roads, when he encountered two calenders sitting by a fountain at a slight repast. He approached them; and, as they conjectured from his looks he wanted something to eat, they invited him to sit down with them. Faruk, who was almost famished with hunger, and needed no entreaties, devoured, in a short time, all the provisions they had.

As soon as the prince had appeased the rage of hunger, he crossed his hands on his stomach; and fixing his eyes to the earth, became so deeply absorbed in his sorrowful reflections, that he continued near an hour in that melancholy posture.

The calenders who beheld him with astonishment, were touched with a lively sense of his affliction: and the eldest having broken silence—"My brother," said he to the prince, "we are so deeply concerned for the profound anguish which your mind seems to labour under, that, though we have known you but a few moments, yet both this young calender and myself will omit nothing in our power to assuage your grief, and dispel that gloom which overcasts your mind. Speak, sir, and do not relinquish the assistance we offer: weak as it is, it may do you more service than you are aware of at present."

The prince of Gur, who had hitherto kept silence, was roused from his meditation by the obliging offers of this good old man. "Generous calender," said he, "excuse my rudeness; the cruel situation I am in is ready to overwhelm me; seek not to be acquainted with my distress, I conjure you. If I have appeared insensible of your kindness, I heartily thank you for your generous sentiments; and all the favour I require is to be received into your company, and to be permitted to conform to your rules, and wear the habit of your order."—"How, sir!" returned the old man, a little astonished, "are you really desirous to become a calender?"—"Yes," replied Faruk, with a sigh; "I was determined from the moment I came here, since at present I know of no better course. Here is a ring; it is all I have left out of a considerable fortune I once possessed: I will sell it the first opportunity; and, while the money lasts, we will live as brothers."—"You know us badly," replied the youngest of the two calenders: "the sale of your ring is useless; it should be kept to the last extremity. We are of a profession that suffers us to want nothing, provided we do not want assurance; therefore keep that precious toy till another season; and in the mean time never be perplexed how to live."—"This young calender," replied the old man, "has spoke right: our first institution teaches us to forsake a little, that we may gain much. This doctrine may perhaps be difficult to comprehend. Here it is explained; we possess nothing in this life but the bare enjoyment thereof, because death obliges us to quit all the riches upon earth; thus, then, do we suffer our minds to be distracted, and cruelly harassed, to preserve those riches which opposes such enemies to us? Let us only practise

those maxims in philosophy which are peculiar to our profession. We commonly begin with spending all we possess; at least, this is the practice of the wisest among us: and, when we once get this habit on our back, we look upon the patrimony of others as an inexhaustible resource on every occasion. In short, who of any spirit will refuse to entertain a calender, let him be in what part of the earth soever? Who is there, from the king to the meanest artisan, that does not think it an honour to admit us to their tables, and help us to the most delicious morsels? It is true, we are obliged to wear a mask, and appear different to what we really are; it is that which lays jealous husbands asleep, and renders us agreeable to the generality of their wives, who are scarcely visible to any but ourselves, through the blind confidence they place in our habit. In fine, my dear brother, there is not a life more delicious, or more sensual, than that of an able calender; and when once you possess the true relish thereof, you will never desire to change."

Faruk listened very attentively to the old man's discourse, notwithstanding his grief, and observed that it abounded with good sense. "Your way of life appears," said he, "so agreeable, that, from this picture alone which you have drawn of it, I long to become a calender, and take the habit."—"Four snips of a pair of scissors will initiate you into our society," answered the youngest calender; "and you have nothing to do but strip off your habit for a moment." Faruk obeyed in that moment; and taking his garment, he cut it to pieces; and sewing it neatly together again, was forthwith recognised by the other two calendarers.

They had now sat long enough by the fountain; and all three starting up, steered their course to the first city which presented to their view. The prince, who could not so soon forget his misfortune, sighed now and then; which the old calender observing, reproached him with it as unworthy the profession he had embraced. "Come, my dear brother," said he, "remember that, in putting off your garment, you have divested yourself of all human weakness; drive therefore from your mind those gloomy reflections which continue to disturb you. Any person besides us, of less experience, would desire to be acquainted with the history of your adventures, and would probably say that the recital of them would assuage your grief; but nothing is more false than such reasoning; for it would renew the remembrances of those misfortunes which you ought to forget. We shall not press you upon this head, till we may judge by your behaviour that you are become altogether insensible of your past misfortunes. No more grief, my dear brother; let us banish it from our company, it is a mortal poison to the human mind. Let us, for the future, breathe nothing but joy! And, to inspire you with it, I will acquaint you with the history of my life, from which you will learn my reason for wearing this habit: listen to me, and the journey we have to go will appear the shorter."

THE ADVENTURES OF THE OLD CALENDER.

I WAS born at Backu*. My father was a rice-merchant, who lived near a convent of dervises. He lived an irregular life, and was scarce ever to be found in his shop; and as besides he had but little business, he was soon reduced to extreme poverty. A dervis who used frequently to come to our house conceived a friendship for me, and taking compassion on me, took me into his convent when I was about five years old; so that I was no further expense to my father; who, having passed through a wearisome life, died when I was twelve years old.

I went to see my disconsolate mother, and wept tenderly for the loss of my father; when my mother spoke to me in this manner: "Do not afflict yourself for my husband; forbear shedding tears for one who deserves them so little; weep no more as for a father, for one who had no share in your birth!" This discourse surprised me; and looking steadfastly at my mother—"You are astonished," said she. "I have reason to be so," replied I; "for if the deceased was not my father, which he was always taken for, who am I indebted to for my being?"—"To the old dervis who has brought you up," answered my mother; you are his son and mine: without his assistance we should have lived this long time past in the most shocking indigence; for my husband's idleness and excesses had reduced me to beggary even a long time before you came into the world. This dervis has been our entire support, by supplying us abundantly with the necessaries of life. On my side I was not ungrateful: the dervises do nothing for nothing; and I do not repent the return I have made this one."

My mother was still in tears, when the dervis entered: she told him that she had just informed me of his being my father; and this man embracing me in the most tender manner—"Child," said he, "behave yourself well, and honour your mother; you shall want for nothing." I made a suitable return to these expressions of parental affection from my new father; and, growing tired of the life I had hitherto led among the dervises, I begged of him to leave me with my mother. He granted my request, and gave us money to buy rice; and as my mother lived in a very frugal manner, and almost entirely at the convent's expense, she saved in seven or eight years about four thousand sequins.

I often heard my mother speak of a very handsome girl in our neighbourhood; and I became so enamoured with her from the bare report of her beauty, without ever seeing her, that I sought out every opportunity of making myself known to her. At last one offered: the girl's father came to our house to buy a quantity of rice-meal, and agreed with my mother for a large sack of it, that contained about twelve bushels. My want of expe-

* Backu is the capital city of the province of Schirvan in Persia, which gives its name to the Backu Sea. This city lies on the Caspian Sea. There is near it a very remarkable fountain which continually pours forth a black liquor, which is used throughout all Persia instead of oil.

rience made me look upon this as a favourable opportunity of seeing my mistress ; and listening only to my foolish passion, with the assistance of a young man of my own age, I put myself into the sack, which was then filled with meal as high as my chin, and was in this situation carried in the dusk of the evening to Kalem's house (this was the name of the girl's father), where they set me down in the corner of a room, where the family generally eat. I had made a hole in the top of the sack, through which I could easily see every thing that passed. I was scarce set down when a dervis appeared ; but I could not see his face, as he sat in a dark part of the room : there came in with him Kalem, his wife, and the beautiful Dgengiari-nar, my mistress, with a little dog under her arm. A slave having laid the cloth, they immediately sat down to supper. Dgengiari-nar happened to sit just facing me, and I was so transported at the first sight of her, that, forgetting the company I was in, I foolishly cried out—" Alas, what a fine creature !" This indiscreet exclamation, which the company heard without knowing whence it came, terrified them greatly : they got up in great hurry and confusion, looked every where, except at the sack where I lay hid, but not without a thorough sense of my folly, and finding nothing, sat down again to supper, where the voice they had heard made the chief subject of their conversation.

Dgengiari-nar happened not to take the same seat ; so that not being able to see her face, I was still indiscreet enough to attempt turning myself about in the sack, to have the pleasure of enjoying a full prospect of her charms ; but I went about it so unskilfully, that the sack unfortunately overturned.

Kalem, with all his family and the dervis, were greatly surprised at the sack's fall ; but the dervis, seeing that my mistress's little dog barked furiously at it, began immediately to suspect what might really be the matter : he therefore raised up the sack, and untied the top of it, when I appeared, but my face was so covered with meal, that it was impossible to know me. Upon this Kalem flew into a great fury, ran to the poniard that hung up against the wall, and was upon the point of running me through the body, when I threw a handful of meal into his eyes, which, by blinding him for a moment or two, gave me an opportunity of leaping out of the sack in my slippers ; and laying hold of a sabre that happened to lie in my way, I might easily have killed Kalem and the dervis, and then made my escape ; and, as it was the only way left of saving myself, I had my sabre ready to strike a blow, when, upon looking on the dervis, whose face I had not seen before, I found it was the person to whom I was indebted for my being. " Ah, dervis !" said I, dropping the point of my sabre, " see that I am Hanif, whom your constant friendship has always made you consider as your own child ! I am upon this occasion more indiscreet than criminal. I loved the charming Dgengiari-nar on the bare report of her beauty ; and not meeting with any other means but the present of satisfying my earnest desire of seeing her, I buried myself in this sack, inconsiderately indeed, since I did not know how I should be able to get out of it."

The dervis was greatly surprised to see me in this condition ; and Kalem, having at the same time recovered his sight by rubbing his eyes, perceived

that I was son to the woman from whom he had bought his rice-meal ; and seeing, by the posture in which I had put myself, that I was resolved to sell my life at a dear rate, he was the more easily appeased by the dervis ; so that they soon found it impossible not to laugh at the comical figure I made. " Since this young man loves Dgengiari-nar," said the dervis, " let him have her, I beseech you, my dear Kalem. He is an only son ; and I will take upon me to make his mother give him up her shop, with at least four thousand sequins. I do not believe you can find in all Backu a son-in-law who has been better educated, is an honester man, and will behave towards you as a father-in-law with more respect."—" Ah!" said I, " it is not enough that Kalem consents to make me happy : I renounce his good-will, if the charming Dgengiari-nar does not approve of me." This delicate way of thinking made so great an impression on Kalem, that he took me in his arms, telling me that his daughter was her own mistress, and that she might that very moment decide my fate. " She must first, then," said the dervis, " see her new lover, such as he is." And, upon this, he immediately conducted me to another room, where I cleaned myself ; and Kalem, who was pretty much of my own size, having put one of his gowns on me, I made my appearance before the beautiful Dgengiari-nar, who liked me so well, that she immediately accepted of me as a husband. The dervis, impatient to see my happiness completed, immediately sent for my mother, who was greatly surprised at my adventure, and consented to all I wished for. The marriage contract was drawn up and signed, and that very evening the iman joined our hands. I slept at my father-in-law's ; and my wife was so well satisfied with her choice, that the next morning she ordered for my breakfast a large dish of sheep's feet*, with vinegar-sauce.

I was now, my dear brother, married to the charming Dgengiari-nar, and the happiest man living, if my want of sense had not made me the most miserable. Every thing seemed to conspire to make me happy : my bride in a manner adored me ; yet, without any just cause, I took it into my head to be jealous of her to a degree that is scarce credible. Every thing alarmed me : did she speak to my mother, I fancied that my mother had conspired with her to betray me ; even her innocent marks of affection to the dervis, to whom we were so much obliged, alarmed me so much, that I used to forget his being my father ; and my evil genius made me consider their behaviour as criminal. In fine (continued the old calender), I did nothing but exclaim against Dgengiari-nar, and scarce ever permitted her to see the day ; yet, though I gave her no rest, she never made the least complaint of my ill usage.

My mother and the dervis made me many representations on my foolish jealousy. " It is neither bolts nor locks," said they, " that can secure your honour : an honest woman is her own guardian ; and your groundless suspi-

* This is a ragout in Turkey, which they make use of as a restorative for persons who have been weakened by any excess. They generally set it before married people the day after their wedding, in the same manner that in France they serve them with what they call bronet.

cions tend more to make her forget her duty than to persevere in it." But I was deaf to their advice; and at last my madness increased to such a degree, that they resolved to try every method of getting the better of it.

One day as the dervis was conversing with my mother, whilst I was employed in making some entries in my books—"There has arrived here," said he, "within these three days, a young dervis from Circassia, whose beauty surpasses any thing that has as yet appeared at Backu: I imagine that the pages who are to serve us with fruit in the paradise of our great prophet, can scarce compare with him*, since so much modesty has never been seen united with so many other perfections: his chamber is next mine; and, in consequence of this neighbourhood, we have contracted a great friendship for one another. I am to give him a breakfast to-morrow; and therefore beg of you to send me a pullet and rice of your own dressing, and a dish of pilau†." My mother promised to comply, and accordingly got every thing in readiness for these excellent ragbuts, which she sent my father next morning at the appointed hour. I had heard all their discourse, without seeming to take notice of it; but my curiosity prompting me to see so handsome a man, I resolved to make one at breakfast with my father. I kept my mind to myself: when the dishes were sent off, I went into my wife's apartment, who was still a-bed, on account of some slight indisposition, and in a profound sleep. I did not think proper to awaken her, but only looked at her attentively for some time, when I shut the door; and having given the key a double turn according to custom, I ran and knocked at the convent of the dervises. I asked for the dervis that was my father; and on being told he was in his chamber, I immediately ran to it; but I had scarce entered it, when I grew pale and cold at the sight of his friend.

I had no sooner perceived in him all the features of my wife, than falling down with mere weakness on a sofa of rushes, and wiping my face, I cried out—"Where am I? and what prodigy is this?" My father interrupted me here, getting up in great confusion, and taking me into his arms in the tenderest manner, asked me what was the matter, and what dark cloud had overspread my imagination. I answered, that I found myself disordered the moment I entered his chamber, and that I chose to return home immediately; upon which he led me back to the door of the convent: as I had only the street to cross to get home, the moment I left him, I flew to my wife's apartment. I began to respire, my dear brother, when I found her in the same condition I had left her the minute before, and my joy on the occasion was so exceeding great, that I caught her in my arms, and

* Mahomet promises all good Mussulmen a paradise full of delights, in which, after having drank well and eat well, the most beautiful pages will present them with lemons out of a golden dish; and he assures them, that the minute they have tasted them, there will appear to each a young girl most richly attired, that will always continue a virgin, and embrace them; and that they will thus spend fifty years in the enjoyment of the most sensual pleasures.

† This dish consists of rice stewed with butter, lard, suet, or grease; and is a very common food all over the East.

embraced her with the warmest expressions of affection; which she returned in the most endearing manner. However, I made no great stay with her, but hastened back to the convent, and ran directly to my father's cell, telling him I had got the better of my indisposition, and was come to breakfast with him. "You are welcome," said he: "this handsome Circassian and I have already made a beginning. Sit down to table, and first satisfy yourself with a glass of wine." I rinsed a glass, and my father was going to pour me out some wine, when the Circassian prevented him. "Brother," said he, "let me have the pleasure of helping him; I intend this day to do the honours of your table." The sound of these words made me tremble; my hands in an instant became so weak, and my eyes so fastened on this young man, whose voice perfectly resembled my wife's, that I spilled all the wine upon my clothes and the table-cloth. I made in a single instant a thousand afflicting reflections; and, quitting the dervises in an abrupt manner, I made but one leap from the convent to my house, where my wife was still a-bed. I was so thunderstruck, that I could not speak to her. "What is the matter with you, dear light of my life," said she, starting up in her bed in the greatest confusion, "has any accident happened? Do not permit me, I beseech you, to remain any longer in so cruel an uncertainty."

I returned a little to myself. "Ah, Dgengiari-nar," said I, "may I believe what I hear?"—"Why," replied she, "what do you see, and what do you hear?"—"Satisfy my curiosity this instant."—"No," said I, "I am certainly deceived: I must again try if my eyes are faithful witnesses of what has happened in the convent of the dervises." I then left her; and, shutting the door as I had already done, I returned to my father's cell much easier in my mind than I had left it. "I beg your pardon," said I, at my first appearance, "for the ill-manners I have been guilty of. My reason for leaving you in so great a hurry, was that I forgot to leave money with my mother, to answer a demand she expects in about a quarter of an hour. I have now no more business to take me away; and nothing can be more agreeable to me than to remain with you, and enjoy the pleasure of your company."—"Let it be so," said my father; "we may spend all the morning here very agreeably: taste this dish of pilau, which has not as yet been touched; for as to the fowl and rice, we despatched it during your absence." I now began to think of eating some pilau; but, happening to give a look at the young Circassian, just as I had taken some into my mouth, I found it impossible to get it down, my astonishment increased to such a degree. The young dervis was the very counterpart of Dgengiari-nar, both in voice and gesture; every thing, in fine, conspired to make me believe that no two persons had ever been so like each other. "What is the matter with you, son?" said the old dervis. "You betray in all your actions so much uneasiness and distraction, that I am at a loss what to think of you to-day."—"Have I not," said I, "the justest reason in the world to be so? Who the d—— would not take this young Circassian for my wife? I must own to you that I ran home to be sure I had her. I found her both times in

bed ; and this circumstance should have dissipated my apprehensions ; notwithstanding which, I find myself unable to master those jealous suspicions which tear my mind to pieces."

The two dervises laughed heartily at this my candid confession. As for my part, I was at a loss how to behave on the occasion, when the young dervis took me up. "What, sir," said he, "can a slight resemblance, then, between your wife and me, disorder your brain in this manner ? And shall jealousy tyrannize over you so far as to make you commit the extravagances with which we have for this hour past been entertained ? How much I pity your spouse ! Certainly she must have a great fund of virtue not to take vengeance of your unjust suspicions. I can easily forgive a delicate jealousy ; but, by carrying it the length you do, according to the report of this honest dervis, believe me, Sir, you take the readiest way of making your wife punish you as you deserve."

I listened with great confusion to this lecture of the young dervis, and began to be ashamed of my past conduct, at the same time resolving in a manner to trust Dgengiari-nar entirely to her own virtue ; when the young preacher, in moving himself a little, discovered to me, near one of his ears, a mark in every respect like one that my wife had in the same place.

This strange sight wound up my madness again to the highest pitch. I gave a great shout, which surprised the dervises. "Ah !" said I, "I am certainly betrayed, and all my suspicions were too well founded."—"What sudden fury has seized you," said my father. "Have you lost your wits, or—" I did not give him time to make an end of his discourse ; I slipped out of his hands, and ran home in the greatest hurry and confusion, where I found my wife employed in making the Abdest*. I drew near her in the greatest perturbation ; and having examined the mark near her ear, I clapt my hands together, with my eyes lifted up to Heaven, and ready to faint away with surprise. My mother, who was in the shop that was contiguous to my wife's apartment, came in on hearing my cries. She and my wife inquired earnestly what might be the cause of my disorder, and of my so often going out and in ; but I did not as yet think proper to give them any satisfaction. I only begged of my mother to prepare a dinner for ourselves and the handsome dervis of Circassia and his companion, whom, I told her, I intended to invite ; telling her withal, that I should give before them a full account of every thing that had happened to me that morning, which she must agree was strange and uncommon.

I then left them ; and, at my return to the convent, found my father and the young dervis still at table. "I must," said I, "acquaint you with the full extent of my weakness. The sign which this handsome dervis has near his ear, gave my jealousy a new alarm ; for my wife has one in the same spot so very like this, that I again took it into my head that it was her very self I saw in this disguise ; I ran back to the house to clear up the matter to myself ; but, thanks to Heaven ! I found her at her usual purification, so

* The Abdest, or Oblation, is a ceremony which the inhabitants of the East never omit, especially in the morning.

that all my suspicions are at an end, and I am returned easy and satisfied in my mind, to spend the interval between this and dinner, to which I invite you. I have a mind to convince this young dervis, that, as he cannot be a twin of my dear Dgengiari-nar, since she is an only child, Nature has formed so great a resemblance between them, that it is impossible not to be deceived by it."—"I accept your invitation," replied the young Circassian, "with great pleasure: nothing can be more agreeable to me. I am curious to see this extraordinary likeness you speak of; about which, however, the dervis my companion is not altogether agreed: but then it is only on this express condition, that no fit of jealousy shall be permitted to interrupt our joy; for I am disposed to be merry, and perhaps at your expense."—"Ah!" said I, interrupting him, "I promise that you shall do at my house as you like. I have suffered so much this morning, in the many struggles I have had to sustain, that I am resolved for the future to make myself easy."—"It is the best thing you can do," replied the young man. "Were I a woman, and disposed to play my husband a trick, he would find it to no purpose to watch me; I could easily triumph over all his precautions, and I shall convince you of it presently at your own house."—"You will oblige me greatly," said I, in so doing. I will endeavour to entertain you well; and you cannot do me a greater favour, than that of curing me radically of my troublesome passion."

I spent a couple of hours very agreeably with the two dervises; till dinner-time drawing nigh, I left them to prepare for their reception. I thought proper, before my guests arrived, to see my wife, to make a merit to her of my conversion, and assure her that, for the future, she should enjoy all the liberty decency might allow. But, my dear brother, how great was my surprise, on opening the door of my room, the key of which I had never let go out of my possession, when I found her missing!

But great as my surprise was in not finding my wife, it was much increased by finding, instead of her, the two dervises that I had but just now left at the convent. So unexpected a sight struck me motionless; and I should no doubt have fallen to the ground, if my mother, who followed close after me, had not supported me in her arms. I remained a long time without being able to utter a single syllable; but being at length come to myself—"O Heaven!" said I, "do I dream, or is it the devil who has persecuted me all the morning, that still takes pleasure in imposing upon me?"—"No, no, my dear Hanif," replied the old dervis, whom I told you was my father, "you are not asleep; there is no more than a little contrivance in all this illusion. Your jealousy was become so ridiculous, that we undertook to rid you of it. I contrived, with your mother and your wife, every thing that passed in my apartment this morning: your behaviour fully answered our intentions; and the beautiful dervis is no other than the incomparable Dgengiari-nar. No doubt, you will find it a difficult matter to comprehend what I tell you, and I know you will even scarce credit it; but it is easy to convince you."—"Ah, then," said I, with the greatest eagerness, "lose no time in doing it; let me know how it was possible that my wife should at one and the same time be in her bed and in your cell, in her night-clothes and in

the dress of a dervis."—"I shall immediately," replied my father, "satisfy your curiosity in this respect."

"Dgengiari-nar is no longer ignorant how I am related to you. I found myself under a necessity of revealing to her the secret of your birth, to obtain her concurrence to the measures we wanted to take. You must know, that your mother's deceased husband used to be sometimes jealous with her; and his sudden starts often disconcerted the schemes we had laid to see each other, which gave us no small concern. But as in quality of treasurer to the convent I had money at will, I seized on the opportunity of the brute's going to the country for a fortnight, and employed workmen that I could confide in, to make a passage between my room and this apartment, under the street, which is very narrow; two trap doors, with proper counterpoises, do the rest. It is an easy matter to go from this room to my cell in less than six minutes by the trap-door you now look at; whereas, in the common way, a person must traverse our court, which is pretty long, and open and shut doors; so that you may easily judge if it was impossible for your wife to put on the habit of a dervis, to throw it off, and get into bed again, in the interval of time requisite for you to make so great a circuit to get into our convent, or out of it, and arrive at this apartment. Here is, then, my dear child, a plain discovery of the whole mystery. But I must add, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable I prevailed on Dgengiari-nar to act her part in it. She was willing to put up with all your extravagances, rather than expose herself to your displeasure, till I obtained her concurrence by assuring her that, if so rude a trial did not bring you to a better way of thinking, you should never know any thing of the trick that had been played on you, and that I should soon make the handsome Circassian set out for his own country.

"We have, I believe, succeeded, my son," continued the old man; "since you have given me your word that you would be no more guilty of the same folly: and, indeed, no man ever had less reason to be jealous. Your wife is a most virtuous woman; she has stretched her complaisance for your weakness more than could be expected. But though she were ever so much the reverse, judge, my dear Hanif, by your own experience, what love is capable of. There is nothing that it does not invent and compass to get the better of a jealous person's vigilance; and the surest course a man can take, is to trust entirely to the virtue and fidelity of his wife. I know very well that this is looked upon as a very foolish maxim in these eastern countries; but there is a difference to be made between living in the common way, which requires that women should appear but seldom in public, and treating them with that injurious diffidence that you have done the charming Dgengiari-nar. You have carried your jealousy to such an excess, as to take umbrage at me, who am your father. Even your mother's affection for her daughter-in-law has given you uneasiness. Who can you think, my son, should have your honour more at heart than your mother and I? And yet you have been weak enough to suspect us of a design upon it."

My surprise and confusion were so great (continued the old calender), that I was at a loss what answer to make to the dervis's wise discourse.

"My dear father," said I, "how much am I obliged to you for having undertaken my cure, and succeeding so well in it! I now see all the force of your arguments, and I am ready to sink with shame for my past conduct; but I am resolved to make amends for my folly by so contrary a behaviour, that the beautiful Dgengiari-nar shall have no less reason to commend me for the future, than she has had just cause to complain of me for the time past." Upon this, I threw myself at my wife's feet, who still continued in the dervis's dress, and asked her pardon for my ridiculous jealousies with such expressions of love and tenderness, as drew tears from my father and mother.

Dgengiari-nar, unable likewise to retain hers, immediately raised me up: "My dear lord," said she, "if I have always loved you in spite of the hard manner in which you have sometimes treated me, guess to what a pitch my love must be increased, now that you assure me of an alteration that makes me completely happy!" She seasoned her discourse with so many endearments, that I kissed her a thousand times; and cried out, in the transports of my pleasure—"No, my dear Dgengiari-nar, there is no difference between the zephyr of spring and the mild breath of your mouth, which refreshes my heart and my soul. I am a new man; and the most agreeable moments of my life will be those that I shall spend in seeking the means of pleasing you." This sudden change in me gave my father and mother the most sensible satisfaction. Nothing could equal the pleasure they enjoyed in having been instrumental in reclaiming me. As for Dgengiari-nar's joy, it was great beyond expression. We now sat down to dinner; at which every thing passed in the most agreeable manner, and I ever afterwards punctually fulfilled the promise I had given.

I lived thus with my wife about thirteen years, during which time I buried the dervis and my mother. The children I had by my wife lived but a short time. In fine, I lost herself, my dear brother, after a sickness of four months; and you may judge how sensibly afflicted I was at the loss of a woman of so great merit. All my friends came to condole with me on the occasion, and endeavoured to dissipate my grief; but what they could not do, time effected. As time brings about every thing, so it insensibly wore out the memory of my deceased wife. I at last began to think of nothing but how to divert myself; and giving myself up entirely to my pleasures, I fell little by little into a state of the greatest debauchery and excess.

By neglecting my business, my affairs soon fell into disorder; and at the end of two years I was so loaded with debts, that, unable to satisfy my creditors, I had no other choice left but flight to avoid a prison. I therefore sold my effects privately for half value, and escaped out of Backu in the disguise of a calender. From the very first day of my taking on the habit, I liked it so well, that I resolved never to leave it off; and I have now persisted in this resolution upwards of thirty years. I have made in it the tour of Persia and Tartary; during which I have met with a great number of adventures too long to relate. I intend, besides, to take a journey to the Indies and China; and, for this purpose, joined company two months

ago with this young man, who is turned calender after my example, and whose adventures are at least as uncommon as my own.

When the old calender had made an end of his discourse, Faruk, my lord, who had listened to him with infinite pleasure, thanked him for his kindness. "Nothing," said he, "can be more an original than your history; and whatever assurance you have given me, I can scarce believe that of your companion can compare with it."—"You shall soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself," replied the young calender.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE YOUNG CALENDER.

MY mother (for I must tell you I never had the pleasure of knowing my father, I was so young when he died); my mother, I say, lived at Schiraz*, and carried on a pretty considerable trade in milk, butter, and cheese, the produce of flocks that belonged to her, and which she used to send me to town to dispose of: but I soon grew tired of this way of life. There happened to arrive from the Indies, about two years before, a company of comedians†, who commonly exhibited their performances in the market-place; where they afterwards used to sell remedies, to which they attributed a surprising efficacy in all manner of disorders. As they knew but little of the Persian tongue, they at first played nothing but pantomimes, and employed an interpreter to dispose of their drugs; but as they begun by degrees to make themselves understood, they acquired so much reputation, that every body saw them act with pleasure. I never went to Schiraz without going to see their entertainments; and I took so great a liking to them, that I offered to make one of the company. I had naturally a genius that way: I begged they might give me some under part; they pitched upon a very diverting one in the first play they acted; and I behaved so much to the liking of all the spectators, that I soon looked upon myself as qualified to appear to advantage in the most difficult characters. Particularly, I excelled in acting the drunkard; and played so well the part of the fool and the blockhead, that I might have been mistaken for a real inhabitant of Syvry-Hissar. At length, my dear brethren, the drollest scenes had no merit but what I gave them.

But, not satisfied with the character of an excellent actor, I had likewise a mind to shine as an author. Till then we had played nothing but scraps of comedies, and almost always without any preparation. As for my part, I resolved to connect scenes, and thus form a contrived piece; and I succeeded so well, that my first essay proved a masterpiece. I gave a little farce called *The Cadi Outwitted*. I shall inform you of the subject in a few words.

* Schiraz, the capital of Persia.

† Comedians and ballet-dancers are very common in the Indies. Their performances are full of wit and humour, and they generally exhibit extempore, much like the Italian comedians at their first appearance amongst us.

A *cadi* of Candahar*, who is a great miser, has a very pretty daughter, with whom a young Persian falls passionately in love. This *cadi* has promised the girl to a very rich old Mussulman. The Persian is ready to go distracted for fear of losing his mistress; and after having thought of many different ways of preventing a marriage which must make him unhappy for the remainder of his life, finds none so likely to succeed as the following. He waits on the *cadi*, who did not know him, to consult him about carrying away a young woman. The judge at first looks upon it as a very criminal undertaking, and falls into a great passion; but is soon softened by a purse of gold; and thereupon gives his advice in writing, that the girl may be carried off, on account of the disproportion in point of her age between her and the man her parents would marry her to, and especially as the person who intends to carry her off does it with a view of making her his wife; and in consequence of another purse of gold he forbids the girl's father to give her lover any uneasiness, on pain of receiving one hundred blows on the soles of his feet. The young Persian literally follows the advice, or rather the commands, of the *cadi*, and carries off the daughter; and the outwitted father finds himself under a necessity of bestowing her as a wife upon her ingenious lover.

Such was the plan of my piece: but I painted in it the *cadi*'s avarice in such lively colours, at least as far as I may judge of the matter, especially in a scene where I played the blockhead to admiration, that I could heartily wish you had seen my comedy acted.

"What," said Faruk, "should not a comic writer have his performances by heart from one end to another? What can hinder you from giving us this diverting scene?"

Ah, brother! (answered the young man) it is impossible it should appear to the same advantage that it did on the stage.

"That is no matter," replied the other two calenders; "we shall make allowances for the want of actors. We know that it is no easy matter for one man to play different parts."

Since you are so earnest, then (said the new comedian), I shall do my endeavours to satisfy you.

You must first represent to yourself the *cadi* alone at his house, complaining of the too good behaviour of the inhabitants of Candahar, and that business was very slack this year, especially in a criminal way. I entered his room with one of my companions, dressed like countrymen. We appeared to be both of us quite out of breath; and made him almost mad with a very comical dumb scene. In fine, impatient to see us speak only by signs, and curious to know the matter, he begins as follows:—

Cadi. These two scoundrels must certainly be drunk or dumb, with all their signs, of which I can make nothing.

* Candahar, the capital of a province of the same name. This town has been often taken and retaken by the Indians and Persians, and has at last remained in the possession of the latter.

First Clown. [This was my part, my dear brother.] Oh!—with your worship's leave, we have hastened with so much diligence—to—Ah, how I am out of breath! Gossip, tell his worship yourself what we have seen; you can best clear up the matter to him.

Cadi. Plague on the brutes!

Second Clown. [crying.] Tell it yourself, if you can; I am so beside myself, and so troubled.

Cadi. I believe these animals are come to make me mad. Will you speak or no, scape-gallows? Let me know what you have seen.

First Clown. Softly, 'softly! please your worship. You are going into a passion: for, as Locman* says very justly, in his Book of Animals—

Cadi. Ah, you scoundrel, you! let Locman and his animals alone. What are his fables to what you have to say?

First Clown. Your worship is in the right. But your worship knows that people who have wit, are fond of shewing it; and if your worship had not interrupted me, I should have compared your worship to an ass.

Cadi. Would you, rascal? But there is no taking notice of what the stupid dog says. Friend, I beg you will make an end, and let me know what has brought you here.

First Clown. By all means, Sir, with a great deal of pleasure. Ah! why don't you satisfy his worship? Now, Sir, we came to tell you, that as my gossip and I myself were jogging along without thinking of any thing of what was to happen, we saw—[cries.] Ah, my heart is ready to break when I think of it! it makes such an impression on me, that I cannot go on.

Cadi. Go on, villain, or I shall punish your insolence!—Is there no one there?

First Clown. Well, well, please your worship, since you will not give me leave to recover myself, to cut short, I shall tell you without any perambulation, that—But, hold, I'll lay you a wager, that, with all your penetration, you cannot guess what we have seen.

Cadi. [Seizing him by the throat.] Hangman, that you are! have you a mind then to make me go mad in good earnest?

First Clown. He! he! Well, please your worship, let me go; and I shall immediately tell you how we are come to let you know that we have seen a man murdered.

Cadi. Now I am myself again. So much the better; it is good news. Here is a job to buy me a good supper.

* There is a collection of fables under the name of the Wise Locman; and the accounts given of this Locman, by the people of the East, resemble very much those the Greeks have left us of *Æsop*. It is certain that Locman was an Abyssinian, To a lively wit, he joined the most consummate wisdom and prudence. Mahomet has mentioned him in the 31st Sourate, or the 31st chapter of the Alcoran, which is called Locman's Sourate. Some of the Eastern writers pretend that this Locman was Job's nephew by a sister; and others assure, that he was a contemporary of David's, and lived a long time at his court.

Second Clown. Ah! please your worship, the worst of it is, that the man that is killed was my son-in-law, as he married my daughter; and nothing worse could happen to me.

Cadi. So much the better, I tell you; it is a very good affair.

Enter one of the Deputy-Justice's Thief-takers.

Thief-taker. Please your worship, we have just this moment apprehended a murderer, a little way from Candahar.

Cadi. Haste, haste! my gown and my turban!—Have you any witnesses? [To the country-fellow.]

First Clown. And that we have. Let us alone; there will be some to spare.

Cadi. As that is the case, I shall set out this instant for the spot where the crime has been committed. But I must first know the circumstances of the criminal.

Thief-taker. He is—

Cadi. What is he?

Thief-taker. He is a clown belonging to the next village.

Cadi. A clown belonging to the next village!—I am in a fine hole truly. What right have such scoundrels to commit murder? Ah, I am ready to go mad! This job would not buy me a cup of water, if I wanted it. [To his servants.]—Hold! here is my gown and turban.

First Clown. Let us be gone; for the criminal may escape while we are chattering here in this manner.

Cadi. So much the better; nothing is more natural. And, faith, it is an affair that won't pay for shoe-leather.

Second Clown. But then—

Cadi. Turn out these fellows, who break my head with their importunate discourse.

Enter the Cadi's Deputy.

Deputy. I wish your worship joy! A murder has been committed.

Cadi. I know it.

Deputy. And if you do, why don't you run to the spot?

Cadi. There is no time lost. We shall have day-light enough to-morrow.

Deputy. But then—

Cadi. Say no more of it.

Deputy. Your worship's indifference surprises me. The beast is well shod.

Cadi. What do you mean?

Deputy. You don't know then that the murderer was driving sheep to market?

Cadi. Sheep, say you?

Deputy. I say, sheep.

Cadi. And well, what have you done with the sheep?

Deputy. A fine question, truly! I immediately sent them to prison.

[In a low voice.] A novice in the trade would have taken care of the criminal: but I have studied your example too well; I gave the murderer an opportunity of making his escape, and have kept the sheep.

Cadi. Quick, quick! my gown and my turban! Let my mule be bridled. [To the deputy.]—You will one day make a figure in my station. [To the clowns.]—You asses, you! why did you not inform me at first that the murderer had sheep?

First Clown. Truly, please your worship, we did not think he was the more guilty for having sheep.

Cadi. You are mistaken. A man murdered—and sheep! It is enough! Nothing shall pacify me! I will make an example this moment—of the sheep.

First Clown. Your worship is in the right; he deserves to be hanged. But the poor sheep, sir, have done nothing; and [crying] we ask your worship's pardon for them.

Cadi. No, no; no quarters: justice must be done. I shall just step into this closet with my deputy, and be with you in a minute or two.

Second Clown. Faith, this is comical work. So then, when a man has got sheep, the trial is over; he may then think of the gallows in good earnest.

First Clown. Ah, gossip! while Fortune smiles on us, and the cadi is in the murdering humour, let us take vengeance of our neighbour Caleb, who is constantly playing us some trick or another.

Second Clown. The fellow has better than a-hundred-and-fifty sheep. This is a fine opportunity of getting rid of him, or at least of procuring him a bastinado.

First Clown. You are in the right; and, faith, we will do for him. He'll have good luck if he escapes with blows; and we may afterwards divert ourselves well at his expense.

This is, my dear brothers (continued the young calender), a sample of my performance. I afterwards introduced the young Persian drawing, by force of money, from the covetous cadi, an advice quite contrary to his design of marrying his daughter to the old Mussulman. But I shall not entertain you with that scene, though pretty original, I think, in its kind. It is enough that I have lately made you sensible of my genius. I return to my history.

“Permit me first to assure you,” said Faruk, “that the scenes with which you have entertained us are the prettiest that ever I saw.”

Your commendation (replied the young calender) is very moderate. My play, from beginning to end, is a most excellent and charming performance; and none of our comic-writers have produced any thing more perfect and natural. All Schiraz did me justice: but the cadi of the town, of whom I never thought in composing my comedy, judged otherwise of it; he took it into his head that he saw himself represented in it in the most natural colours; and entering into a furious passion against both the author and the player, he drove us all out of Schiraz, and forbid us, on pain of death, ever

to appear there again in that quality. I shall not enlarge upon a little bastinado that I received by the *cadi's* order, in the name of our company; it was by way of acknowledgment for my being a satirical author: all the other profits were equally divided amongst us. After this, I proposed to them, that we should go and settle in some other town, where the *cadies* might be of a better way of thinking; but they treated me with great harshness, in spite of all the apologies I could make for what had happened; so that I resolved to renounce the profession, and return to the business I carried on before I took to the stage.

Upon this, then, I went back to my mother, who received me with open arms. I had saved some money during the two years I spent among the players.

Part of this money I laid out in the purchase of a stock of cattle; and, being resolved to indulge myself, could not think of travelling on foot to sell my butter and cheese; I therefore bought a little mule, which cost me thirty sequins. As I was going home, very quietly, on my new purchase, driving before me a purblind horse that I generally made use of to carry our butter to market, I met, at about a quarter of a league from the town, a man who asked me if I was come from Schiraz. "You may see," said I, "that I have but just left it."—"No doubt," replied he. "Have you been making some purchase at the fair there?"—"I have bought this mule there," answered I. "What mule?"—"Why, the mule I ride on!"—"Are you in earnest?"—"Certainly; it cost me thirty sequins." Upon this the man began to laugh ready to split his sides. "The plot was well laid," continued he; "whoever sold you the beast was no fool to palm an ass on you for a mule." He then continued his journey towards Schiraz, laughing all the way as long as he continued within hearing.

I really pitied the fellow, as I took him for a fool; when, behold! about half a league further, another asked me pretty near the same question. I answered him as I had done the first: but when I came to tell him that I had bought a mule—"What!" said he, "do you take me for a fool, to think of making me believe that an ass is a mule? I had a mind to prove that he was mistaken; but he fell into a violent passion, abused me severely, and went on, leaving me in the greatest astonishment imaginable.

I now began to think, in good earnest, that I might really have been imposed upon; so I got off my purchase, and examined it from head to foot, without finding any thing to make me alter my opinion of its being a mule. However, unwilling to rely entirely on my own judgment, or trust entirely to my eyes on the occasion, I made myself a promise to lay the affair before the next man I met; and swore that, if he judged in favour of the ass, I would directly make him a present of it.

I had scarce gone three hundred paces, when I met with a kind of countryfellow. "Brother," said I, "let me know, I beg of you, what kind of a beast I have got under me?"—"A comical question this?" replied he. "Do not you know yourself better than I can tell you?"—"Let me know it or not," said I, "you will oblige me in telling."—"Well, then," said the countryman, "it is no hard matter to know that it is an ass." This answer

thunderstruck me. I got off the beast that I had taken for a mule, and begged of the man to accept of it as a free gift. I had no occasion to press it upon him; he thanked me for my present: and, leaping on the beast, gave her a kick or two with his heels, and flew off like lightning.

I got home on foot, not a little vexed at the trick that had been played me. My mother, who soon perceived the trouble I was in, asked me the cause of it. I gave her an account of what had happened: she could not forbear laughing at it. "Poor unthinking creature!" said she, "have you not sense enough to see that they were three sharpers, who spread themselves on the road to Schiraz, and laid a scheme to get your mule from you? You must be very simple indeed to be caught by so glaring a piece of knavery!" My mother's raillery stung me to the quick: I now saw that I had suffered myself to be imposed on; and forming a resolution to be revenged on my sharpers the very first opportunity, I returned to the market the next day but one. I knew them again, though they had changed their dress; and as I saw by two or three of their tricks, of which I happened to be a witness, that they were not the cunningest of their trade, I thought I might safely defer my vengeance to another opportunity.

After having taken my measures very well, and informed my mother of what I was about, I put a pair of empty baskets on a mottled goat that I had bought of one of my neighbours, and went with her to the market of Schiraz. I was scarce arrived, when my three sharpers perceived me, and surrounded me, thinking they should soon be able to make a prey of me as they had done before. I pretended not to know them; bought a leg of mutton, a turkey-cock, and three chickens; and putting them into my goat's baskets—"Pretty creature!" said I, loud enough for them to overhear me, "make haste home, tell my cook to dress this leg of mutton with rice, make a stew of the turkey-cock, and a fricassee of the chickens; but, above all things, let her not forget to make an excellent tart for the dessert; let her likewise set eight bottles of wine to cool." I then gave the goat a little lash, and off she capered.

The three sharpers were greatly surprised at this odd scene. "What, then, brother," said one of them, "do you imagine that this creature will obey your orders?"—"No doubt," answered I, "she will. This is not a common goat; she knows my intentions, and I am certain she will to a tittle fulfil them." Upon this they fell a laughing. "It is no joke," said I, very seriously: "if you doubt of it, come home and dine with me, and judge for yourselves." The sharpers took me at my word; and, curious to know the truth of what I told them, stuck close to me, while I took some turns in the market to make a few purchases; which done, we all set out together on foot. I was no sooner got home, but, in order to deceive them the better, I began to question my mother as if she had been the cook. "Well," said I, "is the goat come home?"—"She arrived," answered she, "a long time ago; you will find her brouzing on the cabbages in the garden; and your dinner would have been ready by this, but that the guests you invited sent word that some unexpected business deprives them of the pleasure of waiting on you this day. However, the leg of mutton is almost done; another

half hour will complete the turkey ; the fricasee is quite ready ; the tart is in the oven ; and the bottles in snow, as you directed."—"It is all very well," said I. "Here are three gentlemen, whose company will make me amends for the absence of those I invited. You may send up dinner as soon as you please."

Nothing could come up to the astonishment of my guests at the answers given me by my mother. They went into the garden ; and knowing the goat again by the marks she had, which they had narrowly examined, they resolved to have her at any price.

Dinner was soon served up ; and I made my sharpers, who suspected nothing, drink very copiously. At length, when we had almost done, one of them asked me if I would not part with my goat. I pretended to be willing enough, provided I got the worth of her. They first offered twenty sequins of gold ; but I refused them with contempt. In fine, my dear brothers, I played my part so well, that I got out of them all the money they had, which in the whole made sixty and some odd sequins.

We fell to our liquor again to confirm the bargain ; and my guests left me towards evening half-drunk, and thoroughly satisfied with their purchase. The day following they thought proper to make a trial of their goat, in order to know if she would obey their commands with the same obedience they imagined she had done mine the day before.

For this purpose they loaded her as I had done, gave her her directions, and then sent her off ; but they waited in vain for her return, she never came back.

I must here, my dear brothers, explain this mystery to you. One of my neighbours had two white goats spotted with black, but so like one another, that it was impossible to find any difference between them. These goats I bought, in order to be revenged on my sharpers. I made my mother acquainted with my design ; gave her, if I may say so, orders for dinner ; and, after having tied up one of my goats in the garden, led the other to market, where I bought the same provisions that I had desired my mother to get ready. I then put them on my goat ; and, after having given her directions to carry them home, turned her adrift, for any one that pleased to lay hands on her ; nor did I ever learn to whose lot she fell. My orders were so punctually complied with, my mother acted her part so naturally, and the other goat, which my sharpers found in the garden, was so very like that which they had seen with me at Schiraz, that they really imagined that here was something above nature in the creature, and so bought her at the dear price I have been telling you. But she met, no doubt, with the same fate that her sister had done before her. Some stranger laid hold of her, and made a property of her and the provisions she had been loaded with.

I made no doubt but that, when they found themselves deceived, they would call upon me for their money ; but I waited for them undauntedly. They knocked at my door, threatening what an example they would make of me. I let them in myself, asking them quietly what could be the cause of their being in so great a passion : they then told me it was owing to the loss of their goat. "Have you not curried it this morning," said I, "with

the left hand, as I desired my cook to tell you yesterday you ought to do? She ran after you to acquaint you with that important circumstance, which the wine I drank made me forget when we had concluded the bargain."—"What cook?" replied the sharpers. "Since we left your house, it never came into our heads to curry the goat with the left hand, as you never acquainted us with that ceremony." Upon this, I immediately called to my mother, who came in trembling on account of the great passion I pretended to be in. "How comes it, wretch!" said I, "in a great fury, "that you did not tell these gentlemen, as I had so expressly commanded you, not to omit currying the goat with the left hand, as I used to do myself every morning?"—"My dear master," said she, throwing herself at my feet, "it was my intention so to do, but I could not: I ran after them a great way without being able to overtake them."—"Ah, you careless slut!" said I, "this is one of your common tricks. No doubt you stopped to chatter it away with some gossip; and it is thus you undo me by your neglect: but I swear by Mahomet, that it shall not go far with you!" With these words I took her by the hair; and drawing a poniard from my girdle-belt, gave her so home a stroke of it in the belly, as immediately laid her flat on the floor. In a minute she was all covered with blood; and my three sharpers were so stunned at it, that they immediately began to think of making their escape. "Gentlemen," said I, "she had only what she deserved; nor need you be in any pain about her; I can in an instant, if I please, restore her to life: but she is not worth taking any trouble with; only help me, I beg of you, to bury her in my garden."

The three sharpers did nothing but stare at each other for some time; till one of them, breaking the profound silence that this murder had cast them in—"What!" said he, "and is it really in your power to bring the poor creature back to life again?"—"No doubt it is," I replied. "Ah! then, work, we beseech you, this miracle in our presence, and we will renounce all claims we may have on you on the score of the goat." I made some difficulty of giving them the satisfaction they required; they pressed me the more eagerly: at last—"It is impossible," said I, "to refuse such worthy gentlemen;" upon which I opened a box, and taking out of it a hunting-horn, played two or three very brisk tunes in the ears of the deceased.

As I played, my mother seemed to recover life by degrees: in fine, she was well enough in a quarter of an hour to sit up, without expressing the least inconvenience from the wound I had given her. This strange sight threw my sharpers into the greatest amazement, and gave them so great a longing for the horn, that they already began to think how they might strip me of it. They asked me from whom I had this so miraculous an instrument. I answered them, that I had bought it from a stranger for one-hundred-and-four sequins, and that he told me it would lose its virtue should any one take it forcibly from me; but that it would retain all its power in the hands of any one I made it over to, provided I got for it eight sequins more than it cost me; because it was absolutely necessary that, in thus passing from hand to hand, the price should rise eight sequins, which was all it cost at first, so that I was the thirteenth person who had enjoyed it.

My guests speedily swallowed the bait, and nothing could equal their longing for the horn; but they did not choose to pay so dear for it: however, they at last came to a resolution of letting me have for it the price under which I told them it could not be sold, and pressed me so hard, that I at length, after making a great many difficulties, suffered myself to be persuaded, and took their one-hundred-and-twelve sequina. They immediately went home; and, as they all lived under the same roof, sent for their wives, sat down to table, and there spent the rest of the day. Night coming on, when they had almost finished their meal, and sufficiently heated themselves with wine, they thought proper to try their horn; and for this purpose endeavoured to pick a quarrel with their wives, who, provoked by some smart blows, reproached their husbands with every crime of theirs they could think of, and even threatened to inform the cadi of the life they led. This was exactly what the rogues wished for. At these menaces they pretended to fall into the greatest fury, and with their knives cut the throats of the three women, who at bottom were as little good as their husbands. The unhappy creatures were no sooner stretched out on the floor, than the murderers fell to their horn; but the wretches were deaf to their music; no sign of life appeared. Upon this they fell to it again; but, finding all their skill was to no purpose, they too late perceived that they had met with one cunninger than themselves, and that I had, instead of stabbing my cook, only ran, as it really was the case, my poniard into a bladder full of blood. You may now imagine them not only in the greatest agonies at my having outwitted them, but in the greatest despair for having killed their wives, without knowing how to dispose of their dead bodies. While they were deliberating on the means of being revenged of me, and getting rid of the unhappy victims of their stupidity, who should pass by but the cadi's deputy with some azzas, who, hearing the sound of the horn, knocked at the door to know the reason of so unseasonable a noise that broke the rest of all the neighbourhood.

The three sharpers began now to consider themselves as lost men, and were so terrified, that, instead of opening the door, they thought of nothing but of making their escape: but the cadi ordered the door to be burst open; and, on seeing the three bodies weltering in their blood, commanded his attendants to seize the murderers, and conduct them to prison. His attendants, no doubt, were earnest enough to obey his orders; notwithstanding which, one of the murderers somehow or another made his escape. The two others represented in vain to the cadi, that they had been imposed upon, and that they never imagined their wives were to be killed outright. He listened to the story of the hunting-horn as a fable; and the next day I had the pleasure of seeing my two sharpers hung up before their own door.

Much as I was pleased at my vengeance, the escape of one of the criminals gave me no small uneasiness. I began to be greatly afraid that he would one day or another play me some unlucky trick: I therefore kept myself on my guard for a considerable time; but at length, in spite of all my vigilance, fell into his power.

One evening, as I was returning home pretty late from Schiraz, I unfortunately met this arch villain: he was so much disguised, that I could not know him; but he knew me very well, for he no sooner perceived me than he seized me by the throat, and, with the assistance of three other wretches like himself, crammed me into a sack that one of them had under his arm; and, after tying the mouth of it with a strong rope, loaded me on their shoulders, with an intention, as I could plainly discover, to throw me into the river of Baudemir*.

I now, my dear brother, gave myself up for lost, and began to be heartily sorry for having sought any vengeance for the loss of my mule; when my assassins, alarmed by the approach of some horsemen, threw me into a hole that lay at a small distance from the road, threatening to be revenged on me if I made the least complaint; which done, they ran off with an intention of soon returning to take me away with them. In this terrible situation I recommended myself earnestly to our great prophet; but I did not place so much confidence in him alone, as not to invoke, in spite of the orders I had received from my assassins, the assistance of those who might at that time happen to pass that way.

Accordingly, a butcher, who was driving before him a flock of thirty sheep, hearing my cries, came up to the place where I was, and asked me what I was doing in the sack, and what was the cause of my lamentation. "Alas!" said I, "with a very sorrowful tone, "I believe they are going to drown me, because I will not consent to marry the cadi's daughter."—"Not marry the cadi's daughter! And why so, you blockhead," said he? "What reason can you have for not accepting of her for a wife? She passes for one of the handsomest girls in Schiraz."—"A little piece of nicety hinders me," answered I: "she is with child; it is none of my doing; and the cadi, who has a mind to screen his daughter's honour, wants I should repair a fault committed by another; but I would rather die a thousand times than submit to such an affront."—"Plague on your stupidity!" replied the butcher: "I wish I was in your place; they should not have occasion so much as to pull me by the ear to make me comply; I would marry her directly."—"Here is no difficulty in the thing," said I: "you need only put yourself into this sack."—"With all my heart, my good master blockhead," replied the butcher; "and you shall have my sheep into the bargain. But now I think of it, how will the cadi like the exchange?"—"He wants nothing but a son-in-law," answered I: "he had given directions to his slaves to stop the first passenger they should meet, and know of him if he was married, because his daughter's lover having died a few days ago, he was at a loss how to repair her honour. The lot fell upon me; but his daughter's big belly disgusted me at first sight. Upon this he fell into such a passion, that he scarce condescended to look at me, but ordered I should be thrown into the river, if I did not alter my mind."—"Since it is so, brother, I will readily change my situation for yours," said the butcher; and accordingly he untied the sack, and fixed himself in it in my place. I tied it in my

* This river runs by Schiraz.

turn ; and, driving his sheep before me, made the best of my way towards the village I belonged to.

In about half an hour, my sharper returned with his companions to take up the sack. It was in vain that the butcher within cried out—"Gentlemen, gentlemen ! take me back to the *cadi* ! I have altered my mind ; and will marry his daughter, let her be ever so big-bellied." The rogues imagined that despair had turned his brain ; and so, without answering his remonstrances, went and threw him into the river of Baudemir, where the poor fellow ended his days. It grieves me, when I think of it ; but, in fine, I am better pleased he should be there than I. The robbers, after this exploit, turned towards the village I lived in, to complete their revenge by burning my house. They happened to arrive at the very moment I began to knock at my door ; and the unexpected sight of me caused them so much horror, that they were ready to die with fear. "O heavens !" said they, "what a prodigy is here ! How have you escaped drowning ? Whence come you ? Where have you got all these sheep ?"

To be plain with you, I little expected to see these assassins so soon again. At first I was struck dumb by their presence and their questions ; but my usual readiness of thought coming to my assistance—"Go to —," said I, "you are a pack of asses : if you had but thrown me but four fathoms further into the river, instead of thirty sheep, I should have brought home three hundred."—"What is the meaning of all this ?" asked they. "Why," answered I, "no other than this : there is in that part of the river a good genius, who received me very graciously, made me a present of these sheep, brought me back with them to my house, and assured me that had I dropt into the water a little further, I should have carried away with me eight times as many."

This piece of news greatly surprised the robbers ; and, after they had conferred together for some time in a low voice, one of them raising his voice—"No doubt," said he to his companions, there is something very mysterious in this affair ; for nothing is more certain than that we threw this young man into the river : he had no sheep ; we have had but just time to come here, yet he is here before us with thirty sheep, and there is not on his clothes the least sign of their having been even wetted. As for my part, I think it is very well worth our whiles to make a trial, and judge of the matter for ourselves." Upon this, he turned about to me, and asked me if I had any sacks. "I have, I believe," said I, "half a dozen."—"It is two too many," replied he : "put up your sheep, take four sacks, and come with us." I cheerfully obeyed them. They brought me to that part of the river where they thought they had just now thrown me in. They even went to get a little boat, that I might throw them the further into the water, and then went each of them into a sack, whose mouth I bound up very fast ; which done, they suffered themselves to be tumbled headlong into the Baudemir to fish for sheep. But I have not since, my dear brothers, heard a word of news from them.

I now returned quietly home, well satisfied with the vengeance I had taken

of my enemies. I lived well on their money, and the sheep I had of the poor butcher; but my good fortune was very short lived. One night my mother unluckily set fire to our stable; the blaze soon spread itself, and not mine only, but seven houses more were burnt down to the ground. My poor mother, who saw herself reduced by this accident to the greatest poverty, soon died of grief. As for my part, as I had a profession and a genius for it, I resolved to make the most of them. I left Schiraz, with an intention of joining some of the companies of comedians that stroll from one town of Persia to another: I met with this old calender; we travelled some days together; his conversation and way of life pleased me greatly; I am now become a calender likewise, and we have undertaken a journey to the Indies, where I do not despair of being able to shine as a comedian, in case I should grow tired of this habit.

Faruk, my lord (continued Ben-Eridoun), had listened with infinite pleasure to the young calender's story. "I may well believe he did," said the king of Astracan, interrupting him. "nothing can be more agreeable than the adventures of the two calenders; and I make no doubt of their having been able to suspend that prince's grief for the loss of his kingdom; since I, who have more reason to be afflicted than him, have not so much as thought of my misfortunes during the entertaining recital of them. But return, I beg of you, to Faruk's history: this unfortunate prince has so much interested me in his favour, that I burn with impatience to know the rest of his adventures."—"I shall go on with them with pleasure, my lord," replied the son of Abubeker: "it is an easy matter for me to satisfy your curiosity."

CONTINUATION OF FARUK'S HISTORY.

FARUK and the two calenders had now traversed almost all Persia, without meeting with any thing worth your majesty's attention; when one day, to avoid the insupportable heat of the sun, they quitted the high-road, and retired into a little wood to take their usual refreshment. They had not been there long, when, hearing the cry of somebody that had fallen into bad hands, they immediately ran up to the place from whence the noise came; but they came too late to assist an unhappy traveller, whom four assassins had just killed with their poniards. As these wretches were well armed, far from flying at the sight of the calenders, they stripped the unhappy victim of their fury, and one of them proposed that they should cut him into small pieces. Faruk shuddered at this piece of barbarity. "Ah, gentlemen!" said he with great humility, "surely you may be satisfied with having robbed this poor man of his life, without treating his dead body with a cruelty beyond example: for Heaven's sake, do not carry your fury to greater lengths.

One of the murderers looked at Faruk with a stern countenance. "Wretch!" said he, "why do you trouble yourself about what no way concerns you? Keep your remonstrances for others. As you regard your life, take yourself

away, you and your companions: stop but another moment, and I shall send you to bear him company, for whom you interest yourself so unseasonably."

The prince of Gur did not suffer himself to be disheartened by this speech. "But, sir," continued he, "how great soever your fury may be against this dead body, if I were to offer you two thousand sequins for its ransom, would you not be better pleased to take them, than treat it in so outrageous a manner?"—"No doubt," replied the robber."—"Swear, then, that you will let me have the dead body," said Faruk, "and you shall have the money that instant."—"I swear, then," said the wretch; "may the scorpion of Kachan* sting us all four in the hand, if we do not keep our word: deliver us the two thousand sequins, and the body is your's to dispose of it as you please." Upon this, my lord, Faruk taking out of his bosom the only ring he had left, and which was worth a great deal more than he had promised them, gave it up without shewing the least concern; and the wretches left him in possession of the body of the poor man they had murdered.

The two calenders were extremely surprised at Faruk's behaviour, and could not but admire his generosity or his folly; and indeed they considered it as folly more than any thing else.

"What, then," said they, "can be your intention in doing what you have done? This ring was all that remained of your riches: it was a sure resource for you in any extremity; and you parted with it to redeem a dead body: can any thing in the world equal your extravagance? for, in fine, what can you pretend to do with this body?"—"I intend," answered Faruk, "to bury it in this spot: good works are never lost; and you have told me yourselves, that in that kind of life I had embraced, this ring was altogether useless to me; why, then, would you have me, for the sake of a stone which men are pleased to call precious, and which only serves for a superfluous ornament, lose the opportunity of performing so holy a duty as that of laying in the ground a Mussulman, who may one day or another, perhaps, intercede for me in Heaven!"

"Your thought is very good," replied the calenders; "but do not take it amiss that we leave you alone to go through the pious ceremony; it is somewhat dangerous to bury a person who has been murdered, in this place; and so good an action is capable of receiving a very bad interpretation: we shall therefore go and wait for you without the wood, and if you make any delay, meet you before night-fall at the gates of Ormus, which is not above a league off."

The calenders upon this came out of the wood, in which Faruk went to work with a stake, labouring with all his strength to make a grave for the dead body; but while he was thus employed, the cadi of Ormus happened to be going by. As in this life people generally judge according to appearances, the magistrate seized upon Faruk, on a presumption that it was him

* Kachan is a town of Persia, where there are scorpions of so dangerous a nature, that they have given rise to this proverb; it being almost impossible to cure their sting

that had killed the man he was going to bury. It was to no purpose that he appealed to Heaven for his innocence; they tied him to a horse's tail, and dragged him to Ormus, where they threw him into a dungeon.

The two calenders saw him go by in this deplorable condition. "We foretold what would happen," said they to themselves; "and he may thank his obstinacy for his misfortune." However, they followed him at a distance; though, for fear of being made parties in so delicate an affair, they thought proper not to appear in his behalf.

The prince of Gur remained all night in the dungeon, and the next morning they brought him before the *cadi*. The magistrate examined him; but nothing he could say to justify himself met with any regard; so that he was condemned to death, and conducted directly to the market-place to be hung according to his sentence.

This monarch behaved at the foot of the gallows with surprising intrepidity. "Heavens!" cried he, "you are just! Must I then be punished for an action which, in the sight of God, deserves to be rewarded?—I now perceive, O wise calenders, that you were in the right in striving to dissuade me from giving burial to this dead body."

Just as the prince was finishing this exclamation, he happened to throw his eyes upon the *cadi's* hand, who thought proper to assist at the execution; and seeing on his finger the ring which he had given the murderers—"Ah!" said he, "my lord, our great prophet, who no doubt interests himself in my favour, thinks it improper that an innocent person should suffer: you have actually got on your finger the ring which I gave to those who, after having killed the Mussulman, wanted to exercise on his body an unheard-of piece of cruelty; it will now be an easy matter to find out the criminals; and the two calenders, my fellow travellers, who must now be in Ormus, cannot but know the murderers again as well as myself."

The *cadi* turned paler than death at this news, put off the execution, and ordered the prince of Gur back to his house.

No wonder the *cadi* should be greatly surprised when Faruk assured him he had his ring, whereas he had bought it from his only son for two thousand three hundred sequins; and his son was looked upon as person of a very loose way of life, and suspected to keep company with robbers, assassins, and such other wretches. The first thing the judge did when he came home, was to send for his son. A slave told him that he was at a party of pleasure with ten or a dozen friends at a garden a little way out of the town. The *cadi* followed him there instantly; and, having seized the whole company, had them brought before Faruk, to see if he could discover the murderers amongst them. The prince narrowly examined every face, and fixing upon two, in spite of their disguise—"It is to one of these men," said he to the *cadi*, at the same time pointing out his son, "that I gave my ring to hinder him from cutting the dead body into pieces: it is him, and one of these disorderly young fellows, that committed the murder, of which two calenders and myself were witnesses. As to the two other murderers, I do not see them here; and if you doubt what I say cause inquiry to be made after the

two calenders my fellow-travellers, who must now be in Ormus; and if they do not confirm my testimony, I am satisfied to lose my life by the most cruel torments."

It was no hard matter to find the calenders, who were brought to the garden before the cadî. Here they examined the twelve prisoners; and, having confirmed Faruk's testimony, they were surprised to see the cadî tear his gown and his turban, and throw himself flat upon the ground. "Unhappy father!" cried out the magistrate, "must you then deliver up your only son to an infamous death!—No, wretch!" said he, "I will save myself that dishonour: but you shall die notwithstanding, and I will be your executioner." Upon this he seized upon the sabre of one of his attendants, and struck off with it directly his son's head: and, after having put the other eleven prisoners to the most cruel torments, and made them confess a thousand horrid crimes, he directed they should be cast from a high tower upon iron hooks, giving all Ormus in this manner a most dreadful example of his justice.

This upright and honest magistrate shuddered at the thoughts of the sentence he had pronounced against Faruk. "Heavens!" said he; "were it not for this ring, I should have robbed an innocent person of his life. How confined is our knowledge! How easy it is for those in my station to be led away by prejudice! I need no more proof of it: I renounce my profession; and will spend the remainder of my life in seeking God's pardon for the faults I have committed as a judge, through ignorance, prejudice, or want of application." Upon this, turning to Faruk, who, when he pointed out to the cadî the person to whom he had given the ring, knew nothing of the criminal's being so dear to him: "Pious calender," said he, "throw off this habit, and be to me what the wretch was that I have just now punished for his many crimes. I give you up all that I am worth, seeing you know how to make so good a use of riches: I beg you will accept them, and let me not go to the grave, into which I find myself ready to sink, with the disagreeable thoughts of your having refused me."

Faruk, my lord, touched to the heart with the words of this unfortunate father, cast himself at his feet. "My presence," said he, "generous cadî, would only serve to fix your thoughts on the unhappy death of your son: permit me, therefore, to remove far from your sight an object—" "On the contrary," replied the judge, "it will wear out of my mind a remembrance which that retirement to which I have devoted the rest of my life, would otherwise render perpetual. Do not abandon me, I again beseech you, if you have any compassion for an unfortunate father." In the mean time the cadî embraced Faruk in the tenderest manner; who, unable to resist his tears, granted him his request.

The king of Gur is now adopted by the cadî of Ormus, and under a necessity of remaining at Ormus. As to the two other calenders, they continued their journey, in spite of the handsome proposals which the prince made them: they continued fixed in their design of visiting the Indies and China; and all the favour Faruk could obtain of them, was to accept each a present of two thousand sequins of gold.

The prince of Gur, my lord, lived very quietly and happily with the cadî,

who had resigned his commission, much against the will of the king of Ormus. Faruk behaved towards this venerable magistrate with all the tenderness of a son, and the good old man had every day reason to bless the Almighty for having made so worthy a choice. But he enjoyed but a short time the fruits of his prudent adoption. At the end of eight months he fell dangerously ill, and in fine resigned his just soul into the hands of the Angel of Death.

Faruk was deeply afflicted at so great a loss; and, finding that the effects left him were considerable, he made two shares of them. One share he took to himself, and laid out the other in building a mosque and a caravansera at the gates of Ormus; near which he caused his benefactor to be buried, with a marble column at the foot of the grave, on which was engraved an epitaph of his own composition, worthy of the deceased.

The prince of Gur having fulfilled all the pious duties of a good son, began to grow tired of Ormus, for want of employment. The remembrance of what he had been was constantly animating him to the performance of some actions that might restore him to his primitive grandeur. To accomplish this, he came to a resolution of equipping a ship, with which he hoped to acquire an illustrious name; and he soon put this design in execution. For this purpose, he engaged the bravest men at Ormus, and in a short time the fame of his conduct and valour was so well spread all over the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean, that his successes and victories made the subject of every conversation.

It was at this time, my lord, that the princess of Tefis and Borneo fell into his hands. You know the remainder of his history to the time that Gulguli-Chemame fell into the sea. I shall now give you the continuation of it, extracted from the Annals of the Island of Divandurou.

Faruk, when he awaked, was in the utmost surprise not to find the princess on board his ship; and, when he learned the accident that had befallen her, was so much afflicted at it, that he several times made an attempt on his own life. The attendants hindered him from committing so desperate an action, and by dint of reason brought him at length to a sober way of thinking.

The prince was now beginning to enjoy some peace of mind, when he discovered at a distance two ships that had the wind of him. He did not hesitate a moment to wait for them; and having attacked them, he in his despair achieved such prodigies of valour, that he soon obliged them to strike. He then went on board these vessels; and having sent on board his own such of the prisoners as appeared of any consequence, he ordered the rest to be ironed; but only for his own safety, and till he arrived at some port, where he intended to set them at liberty again.

Among the prisoners that Faruk ordered on board his own ship, were two well-looking young men, very well dressed, whose features the prince thought he had some knowledge of. He examined his memory for a long time, in order to recollect where he might have seen them; but all to no purpose. Upon this, he asked the prisoners if they had not met him somewhere or another; but one of them answered that he did not believe he ever had

that honour, and that they had been three years travelling through China and the Indies.

Faruk, thinking himself mistaken, put up with this answer; and, after having spent the rest of the day in quietness (all the quietness he could enjoy after the loss of the princess of Teflis), he withdrew to his chamber; where, oppressed with fatigue, he fell into a pretty sound sleep.

He had scarce slept two hours, when he started up, awakened by a dream to which he thought himself obliged to give some attention. The traveller whom he had buried some years before at Ormus appeared to him. "You were in the right, my lord," said the ghost to him, "in representing to the two calenders, who wanted to hinder you from bestowing the last rights on me, that a good action never goes unrewarded. The time is now come that I may acknowledge your pious earnestness on that occasion. The two men that you could not yesterday recollect, are my murderers; I mean those who fled to avoid punishment. As for their parts, they know you very well again, in spite of the alteration in your condition; and fearing your just vengeance, have already despatched the sentinel that was placed at your door, and are now ready to come into your chamber to poniard yourself."

The prince, who, as I already told you, my lord, awoke at the close of this dream, thought he could not in prudence neglect so salutary an admonition. He got up; and hearing a noise at the door of his chamber, which was slightly illuminated by a lamp, took up his sabre, placed himself in a posture not to be surprised, and thus waited the event of so uncommon a dream. He had not been long in this situation, when his door opening very softly, two wretches came in, each with a poniard in his hand. He did not hesitate a moment to put it out of their power to hurt him; and having struck off the arm of one of them with his sabre, and stunned the other by a back blow of the pommel in his face, he called to his attendants, ordered them to seize on the assassins, and, after reproaching them with the murder they had committed near Ormus, caused them to be hung up directly to one of the masts.

Faruk, having given his ship's company an account of his dream, retired to his chamber. He there threw himself on his face, to thank the great prophet for the salutary information he had received; and being again laid down to rest, he had scarce fallen asleep when the same ghost again appeared to him. "It is not enough," said this phantom, that I have preserved you from the hands of those who had a design upon your life; it was the least I could do for you: but then I must let you know to whom you are indebted for so seasonable an admonition. My name was Almaz*. I was the only heir of Zelabdin, king of the islands of Divandurou. About six years ago, I obtained leave of my father to travel; and I set out, with three attendants only, to visit Persia and Tartary. My three attendants died during the journey, and I was returning alone and incognito to Ormus, to take shipping

* Almas, in Arabic, signifies Diamond.

for Divandurou, when I was cruelly murdered by the son of the cadi of Ormus.

“ My father, who has had no news of me since I left him, and who impatiently expects my return, has been this month past confined to his bed by a disorder of which it is wrote on the table of life that he will not recover ; and our great prophet has obtained of God, in my favour, that the sword of the angel of death should be withheld by rust in the scabbard till you have reached the islands of Divandurou, where you are to marry the princess Gerun, my sister. Proceed there, then, without fear. I will give them notice of your coming ; and that they may not commit any mistake on this occasion, I will seal you with the seal of the elect.” The ghost, upon this, having pressed pretty violently a fiery seal on the prince of Gur’s arm, he at that instant felt so great a pain from it, that he gave a roar that awakened all the people on board the ship. They immediately gathered about him, and he gave them an account of his second dream ; and as the impression made on his arm, in which were to be distinctly seen the name of God and that of his great prophet, left him no room to doubt of the reality of the vision, he without the least hesitation directed his course for the isles of Divandurou, where he arrived in about five weeks.

The favorable winds he had during his passage, had brought him to port exactly at the time mentioned by the ghost. The king of these islands was now very far spent ; and the princess his daughter, who never stirred from him, was in the greatest affliction for his melancholy situation. The approach of her father’s death rendered her condition very deplorable in every respect. The king of Cananor*, whose ancestors had formerly some pretensions on the islands of Divandurou, only waited the death of Zelabdin to invade his territories, and take advantage of his son’s absence. But Faruk, my lord, soon gave another face to Zelabdin’s affairs.

Almaz having appeared to the king his father the night before the arrival of the prince of Gur, gave him an account of his violent death, Faruk’s compassion, the orders he had received from Heaven to mark him with its seal, and to send him to Divandurou, there to marry the princess his sister. He moreover directed his father, in the name of the great prophet, to prepare for a holy death.

Zelabdin, surprised at this dream, considered it however as the effect of a burning fever ; but how great was his surprise, when Gerun, who slept but at a little distance from his bed, got up in a hurry, and just throwing a gown over her shoulders, came running to his bedside. “ Ah !” said she, “ my lord,” the tears gushing from her eyes, “ my brother, no doubt, is no longer among the living. He has just appeared to me covered all over with blood, and informed me that he had been murdered by a son of the cadi of Ormus ; that a young prince, disguised in the habit of a calender had bestowed the last rites upon him ; that this very prince, whom we should know by the name of God which my brother had imprinted on his

* The kingdom of Cananor is near Malabar, and the islands of Divandurou in the East Indies. All the people there are Mahometans

arm, is just on the point of arriving here, to oppose the unjust undertaking of the king of Cananor, and that it was wrote in Heaven that I should marry our deliverer."—"Alas! my dear Gerun," replied the afflicted Zelabdin, "your dream is but too true! Almas, who has but this instant appeared to myself, has told me the very same things, with one more, which perhaps your tenderness conceals, for fear of terrifying me. Azrail is now at the side of my bed; he there waits for my soul; whose union with my body is to last so short a time, that I shall scarce enjoy the pleasure of seeing you united with the prince of Gur."—"Ah, my lord! it is true enough that I intended to hide this circumstance from you," replied the princess of Divanduron. "Must I then lose you, my lord?"—"Yes, my dear!" answered Zelabdin undauntedly. "Let us prepare ourselves for this bitter separation by an edifying submission, which the agreement between our dreams requires of us; and read for me, I beseech you, those verses of the Alcoran which serve to take off the terror that naturally attends this unavoidable transition."

Gerun, all in tears, took the Alcoran out of its case of green cloth, and read to her father, till it was day-light, a great many chapters of this divine book. She was thus piously employed, when a messenger entered with the account of a ship's being just come into port that brought some news from his son Prince Almas.

Upon this the good king's grief broke out with new vigour; he gave a great shout. "Ah, my dear Gerun," said he to the princess, "our dreams, then, you see, are now accomplished. Go and prepare yourself to appear before the prince of Gur, and give orders that he should be immediately introduced into my apartment." Gerun obeyed; she went to dress herself, while messengers were carrying to Faruk the orders of Zelabdin. The young prince being conducted into the chamber of the dying monarch, saw so much grief painted on his countenance, that he had not resolution enough to inform him of his son's death. Zelabdin discovered the perplexity Faruk was in: "Sir," said he, with a weak voice, ("for I am not unacquainted with your name or your errand) do not be afraid of increasing my grief by giving me an account of the death of my beloved son Almas; he has himself taken care to give me notice of so afflicting a catastrophe." Faruk, my lord, hesitated answering the intentions of Zelabdin, when the beautiful Gerun made her appearance. At the first sight of her, the prince of Gur almost fainted away, and even fell on the bed of the sick monarch. This accident threw the king and his daughter into a great amazement.

Nature, my lord, had taken pleasure in preparing the ways of love between Faruk and Gerun. This princess so perfectly resembled Gulgufti-Chemame, that the prince of Gur could not look at her without an extraordinary emotion. He got the better of his weakness by degrees; and finding, by the difference of their heights, that he was mistaken, he however judged it would be improper to let Gerun know the cause of his sudden fit; but, turning to Zelabdin—"Ah, my lord!" said he, "pardon this involuntary breach of respect. The fine eyes of the charming Gerun sent such irre-

sistible arrows to my heart, that I had not strength enough to bear up against them. But in endeavouring to excuse one fault, I see that I commit another. It ill becomes me to speak of love in places full of grief and horror; and though I may think myself authorised to behave in this manner by the words of the prince your son, and by the divine characters he imprinted on my arm, I am thoroughly sensible of my indiscretion."

"You cannot, Sir, give any offence," replied the afflicted Zelabdin, "since Heaven has chosen you for the husband of the beautiful Gerun. It would look very ill in me to find fault with a passion which is to constitute all the happiness of her life; on the contrary, I am extremely glad that her charms have made so quick and lively an impression on the senses of so accomplished a prince. But be so kind, Sir, as to acquaint me with the fate of my son; since you are the only person that can give me any certain account of him." Faruk could no longer defer satisfying Zelabdin's reasonable curiosity; he related to him all the circumstances of Almaz's death, but as briefly as possible; likewise the punishment of the murderers, the unhappy prince's appearance to him, and his positive orders to come to Divandurou, where he assured him he should have the good fortune of winning the heart of the accomplished Gerun.

The prince of Gur, my lord, had scarce finished his relation, when word was brought to the king, in great hurry, that the king of Cananor, in person, was just landed in the island, and laying waste with fire and sword. "Ah, my lord!" said Faruk, "it is my business to revenge you of the oppression of this unjust monarch. I will perish, with all my people, or bring you back his head in a very short time." The prince, after this, making a low reverence to his majesty, turned to the princess; "And you, charming Gerun," said he, "may I flatter myself with the hopes of being dear enough to you, to deserve your vows to Heaven for a prince who will spill the last drop of his blood, rather than suffer the king of Cananor to succeed in his wicked and cowardly pretensions."

These words deprived Gerun of the power of answering him; she was at a loss how to return the compliment: but as her love seemed to be authorized by the great prophet, and by her father—"Go, my lord," replied she, "where honour calls you. Our cause is too just for Heaven to give the day to the king who would oppress us: but do not yield to your courage enough to give me fresh cause of affliction." The princess could not finish these words without a blush; and Faruk, transported at seeing he had an interest in the princess's heart, ran to put himself in a condition of executing what he had promised. He immediately assembled his followers; and being reinforced by Zelabdin's troops, went in search of the enemy with so much resolution, that the marks of victory were already visible in his countenance.

The king of Cananor had at first spread so universal a terror, that all the inhabitants fled before him; but Faruk's presence inspired them with new courage, and he attacked the invader with so much resolution and vigour, that he obliged him to retreat in his turn. The king of Cananor, enraged at seeing himself defeated by a single man, (for it was Faruk alone, in a manner, that brought victory to the party he sided with) made his way

through a thousand swords to attack personally the young hero; who, no less desirous of measuring his courage with the king's, flew more than half way to meet him, bearing down every thing that opposed his progress; so that a terrible battle soon ensued between these two chiefs, in which, however, Faruk at length proved victorious. The king of Cananor lost his life in it; and his death having disheartened his troops, they immediately endeavoured to get back to their ships; but the prince of Gur pursued them so closely, that they were all cut to pieces, and their ships given up to be plundered by the victorious soldiers.

After so complete a victory, the prince returned to the palace amidst the acclamations of all the people. The king, and the matchless Gerun especially, received him with unspeakable joy. Sympathy, which generally penetrates a great way in a very short time, had so perfectly gained him the heart of this princess, that she could scarce keep within bounds the transports she felt at the thoughts of being matched with so accomplished a prince.

Faruk, my lord, was perfectly well made; his features full of life, his air noble, his soul answerable to his make, very skilful, and courageous beyond imagination. So many shining qualities were more than sufficient to enflame a young princess, whose happy resemblance with Gulguli-Chemame rendered her extremely precious in the eyes of the young hero. In a word, Zelabdin thought it improper to suffer these happy lovers to sigh for a union any longer: he joined them together that very day; and, after declaring Faruk his successor, went in a few days more to give an account of his actions before the throne of Infinite Majesty.

You have now heard, my lord, the adventures of Faruk. This prince, cherished by the beautiful Gerun, after having sincerely lamented the death of Zelabdin, spent his days with his illustrious consort in a manner worthy of envy; and left children, whose descendants reign to this day in the islands of Divandurou.

THE RETURN OF THE PHYSICIAN ABUBEKER.

JUST as Ben-Eridoun was finishing the history of Faruk, Astracan rang with a thousand acclamations of joy, which reached the palace of Schems-Eddin. The monarch, surprised at so uncommon a noise, immediately ordered the vizir Mutamhid to inquire what was the cause of it. Mutamhid accordingly went out of the palace to get intelligence; but immediately came back. "Ah, my lord!" said he, in a transport of joy, "I have just had a sight of Abubeker conducting towards the palace a lady covered with a veil! No doubt your misfortunes will soon have an end; and it is the presence of those two persons which gives your subjects a pleasure that they cannot contain."

Mutamhid had not finished this agreeable account, when the father of Ben-Eridoun entered the hall where Schems-Eddin was seated, followed by a crowd of people, who had forced their way after him. The old man threw himself prostrate at the king's feet; and said—"Here is, my lord, your faithful slave returned sooner than I promised your majesty; and I

bring back with me a treasure which I could not find any where but at Serendib. It is the woman who is to restore you your sight."—"Come near me, that I may embrace you, my dear Abubeker," answered the king of Astracan. "Such subjects as you and your son deserve all the love and confidence of their prince. Let this so rare a woman make a trial of her skill. But I assure you, beforehand, that though she should not succeed, I shall not think my obligation to you the less."

On the king's giving this order, the veiled lady drew near his majesty's throne, all the spectators waiting impatiently for the event; but few of them, the physicians especially, thought any good of this remedy; when the woman, taking out a golden bottle, which she opened, washed the king's eyes with the water she had gathered on the wonderful tree of Serendib. This divine liquor had scarce touched the king's eyes, but he perceived in them a salutary coolness, which he felt even at his heart; two kinds of films, which obstructed the passage of the rays of light, fell from his eyes; and the prince, recovering his sight as perfectly as ever he enjoyed it before Benbeker had so barbarously deprived him of it, cried out in a transport of joy—"Heavens! is it possible that the darkness in which I have lived so long a time, should be so soon dispersed! Yes, I again know you, my dear Mutamid—and you, my other faithful subjects—whose features have not been worn out of my memory by so long a blindness. At least, then, I can enjoy the light!"

The surprise of all the spectators was so extraordinary, and the joy was so great, that nothing was to be heard in the hall but clapping of hands. But the king, having ordered silence, turned himself to the lady, who had remained standing with modest silence. "Whoever you are," said he, "illustrious heroine of your sex, you may expect every thing for a service too great to have a price set upon it. The loss of my dear Zebd-El-caton does not leave me at liberty to divide my throne with you. No woman, let her be ever so handsome, shall hereafter have any dominion over my heart; but you may depend on a gratitude without bounds, and that will be every day as new and as lively as the first.

"Do not, then, madam, hide any longer from me and my subjects the person to whom I am so much obliged; throw off this veil, I beseech you, and let us see those eyes whose vivacity dazzles me, though their fires are blunted by the gauze that covers them."

The lady in the veil thought herself obliged to comply with this request; and accordingly unveiled herself. But what became of Schems-Eddin at this sight, which he was not able to bear! He fell back on his throne speechless; and it was some time before he came to himself enough to express his surprise. "Ah! Zebd-El-caton! my dear Zebd-El-caton!" cried he, "is it yourself, then, that I have now the pleasure of beholding; or may not my heart, upon which your image is so deeply engraved, mistake for you every thing that my eyes now discover?"—"No, my lord," answered the lady, with tears of joy, "I am that Zebd-El-caton whom you had given up for dead! I am still alive, and happy enough to be instrumental in putting an end to your misfortunes."—"Ah, no doubt!" replied the

king, at the same time tenderly embracing his beloved spouse; "all my misfortunes are at an end indeed, since I behold you! I appeal to Heaven, if I have been a single day since our cruel separation without shedding a flood of tears for your loss; but the source from whence they sprung is now dried up."

This discourse, and the mutual and tender caresses of this illustrious pair, sensibly affected all the spectators: so strange and miraculous an adventure filled them all with astonishment; even Abubeker himself, who had conducted the lady from Serendib to Astracan, without knowing that she was Zebd-El-caton. Soon after this happy discovery, joy and pleasure took place of silence and affliction. The king loaded with favours Abubeker and his son, whom he ever afterwards retained about his person. He distributed immense sums among the convents of dervises and the mosques, to thank the sovereign Prophet for his divine protection. But as he was impatient to know by what supernatural power his consort had been restored to life, or by what accident Abubeker had met with her, he was no sooner returned to the palace with his vizirs and his physicians, than he requested Zebd-El-caton to satisfy his curiosity in their presence. The queen loved the tender Schems-Eddin too well to defer his satisfaction a single moment, and began as follows.

THE HISTORY OF ZEBD-EL-CATON.

IT would be to no purpose, my lord, to put you in mind of the last words I said to you at our separation; they were dictated to me by our great Prophet; and, as Azrail was at that time so near my pillow, I did not imagine we should ever meet again. However, life did not totally forsake me; a lethargic vapour deprived me of my senses, enough, no doubt, to make every one believe that I was really dead. Even you yourself was deceived on the occasion; and ordered, as I have been since told by Abubeker, who, without knowing who I was, related all your misfortunes to the king of Serendib in my presence; you ordered, I say, that I should be shut up in a coffin adorned with precious stones; but forbid, at the same time, that my face should be covered; a precaution which proved the happy means of saving my life.

The jewels and gold with which my coffin was covered, made it proper for the Arabian robbers to remove me to a place of safety; and accordingly they did not divide their plunder till they had got above ten leagues from the place where they attacked you. After having broke my coffin to pieces, they began to strip me, in order to throw me into a pretty deep river that ran hard by; when one of them, in endeavouring to rip the sleeve of my gown, to which an emerald was fastened, was unskilful enough to prick me in the arm; and this accident, my lord secured me from a real death. My blood flowed so freely, that the robber was surprised at it; and this circumstance, with some remains of heat, and a feeble palpitation, made him conclude that I was not dead, but only in a deep lethargy. However, he thought proper not to acquaint the other robbers with what he had observed;

but, throwing me on his shoulders, carried me towards the river, in order to make them believe that he really intended to throw me into it. In the mean time, the robbers removed to a greater distance, without suspecting that he understood something of surgery. He let my blood run as much as he thought my condition required, bound up my arm with the muslin of his turban, and, throwing water on my face, brought me back to myself by degrees.

At length, my lord, I opened my eyes; and when I grew strong enough to look attentively at the objects about me, I was not a little surprised to find myself alone in the company of a man I had never seen before. As he soon perceived my grief and surprise by my eyes and actions—"Take courage, madam," said he; "your life is in safety in my hands; and your honour runs no risk, since it is out of my power to attack it, though I were ever so ill-disposed." These words quieted me a little; and having inquired of him in what manner I had fallen into his hands, I was told, my lord, that your little caravan had been attacked by the wild Arabs at some days distance from Grand Cairo; that you had made the boldest resistance; but that at last, overpowered by numbers, you had fallen with all your attendants, surrounded with more than thirty of your enemies, whom you had killed with your own hands. You may guess, my dear prince, the greatness of my despair at hearing this cruel news. I no longer reckoned you among the living; and being desirous of paying your remains the same honours you bestowed on me, I requested the Arab to conduct me to the spot where the engagement had happened. He was so good as to comply; but I was so weak, that I could not reach the place in less than four days. We examined together all the dead bodies; but as they were no longer distinguishable, on account of the wounds which they had received on the face, and the blood that covered them, and by lying so long exposed to the air, it was impossible for me to tell exactly which was yours. However, finding one that appeared to me of your size, I concluded it was yours, and washed its face with my tears. I even thought I could discern some of your august features; which so increased my grief, that I fainted on the body, which I held clasped in my arms. The Arab separated me. I remained above an hour in this condition; but I at last came to myself. With some broken sabres that we found on the spot, we then dug a hole large enough to contain this body, which we accordingly put into it; and, having covered it with the earth, left the place full of horror and affliction.

I was so amazed, notwithstanding my affliction, at the civilities and politeness of the Arab, that I could scarce refrain a moment from expressing my gratitude. "My lord," said I, "how is it possible that, having embraced the life of a robber, you should preserve so noble a way of thinking and acting? Certainly you were not born to so base and cruel a condition; your living amongst them must be owing to some very pressing necessity?"—"Ah, madam!" replied the Arab, "though I am but of a middling condition, I never imagined I should be obliged to take up with the company of such wicked wretches. It was the desire of being revenged for the greatest in-

jury that could be done a man, that alone induced me to unite with the Arabian robbers; but the death of my enemy has not restored me what his unjust fury had deprived me of." These last words drew from him a flood of tears; which having awakened my compassion and strengthened my curiosity, I requested him to give me some account of his misfortunes. His relation was to the following purpose.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE ARAB ABEN-AZAR.

I AM the son, madam, of a pretty considerable jeweller of Aden*. My father had an intimate friend of the same business, whose name was Saman; and Saman had a daughter four years younger than me, whose rare beauty eclipsed that of every other girl in Aden. My father and his friend to strengthen their friendship, had agreed that their children, when grown up, should become man and wife; so that I had scarce attained the use of reason, when Abdarmon was taught to consider me as her spouse; and that my father gave me to understand that I should only please him in proportion to the progresses I made in the esteem and affection of my little mistress.

It seldom happens that the hearts of children, given away at so tender an age, follow exactly the wills of their parents; one would even imagine that this kind of tyranny inspires them with quite contrary sentiments. However, madam, it was quite the reverse in our case; the more we grew up, the more we answered the intentions of our fathers. I used to spend whole days with my little mistress, without desiring any other enjoyment; and, on her side she did not appear to have any satisfaction greater than that of seeing me in her company; so that, if I stayed away but a single moment beyond the time at which I generally used to wait on her in her apartment, she reproached me in the tenderest manner, and thereby added new strength to my passion. "You do not love me so much as you ought, my dear Aben-azar," said she to me one day; "and I find that I am not handsome enough to make you entirely mine. You often appear distracted in my company, at the same time that you take up all my attention. What is there, then, wanting to complete your happiness? Alas! did I know what it was, I would with joy sacrifice my life to the satisfaction of my lover."—"You are very unjust," answered I; "and at the same time very ingenious in making yourself very uneasy. Why load me with reproaches that I so little deserve? I languish in every place that I do not find you. I love nothing but you; on your love alone depends all my happiness; and if any thing can give me pain, it is only the thoughts of being obliged to wait four years to become the spouse of my dear Abdarmon."

My young mistress (continued Aben-azar) was scarce ten years old, and I scarce fourteen, when we entertained each other in this tender manner. Judge, then, madam, how passionate our conversation must have been, the

* Aden is a town situated in Arabia Felix, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf: it is a capital of the kingdom of the same name.

nearer we drew to the term of our happiness. In fine, madam, I do not think it was possible for two young persons to love each other with greater delicacy; and we were now on the point of seeing so pure and so faithful a love crowned by the happy union with which our parents had flattered our hopes, when, on a sudden, we were made the most unfortunate lovers that ever existed. Our fathers fell out through a jealousy created by their being of the same profession. A mortal enemy of mine made it his business to foment the quarrel by a thousand false reports; and the wretch succeeded so well, that their enmity grew to an inveterate hatred. The first thing they did was to break the engagement that Abdarmon and I had entered into by their orders. We were forbid to see each other, or entertain the least hopes of being ever united. What a sensible stroke this was! I thought I should have died with grief: and I must do Abdarmon the justice of saying, that her's was so great, that it brought upon her a violent fit of sickness, which at length reduced her to the greatest extremity. The news of the danger she was in threw me into perfect despair: I ran to Saman's house, fell prostrate at his feet, and made use of the most submissive expressions to engage his pity; but I found him inflexible to my entreaties. I then made use of the danger my dear Abdarmon was in to endeavour to soften him; but all to no purpose. "Though I love my daughter," said he, "as much as any father can love a child, I should be better pleased to see her in the grave than in the arms of the son of my most cruel enemy: you must therefore think no longer of prevailing over me; but withdraw yourself quickly, lest I forget the kindness I still have for you." I had a mind to reply; but his cruelty afflicted me so much, that I fainted away at his feet. My grief made no impression on him; so far from it, that he ordered two slaves to take me, in the condition I was in, and throw me out of doors.

My father, in his way home from some business that he had been transacting, unfortunately for me, happened to pass at that very moment through the street where Saman lived; and, having heard of his cruel behaviour, was exasperated at it to the last degree: he ordered me to be carried home; where in some time I came to myself.

The affront I had received was so public, that my father ordered me, on pain of his indignation, never to commit the same fault again. But I had little inclination to obey him: the beautiful Abdarmon had made too deep an impression on my heart to be so readily forgot; on the contrary, I carefully sought every opportunity of assuring her personally of an eternal tenderness; though all to no purpose; she was too narrowly watched, and it was impossible for me to approach her. Upon this, I fell sick with grief; and was scarce recovered, when, to complete my misery, I heard she had been just married to Ilekhan, the son of our enemy. What an impression the fatal news made on me! I uttered against Saman every thing that rage and despair could inspire. "Ah!" I cried, "is it possible, then, charming Abdarmon, that you should become the prey of the vilest and most brutal of all mankind!" And indeed, madam, Ilekhan had so mean a look, so savage a countenance, and so much rusticity in his behaviour, that he was

universally hated. But his father had prevailed on Saman, by the most artful flattery, especially by representing to him that he could not revenge himself of mine better than by giving Abdarmon to his son ; so that Saman did not hesitate a moment to sacrifice his daughter to his vengeance : and thus the beautiful Abdarmon fell a sacrifice to the animosity of our families.

It was not without the greatest reluctance imaginable that Abdarmon delivered herself up into the hands of Ilekhan ; nor till she had tried every method she could think of to avoid it : but her father was inexorable. It was not, however, possible to extort from her a formal consent to a union to which she should have preferred death itself, had she been left to her choice : but Saman forgot, on this occasion, his quality of father, to become her executioner. He put her into Ilekhan's hands, who brought her home, without troubling his head about the aversion she expressed against him ; and, thinking that Saman's consent was sufficient to entitle him to exact from Abdarmon what no wife ought to refuse a husband, he met with such opposition from this virtuous girl, that neither prayers nor threats made any impression upon her. His impatient temper made him hasten away to Saman with a complaint of his daughter's behaviour ; and Saman reproached her most severely on the occasion : but the generous Abdarmon, without failing in the respect she owed her father, courageously protested that she never would be Ilekhan's wife. " No, my lord," said she, " it is in vain that you try every method of making me unfaithful ; my heart has contracted a long and pleasing habit of loving Aben-azar : in this I have only obeyed your orders ; and the most cruel death cannot make me alter my sentiments."

Saman was amazed at such a resolution ; but flattered himself that time might get the better of it : he therefore advised Ilekhan to treat Abdarmon with great mildness, giving him hopes that he might in that manner overcome the courage of the young heroine.

It was with great difficulty that Ilekhan could moderate himself so far as to follow his father-in-law's advice. He determined, however, to wait for some days to see if a respectful behaviour would not make some favourable impressions on Abdarmon ; and resolved to make use of his authority if he did not succeed by fair means.

It was with unspeakable joy I heard of Abdarmon's noble resistance, and the resolution that Ilekhan had formed. I thence conceived some favourable expectations ; and making use of every stratagem to defeat the designs of my base rival, I found means of gaining one of his slaves, whom I prevailed upon to introduce me by night into his mistress's apartments. For this purpose I had put on a woman's dress, to give the less cause of suspicion to those who might see me go into his house ; and in this condition I was introduced into Abdarmon's apartment. I found her negligently stretched on her bed, with her arm under her head, in the posture of a person that laboured under some great uneasiness of mind. I threw myself at her feet, and kissed one of her beautiful hands with so much transport, that she could not but know that no one but a lover, sensible of his mistress's love,

could take so great a liberty. If the sight of me gave her exceeding joy, my being in a house of which Ilekhan was master, gave her no less uneasiness. "Ah, my lord!" said she, embracing me in the tenderest manner, "fly, I conjure you, a place where I have much reason to fear your life is in danger. Put yourself, if you can, in a condition that may enable you to snatch me out of the hands of my tyrant; and be persuaded, that I am ready to suffer the most cruel torments, and death itself, rather than break the vows I have so often made of being only yours!"—"If it is so, madam," answered I, "come away with me this very instant, and I shall deliver you out of the hands of a man whose behaviour ought to be held in aversion by all the world."

The slave, whom I had at first brought over, opposed himself to my resolution; but a diamond staggered him. I promised to take him away with us, and to requite his services so well, that I at last made him consent to every thing. I then embraced my Abdarmon, with an extraordinary transport, and we were on the point of quitting her apartment, and making our retreat, when Ilekhan appeared with a sabre in his hand, and followed by eight slaves armed in the same manner. This unexpected sight stunned me to such a degree, that I gave the wretches time to secure me.

Abdarmon knew by the rage that appeared in the eyes of our enemy, that we had no mercy to expect. She did not condescend to ask any; but, looking at him with indignation—"I never concealed from you, tyrant," said she, "the violent passion I have always had for Aben-azar: he is lovely; he pleased me; I have appeared in his eyes preferable to all the girls of Aden. He has loved me with all possible delicacy; and I belonged to him before an unjust animosity, which has divided our families, made my father take a resolution of giving me into your possession. This is, savage, all the crime you have to punish; but it is too beautiful a fault to be sorry for having committed it." She then reached me her hand, saying—"I see, my dear lover, that we must die. The unworthy Ilekhan is not generous enough to restore us to ourselves. Let us therefore courageously prepare to pass over to a more easy and delightful life, where our enjoyments shall not be interrupted by the hatred of our parents: we shall have no jealousy or tyranny to fear there; and, as we shall bring there hearts inflamed with love, we may promise ourselves a reception amongst those happy lovers whose sole occupations will be to give themselves up entirely to the pleasures of loving and of being beloved."

This discourse, which had so much sweetness in it for me, and so much bitterness for my rival, served only to increase his anger. "Yes, false woman!" said he to Abdarmon, who had thrown herself into my arms; "yes, you shall die! and you shall die by my own hands. I should not fully satisfy my vengeance, were I to trust any one else with the execution of it." Upon this he plunged his sabre into the breast of my dear mistress, who had just time to turn her eyes towards me, and give me the last farewell.

Ah, madam (continued the Arab, drowned in a flood of tears, which the

remembrance of so moving a scene had drawn from him), you cannot conceive the condition I was in, at the sight of, so bloody an action. I had till now in a manner continued motionless with surprize; but the death of Abdarmon soon brought me to myself again. I gave a shout that terrified those who held me; and my fury was so great, that I forced myself from them, and fell upon the barbarous Ilekhan. I soon got him under my feet; and, snatching a poniard from his belt, I made such use of it, that in spite of all his slaves could do, I gave him a great many wounds with it; but I was so beside myself, that they were all but very slight ones. I was at length beat to the ground in my turn; and the fury of my rival being wound up to the greatest pitch by seeing his blood—"Traitor!" said he, "do not imagine that my vengeance has nothing worse than death in store for you: no, no; you must not think of going to meet your Abdarmon; I intend to punish you in a manner more terrible than any punishment in itself can be;" having upon this ordered his slaves to bind me hand and feet. Ah, madam! (continued Aben-azar, with an unusual flood of tears) shame and despair will not let me speak; what shall I say to you? The barbarous Ilekhan made me cease to be what I was, without depriving me of life, and afterwards ordered me to be carried, weltering in my blood, and in a state of insensibility, to my father's house, where, through compassion, or to give him the sooner the mortification of seeing me in so cruel a condition, the slaves knocked with all their strength.

My father, at this noise, immediately got out of bed; lighted his lamp, and came down into the street. What a sad spectacle had he then before him! His cries raised all our neighbours; I was immediately carried to my bed; and an able surgeon sent for, who with his specific herbs soon staunch'd my blood; and, having then applied an excellent balm, I began to open my eyes, and shewed some signs of life: but I had no sooner entirely recovered the use of my senses, then on considering the sad condition I was in, and the loss of Abdarmon, I resolved to follow her. I therefore tore the dressing from my wounds, and gave such signs of despair, that the assistants were obliged to tie me, and cure me in spite of myself. My father was perfectly mad, when he heard that it was Ilekhan that had used me so barbarously. He would have gone directly to his house, to revenge the indignity done me, by his death; but I hindered him. "Leave to myself, my lord," said I, "that care; and if you have any regard still left for me, do not make my shame public in Aden. I shall find out means of punishing my enemy for his cruelty." My father yielded to my request. In fine, madam, in about four years time, I found myself in a condition to execute what I had proposed. But I must first acquaint you with what happened at Ilekhan's house, after the barbarous usage I had received from him, and the punishment of the slave that had given me admittance to Abdarmon.

The wretch immediately sent for Saman, though the night was pretty far advanced. As the messenger assured him it was on business of importance, he made no stay, but came immediately with him. "My lord," said Ilekhan to him, "if you were in my place, and after the strictest charges given

to your daughter to have no correspondence with Aben-azar, you should find them together conspiring your ruin, and in such a manner as to leave no room to doubt of their having already destroyed your honour, what measures would you take on finding your love so cruelly despised ?"—"The quickest and most violent," answered Saman. "In my just anger I would bury my poniard in their hearts."—"I am very glad," replied Ilekhan, "that we think alike: come and see if I know how to revenge an insult;" and upon this he conducted him to Abdarmon's apartment; and, after shewing her to him, weltering in her blood, acquainted him in a few words in what manner he had punished my love for her.

Saman could not but shudder at the sight of his murdered daughter; for what he had said proceeded rather from the hatred that prevailed between our families, than real opinion. However, as he had himself condemned us, he could not recal his sentence; so that this tragical event served only to confirm him in his aversion; and, with a view of doing us all the mischief in his power when any opportunity should offer, he united himself more firmly than ever with Ilekhan and his father, in order to accomplish his wicked designs.

As the cowardly Saman made no noise of Abdarmon's death, I began to imagine that he had formed some evil designs: I therefore left Aden; and meeting with a company of wild Arabs that infested the neighbourhood, I begged of them to admit me among them. I was well acquainted, by means of a faithful slave, with all the proceedings of my enemies; and, being one day informed that they were all three out of town in order to spend some days at a country-house of Saman's; as I knew the place perfectly well, and in what manner it could be surprised, I proposed to the chief of the Bedouins to make him master in one night of more than an hundred thousand sequins, provided he gave me a sufficient detachment, and leave to be fully revenged on three of the cruellest enemies I had in the world.

The Arab received my proposal with joy: I picked out twenty resolute fellows; I informed them of my intentions, and conducted them all at night to Saman's country-house, and even led them to the hall, where he was at table with Ilekhan and his father, after having secured some slaves, whose cries might have made our project miscarry. I was so well disguised that it was impossible to know me. We immediately secured my enemies; and, with our poniards to their throats, threatened instantly to take away their lives, if they did not give each of them a note, by which we might receive the cases in which they kept their diamonds. This they consented to, thinking thereby to save their lives; but they had no sooner complied, than I immediately laid hold of them, and ordered their hands and feet to be tied, their mouths gagged, and they and their slaves to be driven by blows into a little wood, which the company I belonged to had that night chosen for a retreat. I then delivered their notes to our chief, who thought proper to be himself the bearer of them; and having disguised himself for that purpose, with three other Arabs, went at day-break to Aden, where the clerks of Saman, Ilekhan and his father (for the two last dealt likewise in jewels),

seeing their masters orders so precise, made no difficulty of giving up their diamonds. I afterwards related all my adventures to our chief, the cruelty of Saman, and the barbarous usage of Ilekhan. "Take vengeance," said he, "of the traitors; I give them up to your discretion: but it must not be to pardon them: if you did, I should myself be their executioner and your's." Upon this I set the slaves at liberty, that they should not know me again; and, having thrown off the clothes that hindered my enemies from knowing me, I soon appeared to them for what I was. They shuddered at the sight of me; and the tears with which they implored forgiveness began to move me to compassion, when calling to mind their barbarity, I reproached them with it in the most furious terms. I immediately despatched Saman and the father of Ilekhan with my poniard: as for Ilekhan himself, there was no torment I could think of, that I did not inflict on my base and cruel rival before I put him to death; I even cannot think without horror, upon what I made him suffer. But what will not a man do when injured in so cruel a manner? After having thus completed my vengeance, I thought immediately to leave the Bedouins; but it was dangerous to associate one's self with such kind of people, as one cannot withdraw from them when one pleases. The affair of the diamonds had acquired me great reputation among them; it was conducted so prudently, that our chief confided entirely in me. He was, therefore, so far from letting me go, that he would undertake nothing for the future without my advice; and thus have I been obliged to remain with him these two months past, till yesterday your spouse killed him with his own hand. As we bought this victory very dear by the loss of eight hundred Arabs, and our strength was thereby greatly weakened, it was not thought proper, for fear of a surprise, to divide the plunder on the field of battle: we therefore removed it all; and as your coffin was adorned with jewels, I had the charge of it. We did not begin to divide it till we reached the place, at which, on pretence of throwing you into a little river, which is pretty deep in some places, I parted company with the Bedouins. The confusion and disorder that then reigned amongst them, did not permit them to take notice of my absence, which I am now resolved to take advantage of, and endeavour, by doing all the good I can, to obtain pardon for my crimes. And, indeed, madam, I shall never have done reproaching myself with my unheard-of cruelty towards my enemies.

You have now, madam, had a short but sad relation of all my misfortunes. Judge, therefore, if you need to scruple to repose an intire confidence in me, when I offer to conduct you wherever you may think proper to go.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF ZEBD-EL-CATON.

I LISTENED (continued the beautiful queen of Astracan) with great attention to Aben-azar's relation; and, as I thought I could not fall into safer hands, I agreed to his proposal and we both set out by bye roads for Aden. He was under some apprehension of being suspected with having had a hand in the murder of his enemies; for which reason we did not enter

the town till after night-fall, and went directly to his father's house, to whom he gave an account of the horrible vengeance he had taken of them, and in what manner he had met me. The old man was ready to die with joy at the return of his son, of whom he had heard nothing for a long time; and he received me likewise with great kindness; and, as it was his interest to assign some good cause for his son's absence, he gave out that he had been at Saaquem*; where he had married me. Few persons were thoroughly acquainted with Aben-azar's disgrace, except the surgeon who took care of him during his illness; and he was now dead, and Ilekhan had never made a boast of his vengeance. As I ran no risk in countenancing so well invented a story, I passed at Aden for this young man's wife, and remained there as such for about three years. I desired he should not inform his father, who I really was, but give the old man to understand that I was the widow of a Tartar who had been killed by the Bedouins at his return from Mecca. He complied with my request; but his doing so had like to have been very prejudicial to me.

Aben-azar's father, though advanced in years, was still a well-looking man. I behaved towards him with the greatest complaisance and respect; which he probably imagined he could not better acknowledge than by making love to me. I believe he struggled with his passion for a long time before he made any declaration of it; but at length he confirmed himself so well in his resolution, that he thought proper to open his heart to me. Though of an imperious temper, he made use of some precautions in acquainting me with his intentions, which he informed me of in a pretty odd manner. "You pass in Aden," said he, "for my son's wife; but, at the same time that people extol his choice of your person, they pity him, madam, on account of your barrenness: these discourses give me great uneasiness, and I am afraid that a discovery of our imposition would furnish sufficient proofs of his having murdered Ilekhan, and our two other enemies. The memory of our quarrel begins to revive, and people speak of the cruel vengeance taken of my son; I have even heard some reports sufficient to make ill-natured people believe that my son is guilty. I cannot be easy in so critical a conjuncture; and there is no one but yourself, madam, who can put an end to such disagreeable and dangerous reports."—"I, sir!" said I, in the greatest surprise; "I am too sensible of every thing that concerns you, to refuse you any thing. Only speak, my lord; let me know how I may make you easy, and you shall immediately see me do every thing in my power, and with the greatest joy, to give you satisfaction."—"Well, then, madam," replied the amorous old man, "you can only do it in this manner: as my son is not capable of stopping the tongues of ill-natured people, I thought it my duty to make up his insufficiency, as I do not as yet think myself too old to put an end to a barrenness that is the common subject of discourse in Aden: consent to become a mother, madam, and let it be by my means. By so doing you will disconcert my enemies, who will take my own children for my grand-

* This town lies on the Red Sea.

children; and, by coming to reason on a subject which causes me the greatest uneasiness, the life of my son will be secured."

I was surprised to the last degree (continued Zebd-El-caton) at the old man's proposal. I was often on the point of letting him know who I was; but, as I apprehended he would look upon my declaration as a mere pretence for refusing his request, I thought proper to turn his love into a joke. This gave him offence, and we at last quarrelled. Some time after, he came and asked pardon for his rudeness, but, notwithstanding, renewed his arguments so often and so eagerly, as to give me the greatest reason to be in pain for the consequences of his extravagant passion. I, therefore, thought proper to inform the son of it: he asked me a thousand pardons; and, taking a resolution worthy of an honest man, made me a proposal of embarking on board a ship that was to sail next day for Ormus; and I complied with the greatest pleasure. Upon this, he supplied himself with jewels: we both went on board, and were at a good distance from Aken before the ridiculous lover had any suspicion of our flight.

You must now, my lord, represent me to yourself at sea with Aben-azar, with an intention of setting out for Astracan, as soon as we should arrive at Ormus. The winds proved very favourable, and we were in hourly expectation of reaching our port, when a terrible storm surprised us, which, after beating our vessel for sixteen days successively, at last dashed it to pieces against a rock that seemed to lie at no great distance from the main land. Few of us perished by this shipwreck, as we floated ashore on the remains of the vessel. But judge what was our surprise, when our pilot informed us that we were on a desert island, to which the king of Serendib generally banished such of his subjects as deserved death; that there came no ship to it but once a year, and that sometimes, even for want of criminals, there did not come any ship for many years.

This was very disagreeable news. We surveyed the island, however, but found only a few slight houses in ruins, and no inhabitants. For a whole month together we subsisted by dint of economy on some provisions which the waves brought us from the wreck, and were afterwards obliged to have recourse to some fruits of a very disagreeable taste. In fine, my lord, the greatest part of the ship's company were dead through want and hardship, when we perceived at some distance a ship that seemed to be bound for the island; nor were we deceived in our conjectures; it proved to be a ship with criminals from Serendib, by whom we learned that no ship had been there for three years before; and had this ship arrived but a few days later, we should have all infallibly perished.

The criminals, who amounted to five only, were put ashore with some few eatables; and then, the captain having taken us on board, we set sail for Ormus.

There now remained but nine of us alive; Aben-azar was of their number; and I arrived safe with him at Serendib. I shall not enlarge, my lord, on the riches and magnificence of this young monarch, but must just tell you, that he is one of the wisest and most powerful kings in the whole

world, and that he received us with the greatest distinction. My sufferings on the desert island, and the fatigues of the voyage, had made such an impression on me, that I was no longer the same person. His majesty, however, thought he could distinguish some remains of beauty in my features; and, having ordered that I should be treated with the greatest tenderness and respect, rest and good fare soon made such an alteration in me for the better, as engaged his majesty's particular attention.

I lodged with Aben-azar, who always passed for my husband, in a house near the palace, and received every moment fresh marks of the desire his majesty had of contributing to my satisfaction; but his assiduities were too respectful to alarm my modesty. His passion, however, increased daily, and in a short time became so violent, that he resolved to do every thing that in justice could be done, to break a union whose closeness created him so much jealousy. He sent for Aben-azar; and, after having made use of the greatest precautions to discover his love to him, he offered him immense riches, and his choice besides of twenty of the finest women in his seraglio, if he would but surrender me to him, and engage me to make his passion a suitable return.

Aben-azar, my lord, who was well acquainted with the secrets of my heart, and knew that I would pay but little regard to the king's interested sentiments, was thunder-struck at this proposal. "My lord," said he to the king, "if it depended on me alone to satisfy your majesty's desires, I assure you I would readily sacrifice my own interests and inclination; but, when I married the beautiful Fatme," (this was the name I gave myself at Aden and at Serendib) I bound myself, by the most dreadful imprecations, never to divorce her against her consent. If, therefore, you can prevail on her to consent to my parting with her, I swear not to oppose her inclinations, notwithstanding the grief I must feel at the loss of a wife of so much merit, but shall surrender her to you directly. But you must prepare her for the proposal by every kind and engaging means your ingenious love can devise; otherwise she would certainly take fright at the bare thoughts of a separation, which she has a thousand times assured me would make her the unhappiest woman in the whole world."

It was impossible to answer the king of Serendib in a more prudent and discreet manner. The amorous monarch embraced Aben-azar a thousand times, and loaded him with favours.

I was soon made acquainted with the king's pretensions. Whatever reluctance I felt in flattering a passion to which I resolved to make no concessions contrary to those tender sentiments which my heart ever cherished for your august majesty, Aben-azar recommended the imposition with such solid arguments, that I was obliged to feign and express some regard for this prince. He no sooner began to perceive, as he imagined, the progress he had made in my affections, than he gave the most open marks of his satisfaction by a thousand public rejoicings, where profusion and magnificence vied with each other. Aben-azar even, my lord, who as well as myself imagined you was dead, advised me with great earnestness to make

the king's tenderness a suitable return, and accept of the crown of Serendib. But I can easily assure you, my lord, and the rest of my adventures prove it, that I never seriously listened to the proposal, however glorious it might have been. In fine, the monarch, who had abstained for three months from any precise declaration, began to flatter himself so much with the hopes of being loved, and of obtaining my consent for a separation from Aben-azar, that he was on the point of offering me his hand and his throne, when Abubeker's arrival at Serendib put an end to all his designs.

I shall now leave, my lord, to this faithful subject the care of acquainting your majesty with the rest of my adventures; and shall only tell you, that I was transported with joy when I learned from him that you were still alive; the knowledge of which made me think it proper to inform the king of Serendib of my rank, and the imposition of Aben-azar. However amorous this monarch was, as soon as he got the better of the amazement caused in him by the relation of my own and your majesty's adventures, he generously renounced his pretensions to a heart that could not consent to be his, and offered me every assistance within the reach of his greatness for my return to Astracan. I only accepted of a ship to carry me to Ormus. Our voyage has been happy. After this, I crossed Persia with no other company than that of the faithful Aben-azar (who I now present to your majesty), and Abubeker, who did not know who I was: and I have had the comfort, my lord, of restoring you your sight; and along with it a spouse, who has always counted it hitherto, and will ever count it, her chief happiness to please your majesty, and to be tenderly loved by him.

The king of Astracan could not retain his tears at these new assurances of tenderness given him by his beloved Zebd-El-caton. On his side, he vowed her a thousand times an eternal love; and afterwards, turning to Abubeker, desired him to speak in his turn. "Whatever impatience I may have, my dear friend, to hear the conclusion of the adventures of my beautiful queen, I must desire you will not omit any circumstances of those you must yourself have met in so long a voyage. I make no doubt but some of them have been singular enough; but, be that as it will, I am ready to hear you with the greatest pleasure."

Abubeker replied only by a very profound inclination, to signify his obedience; and then returning to his seat, gave his majesty an account of what had happened to him since his departure from Astracan, in the following manner:

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PHYSICIAN ABUBEKER.

YOU know, my lord, that the jokes of the physicians of Astracan proved a powerful motive to spur me on to undertake this voyage; but I must candidly own, that I soon began to repent my having given credit to the Arabian manuscript. I was very young when I read it; so that I retained

but a very imperfect and confused notion of its contents, and was no ways certain that the bird in question was to be found at Serendib: I resolved, therefore, before I took the road for that island, to go and consult some of those famous philosophers who live on a small mountain in the heart of India. I therefore left Astracan with this intention; and, after crossing the Caspian Sea, arrived at Derbent*, where I sought, in vain, for the woman I wanted to restore your majesty's sight; she was not to be found there, or in any other part of Persia. I then went to Tauris, from Tauris to Hispahan, and from Hispahan to Schiraz, where I made some stay. But may I take the liberty of acquainting you, sir, with my adventures in this city? I think I may, as your majesty has so peremptorily commanded me not to hide any part of them; and this part may afford you some diversion.

I had heard some people speak of the *cadi* of Schiraz's daughter, as of a complete beauty. I had often seen her pass by the door of the house where I lodged; and, though her face and her shape were hid by a large and very thick veil, I had formed to myself so ravishing an idea of her perfections, that I entirely lost my appetite. But a sudden blast of wind having one day raised the veil that hid so many perfections, the sight of them dazzled me so much, that I resolved to try every means of gaining the heart of so accomplished a lady. I did not recollect that I was almost fifty, and consequently no longer at an age proper to excite tender desires in the heart of a young person; my foolish passion made me forget every thing. I acquainted an old woman who lived in the *cadi's* neighbourhood, and had access to his house, with my love for Schahariar, (this was my charmer's name) and promised her a considerable sum if she could make any impression on the young lady's heart in my favour. The old woman pretended to go about the affair with great earnestness; and, after representing my mistress to me sometimes cruel, and sometimes compassionate, at last assured me that she was ready to make me happy. I paid dearly for this information, and prepared myself for the rendezvous I had received. I dressed myself in the most elegant manner I could, and failed not to attend at the hour appointed. The old woman introduced me into the *cadi's* house; and a young female slave having conducted me by a back-stair to the top of the house, shut me up in a closet, where the object of my wishes soon after made her appearance. I was so ravished with the sight of her, that I immediately threw myself at her feet; which I was embracing, in spite of all the resistance she could make, without being able to speak a single word, when the *cadi* her father entered the room. I was thunder-struck at the sight of him; and Schahariar fainted away on seeing the fury that appeared in his eyes. He ordered her to be removed to her apartment; and I remained the sole object of his vengeance. At first he appeared determined to have me immediately put to death; but changed his resolution, ordering me to be

* A town of the province of Servan in Persia, at the foot of Mount Caucasus. This town is called Temir-Capi, or Gate of Iron, because it is a pass that secures Persia from the inroads of its enemies.

bound hand and foot, and left me in the charge of two slaves till the day following; when he intended to punish my insolence in a public and exemplary manner.

It is impossible for me, my lord (continued Abubeker), to make you sensible of my grief and confusion in this sad situation. I saw I was to die; but I was only sorry for it on your majesty's account. I did nothing but reproach myself with being the cause of rendering your sufferings perpetual. I thought I could discover in the slaves that watched me some signs of compassion for my concern. I offered them every thing in my power if they could let me escape. At first they rejected my proposal; but one of them, feigning himself more affected with my distress than the other, at length argued his companion into a compliance; nothing therefore remained but to determine in what manner I should make my escape. The closet where I was had a little window to the street; and they proposed letting me down by it into the street with the ropes that served to bind me. I accepted the proposal with joy; and, after being untied, prepared myself to put it in execution; but unluckily the window was so small, that with much ado I could get naked through it. I made no difficulty of stripping myself for that purpose all to my shirt, my keepers promising to throw me my clothes as soon as I was got down. I then, with some difficulty, worked my way through the window, and slipped down the rope, which unfortunately proved too short for my purpose; and the darkness of the night hindered me from seeing how much it wanted of reaching the ground. However, as there was no other way left of escaping the cadî's anger, I resolved to let myself fall to the ground at all events: accordingly I let go my hold. But I leave your majesty to judge of my surprise, when I found myself surrounded with a net that had been placed on purpose to receive me, and heard my guards ready to burst with laughing at the condition I was in. Ah, my lord! you cannot conceive the greatness of my grief and rage in finding that I had been thus tricked by Schahariar, and that she took so cruel a vengeance of my passion for her. I made a thousand sad reflections on my misfortunes, and as many attempts to force the meshes of my net; but all in vain, the scheme was too well concerted. I passed the night, which was pretty cold, in this cruel situation; and the next day had the mortification of seeing all Schiraz flock about me to see so diverting a spectacle. In fine, the cadî put an end to the entertainment in the evening. The net was let down, I was taken out of it; and then received, by his directions, fifty strokes of a stick, well laid on, on the soles of my feet: they then returned me my clothes, and set me loose to return to my lodging by favour of the night. I got home with some difficulty, without letting my landlord know the real cause of my absence. He had been one of the first spectators of my disgrace, but happily without knowing who I was. However, I had the mortification of hearing my adventure related from beginning to end, and even of being obliged to laugh heartily at the scene, for fear of leaving him any room to suspect me of having acted the principal part in it.

You may well imagine, my lord, that I soon got the better of my passion,

and that I made no great stay at Schiraz, where I had been played such a trick. The day following I set out for Ormus; where going on board the first ship bound for India, we landed at Diu*: but I had no better success here than elsewhere; what I wanted was not to be found. I then traversed part of India; and at length arrived at the habitation of the Sages, or Gymnosophists, of India†. These philosophers live on a very high mountain almost in the midst of a plain, and surrounded with a rock, as likewise with a strong wall. This place is generally covered with a very thick fog, which serves to render its inhabitants visible or invisible as they think proper; but it is probable they were not averse to my undertaking, since I easily reached their mountain, where I saw those uncommon rarities, the well of sin, the basin of pardon, the tuns so serviceable to India, and the sacred fire, which they boast to have kindled directly by the rays of the sun.

Ah, my lord! you may conceive better than I can express, what reason I had to be satisfied with my journey to this place, when the sages informed me that I should not only find at Serendib the bird mentioned in the Arabian manuscript, but likewise the only person destined to restore you your sight.

I set out then for Serendib, full of confidence in the promises of the Indian sages. I passed through a great many towns without meeting with any accident; but, as I was making my way through a pretty thick wood, I was stopped by eight robbers, who, after having taken from me my horse, and every thing I carried with me, held a consultation about cutting my throat. Some of them were for doing so; but the rest, being of a more cruel disposition, were of another opinion. One of these last, who had a very bad horse, took mine instead of it; and ripping open the belly of his own with

* The island of Diu is at about twenty miles from the mouth of the Gulf of Cambay; the Indians calling it Dive, but pronounce this last letter very softly. This word, in the Indian language, signifies Island; and this island is called simply Diu, or Dive, by way of eminence.

† This habitation of the wise Indians, who differed but very little from the Jugges or Joguis, of whom I have already made mention, is situated just in the centre of India. On the mountain where they dwell there was a sacred well, and the most solemn oath a man could take was to swear by this well; near which there was to be seen a great basin in form of a chaffing-dish, full of fire, that yielded a lead-colour flame, without smell or smoke, and without ever rising higher than the edges of the basin. To this place the Indians used to come to purify themselves of the sins they had committed; for this reason the sages call this well "the Well of Sin;" and the basin, "the Basin of Pardon." Here were likewise two tuns of black stone, one for rain and the other for wind. That for rain used to be opened when India was afflicted with a severe drought, and there immediately issued from it clouds that soon covered it with rain from one end to another; and when the rain began to exceed the wants of the country, it immediately ceased enclosing the other tun, and the weather grew serene and temperate. It was in this place, too, that the priests came for the sacred fire made use of in their sacrifices.

a sabre, emptied it, and having stripped me quite naked, and bound me hand and foot, crammed me into it, fastening it together in such a manner, that it looked as if it never had been opened. They then left me to perish by a kind of death never before thought of.

I was in a very short time almost suffocated, and, no doubt, on the point of breathing my last, when my lamentations reached the ears of some travellers that happened to be going the same road. They looked out for me a long time without being able to find me; but one of them, at last, drawing near the horse, imagined that the noise they heard proceeded from its belly; but then he immediately withdrew in a great fright. His fellow-travellers, however, had courage enough to turn the horse; and having ripped it open, drew me out of its belly with the greatest surprise imaginable. As for my part, I was half dead; but I had scarce breathed the fresh air, when I began to shew signs of life, and in a little time I was able to give my deliverers an account of my misfortune. They shuddered at the thoughts of it. I then washed myself in a rivulet, and put on a ragged old coat that one of them gave me. As they were going to the same place I was bound to, they permitted me to travel in their company. We arrived at Gingy*; and setting up at a caravansera, where I was extremely surprised to meet my horse and my robbers, I let my friends know the fortunate discovery I had made; upon which some of them went to the governor of the town, who immediately came back with them and seized the wretches. They not only confessed this last crime, but several others; and were the next day, after the governor had returned me every thing I had lost, punished in the manner their cruelty deserved.

As in giving my deliverers an account of my adventures, I informed them of my being a physician, and that I was bound for Serendib, to procure a remedy for your majesty's blindness, they cried up my capacity to the governor of Gingy, and I found an opportunity of practising it in a very odd, but diverting manner, upon one of his sons. But I do not know, my lord, if I can relate this passage with a delicacy becoming your majesty's presence.

Sarama (this was the governor's name) expressed great pleasure at seeing me. "I am told," said he, "that you are an able and experienced physician; and I cannot doubt it, since the king of Astracan has sent you to look for the remedy he wants at so great a distance. A son of mine has been afflicted with a severe hypochondria these eight days past, and not one of our physicians has been able to cure him of his folly. I must own, indeed, that it is quite new and singular. He has taken it into his head that he shall one day lay under water the kingdom of Bismagar. Nothing can free him from this odd conceit; and accordingly he retains his urine so obstinately, that he must speedily fall a victim to his madness, unless means can be found of restoring him to his right senses."—"That," said I, "my lord, is a very difficult task; the disorders of the mind are harder to be cured than those of the

* A town in the kingdom of Bismagar.

